

T H E
W O R K S
O F
Alexander Pope, Esq.
IN FOUR VOLUMES COMPLETE.
WITH HIS LAST
CORRECTIONS, ADDITIONS,
A N D
I M P R O V E M E N T S.

Carefully collated and compared with former EDITIONS :

TOGETHER WITH
NOTES from the various CRITICS and COMMENTATORS.

V O L. IV.

L O N D O N :

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MDCCLXXVIII.

W O R K S

Alexander Pope, Esq.

IN FOUR VOLUMES COMPLETE

LONDON



CORRECTED EDITION

IMPROVEMENTS

Containing a General Catalogue of the Manuscripts

TOGETHER WITH

NOTES FOR THE USE OF COLLEGE AND LIBRARY

VOL. IV.

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MDCCLXXXIII

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L E T T E R S

O F

Mr. P O P E,

A N D

Several of his F R I E N D S.

Quo Desiderio veteres revocamus Amores.

Atque olim amissas flemus Amicitias!

CATULL.

L E T T E R S

OF

M R P O P H

AND

Seventy of his F R I E N D S

Que D'histoire vintre revocamus Amores.
Adque olim attillas Remus Amicitias
CATULLI

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Vol. IV.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

SEVERAL PERSONS,

From the Year 1711 to 1714.

LETTER I.

To the Hon. J. C. Esq;

June 15, 1711.

I Send you Dennis's remarks on the * Essay; which equally abound in just criticisms and fine railleries. The few observations in my hand in the margins, are what a morning's leisure permitted me to make purely for your perusal. For I am of opinion that such a critic, as you will find him by the latter part of his book, is but one way to be properly answered, and that way I would not take after what he informs me in his preface, that he is at this time persecuted by fortune. This I knew not before; if I had, his name had been spared in the Essay, for that only reason. I can't conceive what ground he has for so excessive a resentment: nor imagine how these † three lines can be called a reflection on his person, which only

* On Criticism

† But Appius reddens at each word you speak,
And stares tremendous with a threat'ning eye,
Like some fierce tyrant in old rapesty.

describe him subject a little to anger on some occasions. I have heard of combatants so very furious, as to fall down themselves with that very blow which they design'd to lay heavy on their antagonists. But if Mr. Dennis's rage proceeds only from a zeal to discourage young and unexperienced writers from scribbling, he should frighten us with his verse, not prose: for I have often known, that, when all the precepts in the world would not reclaim a sinner, some very sad example has done the business. Yet, to give this man his due, he has objected to one or two lines with reason, and I will alter them in case of another edition; I will make my enemy do me a kindness where he meant an injury, and so serve instead of a friend. What he observes at the bottom of page 20 of his reflections, was objected to by yourself, and had been mended but for the haste of the press: I confess it what the English call a Bull, in the expression, though the sense be manifest enough: Mr. Dennis's Bulls are seldom in the expression, they are generally in the sense.

I shall certainly never make the least reply to him; not only because you advise me, but because I have ever been of opinion, that, if a book can't answer for itself to the public, 'tis to no sort of purpose for its author to do it. If I am wrong in any sentiment of that essay, I protest sincerely, I don't desire all the world should be deceived (which would be of very ill consequence) merely that I myself may be thought right (which is of very little consequence.) I would be the first to recant, for the benefit of others, and the glory of myself; for (as I take it) when a man owns himself to have been in an error, he does but tell you in other words, that he is wiser than he was. But I have had an advantage by the publishing that book, which otherwise I should never have known; it has been the occasion of making me friends and open abettors, of several gentlemen of known sense and wit; and of proving to me what I have till now doubted, that my writings are taken some notice of by the world, or I should never be attacked thus in particular. I have
read

read that 'twas a custom among the *Romans*, while a general rode in triumph, to have the common soldiers in the streets, that railed at him and reproached him, to put him in mind, that though his services were in the main approved and rewarded, yet he had faults enough to keep him humble.

You will see by this, that whoever sets up for wit in these days ought to have the constancy of a primitive Christian, and be prepared to suffer martyrdom in the cause of it. But sure this is the first time that a Wit was attacked for his *Religion*, as you'll find, I am most zealously in this treatise; and you know, Sir, what alarms I have had from the * opposite side on this account. Have I not reason to cry out with the poor fellow in *Virgil*,

Quid jam misero mihi denique restat?
Cui neque apud *Danaos* usquam locus, et super ipsi
Dardanidae infensi poenas cum sanguine possunt!

'Tis however my happiness that you, Sir, are impartial.

Jove was alike to *Latian* and to *Phrygian*,
For you well know, that Wit's of no Religion.

The manner in which Mr. D. takes to pieces several particular lines, detached from their natural places, may shew how easy it is to a caviller to give a new sense, or a new nonsense to any thing. And indeed his constructions are not more wrested from the genuine meaning, than theirs who objected to the heterodox parts, as they called them.

Our friend the Abbe is not of that sort, who with the utmost candour and freedom has modestly told me what others thought, and shewn himself one (as he very well expresses it) rather of a number than a party. The only difference between us in relation to the Monks, is that he thinks most sorts of learning flourished among them, and

* See the ensuing Letter.

I am of opinion, that only some sort of learning was barely kept alive by them: he believes that in the most natural and obvious sense, that line (*A second deluge learning over-run*) will be understood of learning in general; and I fancy 'twill be understood only (as 'tis meant) of polite learning, criticism, poetry, &c. which is the only learning concerned in the subject of the essay. It is true, that the monks did preserve what learning there was, about Nicholas the fifth's time; but those who succeeded fell into the depth of barbarism, or at least stood at a stay while others arose from thence, in so much that even Erasmus and Reuchlin could hardly laugh them out of it. I am highly obliged to the Abbe's zeal in my commendation, and goodness in not concealing what he thinks my error. And his testifying some esteem for the book just at a time when his brethren rais'd a clamour against it, is an instance of great generosity and candour, which I shall ever acknowledge.

Your, &c.

LETTER II.

To the same.

June 18, 1711.

IN your last you informed me of the mistaken zeal of some people, who seem to make it no less their business to persuade men they are erroneous, than doctors do that they are sick; only that they may magnify their own cure, and triumph over an imaginary distemper. The simile objected to in my Essay,

(Thus wit, like faith, by each man is apply'd
To one small sect, and all are damn'd beside.)

plainly concludes at this second line, where stands a full stop: and what follows (*Meanly they seek, &c.*) speaks only of wit (which is meant by that blessing, and that

fun

fun) for how can the fun of faith be said to sublime the southern wits, and to ripen the geniuses of northern climates? I fear, these gentlemen understand grammar as little as they do criticism: and, perhaps, out of good nature to the monks, are willing to take from them the censure of ignorance, and to have it to themselves. The word *they* refers (as I am sure, I meant, and as I thought every one must have known) to those Critics there spoken of, who are partial to some particular set of writers, to the prejudice of all others. And the very simile itself, if twice read, may convince them, that the censure here of damning, lies not on our church at all, unless they call our church *one small sect*: and the cautious words (*by each man*) manifestly shew it a general reflection on such (whoever they are) who entertain those narrow and limited notions of the mercy of the Almighty; which the reformed ministers and presbyterians are as guilty of as any people living.

Yet after all, I promise you, Sir, if the alteration of a word or two will gratify any man of sound faith though weak understanding, I will (though it were from no other principle than that of common good nature) comply with it. And if you please but to particularize the spot where their objection lies (for it is in a very narrow compass) that stumbling block, tho' it be but a little pebble, shall be removed out of their way. If the heat of these good disputants (who, I am afraid, being bred up to wrangle in the schools, cannot get rid of the humour all their lives) should proceed so far as to personal reflections upon me, I assure you, notwithstanding, I will do or say nothing however provok'd (for some people can no more provoke than oblige) that is unbecoming the true character of a catholic. I will set before me the example of that great man, and great saint, Erasmus; who in the midst of calumny proceeded with all the calmness of innocence, and the unrevenging spirit of primitive christianity. However, I would advise them to suffer the mention of him to

pass unregarded, lest I should be forced to do that for his reputation which I would never do for my own; I mean, to vindicate so great a light of our church from the malice of past times, and the ignorance of the present, in a language which may extend farther than that in which the trifle about criticism is written. I wish these gentlemen would be contented with finding fault with me only, who will submit to them right or wrong, as far as I only am concerned; I have a greater regard to the quiet of mankind, than to disturb it for things of so little consequence as my credit and my sense. A little humility can do a poet no hurt, and a little charity would do a priest none: for, as St. Austin finely says, *Ubi charitas, ibi humilitas, ubi humilitas, ibi pax.*

Your, etc.

LETTER III.

To the same.

July 19, 1711.

THE concern which you more than seem to be affected with for my reputation, by the several accounts you have so obligingly given of what reports and censures the holy Vandals have thought fit to pass upon me, makes me desirous of telling so good a friend my whole thoughts of this matter: and of setting before you in a clear light, the true state of it.

I have ever believed the best piece of service one could do to our religion, was openly to express our detestation and scorn of all those mean artifices and *pia fraudes*, which it stands so little in need of, and which have laid it under so great a scandal among its enemies.

Nothing has been so much a scarecrow to them, as that too peremptory and uncharitable assertion of an utter impossibility of salvation to all but ourselves; invincible ignorance excepted, which indeed some people define under
so

so great limitations, and with such exclusions, that it seems, as if that word were rather invented as a salvo, or expedient not to be thought too bold with the thunderbolts of God, (which are hurled about so freely on almost all mankind by the hands of ecclesiastics) than as a real exception to almost universal damnation. For besides the small number of the truly faithful in our church, we must again subdivide; the Jansenist is damned by the Jesuit, the Jesuit by the Jansenist, the Scotist by the Thomist, and so forth.

There may be errors, I grant, but I can't think them of such consequence as to destroy utterly the charity of mankind; the very greatest bond in which we are engaged by God to one another: therefore, I own to you, I was glad of any opportunity to express my dislike of so shocking a sentiment as those of the religion I profess are commonly charged with; and I hoped, a slight insinuation, introduced so easily by a casual similitude only, could never have given offence; but on the contrary must needs have done good; in a nation and time, wherein we are the smaller party, and consequently most misrepresented, and most in need of vindication.

For the same reason I took occasion to mention the superstition of some ages after the subversion of the Roman Empire, which is too manifest a truth to be denied, and does in no sort reflect upon the present professors of our faith, who are free from it. Our silence in these points may, with some reason, make our adversaries think we allow and persist in those bigotries; which yet in reality all good and sensible men despise, though they are persuaded not to speak against them, I can't tell why, since now it is no way the interest even of the worst of our priesthood (as it might have been then) to have them smothered in silence: for, as the opposite sects are now prevailing, 'tis too late to hinder our church from being slander'd; 'tis our business now to vindicate ourselves, from being thought abettors of what they charge us

with. This can't so well be brought about with serious faces; we must laugh with them at what deserves it, or be content to be laughed at, with such as deserve it.

As to particulars: you cannot but have observed, that at first the whole objection against the simile of Wit and Faith lay to the word They: when that was beyond contradiction removed (the very grammar serving to confute them) then the objection was against the simile itself; or if that simile will not be objected to (sense and common reason being indeed a little stubborn, and not apt to give way to every body) next the mention of Superstition must become a crime; as if religion and she were sisters, or that it were scandal upon the family of Christ, to say a word against the devil's bastard. Afterwards more mischief is discover'd in a place that seem'd innocent at first, the two lines about *Schismatics*. An ordinary man would imagine the author plainly declared against those schismatics for quitting the true faith out of a contempt of the understanding of some few of its believers: but these believers are called *dull*, and because I say that those schismatics think some believers dull, therefore these charitable interpreters of my meaning will have it that I think all believers dull. I was lately telling Mr. *** these objections: who assured me I had said nothing which a catholic need to disown; and I have cause to know that gentleman's fault (if he has any) is not want of zeal: he put a notion into my head, which, I confess, I can't but acquiesce in; that when a set of people are piqued at any truth which they think to their own disadvantage, their method of revenge on the truth-speaker is to attack his reputation a by-way, and not openly to object to the place they are really galled by: what these therefore (in his opinion) are in earnest angry at, is that Erasmus, whom their tribe oppressed and persecuted, should be vindicated after an age of obloquy by one of their own people, willing to utter an honest truth in behalf of the dead, whom no man sure will flatter, and to whom few will do justice.

Others,

Others, you know, were as angry that I mentioned Mr. Walfh with honour; who, as he never refused to any one of merit of any party the praise due to him, so honestly deserved it from all others, tho' of ever so different interests or sentiments. May I be ever guilty of this sort of liberty, and latitude of principle! which gives us the hardness of speaking well of those whom envy oppresses even after death. As I would always speak well of my living friends when they are absent, nay because they are absent, so would I much more of the dead, in that eternal absence; and the rather, because I expect no thanks for it.

Thus, Sir, you see I do in my conscience persist in what I have written; yet in my friendship I will recant and alter whatever you please, in case of a second edition (which I think the book will not so soon arrive at, for Tonson's printer told me he drew off a thousand copies in this first impression, and, I fancy, a treatise of this nature, which not one gentleman in threescore, even of a liberal education, can understand, can hardly exceed the vent of that number.) You shall find me a true Trojan in my faith and friendship, in both which I will persevere to the end.

Your, &c.

LETTER IV.

To my Lord LANSDOWN.

Binfield, Jan. 10, 1712.

I Thank you for having given my poem of Windsor Forest its greatest ornament, that of bearing your name in the front of it. 'Tis one thing when a person of true merit permits us to have the honour of drawing him as like as we can; and another, when we make a fine thing at random, and persuade the next vain creature we can find that 'tis his own likeness; which is the case every day of my fellow scriblers. Yet, my Lord, this honour

has given me no more pride than your honours have given you; but it affords me a great deal of pleasure, which is much better than a great deal of pride; and it indeed would give me some pain, if I was not sure of one advantage; that whereas others are offended if they have not more than justice done them, you would be displeased if you had so much: therefore I may safely do you as much injury in my word, as you do yourself in your own thoughts. I am so vain as to think I have shewn you a favour, in sparing your modesty, and you cannot but make me some return for prejudicing the truth to gratify you: This I beg may be the free correction of these verses, which will have few beauties, but what may be made by your blots. I am in the circumstance of an ordinary painter drawing Sir Godfrey Kneller, who by a few touches of his own could make the piece very valuable. I might then hope, that many years hence the world might read, in conjunction with your name, that of

Your Lordship's, &c.

LETTER V.

The Hon, J. C. to Mr. POPE.

May 23, 1712.

I AM very glad for the sake of the widow, and for the credit of the deceased, that * Betterton's remains are fallen into such hands as may render them reputable to the one, and beneficial to the other. Besides the public acquaintance I long had with that poor man, I also had a slender knowledge of his parts and capacity by private conversation, and ever thought it pity he was necessitated by the straitness of his fortune, to act (and especially to his latest hours) an imaginary and fictitious part, who

* A Translation of some part of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, the Prologues, etc. printed in a Miscellany with some works of Mr. Pope, in 2 vol. 8mo, by B. Lintot.

was capable of exhibiting a real one, with credit to himself, and advantage to his neighbour.

I hope your health permitted you to execute your design of giving us an imitation of Pollio; I am satisfy'd 'twill be doubly divine, and I shall long to see it. I ever thought church-music the most ravishing of all harmonious compositions, and must also believe sacred subjects, well-handled, the most inspiring of all poetry.

But where hangs the *Lock* now? (tho' I know, that rather than draw any just reflection upon yourself of the least shadow of ill-nature, you would freely have suppress'd one of the best of poems.) I hear no more of it—will it come out in Lintot's Miscellany or not? I wrote to Lord Petre upon the subject of the *Lock*, some time since, but have as yet had no answer, nor indeed do I know when he'll be in London. I have, since I saw you, corresponded with Mrs. W. I hope she is now with her Aunt, and that her journey thither was something facilitated by my writing to that lady as pressingly as possible, not to let any thing whatsoever obstruct it. I sent her obliging answer to the party it most concern'd; and when I hear Mrs. W. is certainly there, I will write again to my Lady, to urge as much as possible the effecting the only thing that in my opinion can make her niece easy. I have run out my extent of paper, and am

Your, &c.

LETTER VI.

The Answer.

May 28, 1712.

IT is not only the disposition I always have of conversing with you, that makes me so speedily answer your obliging letter, but the apprehension lest your charitable intent of writing to my Lady A. on Mrs. W.'s affair should be frustrated, by the short stay she makes there. She went thither on the 25th with that mixture of expectation

tation and anxiety, with which people usually go into unknown or half-discover'd countries, utterly ignorant of the dispositions of the inhabitants, and the treatment they are to meet with. The unfortunate of all people are the most unfit to be left alone ; yet, we see, the world generally takes care they shall be so : whereas, if we took a considerate prospect of the world, the business and study of the happy and easy should be to divert and humour, as well as comfort and pity, the distressed. I cannot therefore excuse some near Allies of mine for their conduct of late towards this Lady, which has given me a great deal of anger as well as sorrow : all I shall say to you of them at present is, that they have not been my Relations these two months. The consent of opinions in our minds, is certainly a nearer tie than can be contracted by all the blood in our bodies ; and I am proud of finding I have something congenial with you. Will you permit me to confess to you, that all the favours and kind offices you have shewn towards me, have not so strongly cemented me yours, as the discovery of that generous and manly compassion you manifested in the case of this unhappy Lady ? I am afraid to insinuate to you how much I esteem you : Flatterers have taken up the style which was once peculiar to friends, and an honest man has now no way left to express himself besides the common one of knaves ; so that true friends now-a-days differ in their address from flatterers, much as right mastiffs do from spaniels, and show themselves by a dumb, surly sort of fidelity, rather than by a complaisant and open kindness.—Will you never leave commending my poetry ? In fair truth, Sir, I like it but too well myself already : expose me no more, I beg you, to the great danger of vanity, (the rock of all men, but most of young men) and be kindly content for the future, when you would please me thoroughly, to say only you like what I write.

Your, &c.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

Dec. 5, 1712.

YOU have at length complied with the request I have often made you, for you have shown me, I must confess, several of my faults in the sight of those letters. Upon a review of them, I find many things that would give me shame, if I were not more desirous to be thought honest than prudent; so many things freely thrown out, such lengths of unreserved friendship, thoughts just warm from the brain without any polishing or dress, the very dishabille of the understanding. You have proved yourself more tender of another's embryos than the fondest mothers are of their own, for you have preserved every thing that I miscarried of. Since I know this, I shall in one respect be more afraid of writing to you than ever, at this careless rate, because I see my evil works may again rise in judgment against me; yet in another respect I shall be less afraid, since this has given me such a proof of the extreme indulgence you afford to my slightest thoughts. The revival of these letters has been a kind of examination of conscience to me; so fairly and faithfully have I set down in them, from time to time, the true and undisguised state of my mind. But I find, that these which were intended as sketches of my friendship, give as imperfect images of it, as the little landscapes we commonly see in black and white do of a beautiful country; they can represent but a very small part of it, and that deprived of the life and lustre of nature. I perceive, that the more I endeavoured to render manifest the real affection and value I ever had for you, I did but injure it by representing less and less of it: as glasses which are design'd to make an object very clear, generally contract it. Yet as when people have a full idea of a thing first upon their own knowledge, the least traces of it serve to refresh the remembrance, and are not displeasing on that score; so, I hope,

hope, the foreknowledge you had of my esteem for you, is the reason that you do not dislike my letters.

They will not be of any great service (I find) in the design I mentioned to you: I believe I had better steal from a richer man, and plunder your letters (which I have kept as carefully as I would Letters Patent, since they intitle me to what I more value than titles of honour.) You have some cause to apprehend this usage from me, if what some say be true, that I am a great borrower; however, I have hitherto had the luck that none of my creditors have challenged me for it: and those who say it are such, whose writings no man ever borrow'd from, so have the least reason to complain; and whose works are granted on all hands to be but too much their own. Another has been pleased to declare, that my verses are corrected by other men: I verily believe theirs were never corrected by any man: but indeed if mine have not, 'twas not my fault; I have endeavour'd my utmost that they should. But these things are only whisper'd, and I will not encroach upon Bays's province and *pen whispers*, so hasten to conclude

Your, &c.

LETTER VIII.

From my Lord LANSDOWN.

O^ct. 21, 1713.

I AM pleased beyond measure with your design of translating Homer. The trials which you have already made and published on some parts of that author, have shewn that you are equal to so great a task: and you may therefore depend upon the utmost services I can do you in promoting this work, or any thing that may be for your service.

I hope Mr. Stafford, for whom you was pleased to concern yourself, has had the good effects of the Queen's

grace to him. I had notice, the night before I began my journey, that her Majesty had not only directed his pardon, but order'd a writ for reversing his outlawry.

Your, &c.

LETTER IX.

To General ANTHONY HAMILTON *.

Upon his having translated into French Verse the *Essay on Criticism*.

Oft. 10, 1713.

IF I could as well express, or (if you will allow me to say it) translate the sentiments of my heart as you have done those of my head, in your excellent version of my Essay; I should not only appear the best writer in the world, but, what I much more desire to be thought, the most your servant of any man living. 'Tis an advantage very rarely known, to receive at once a great honour and a great improvement. This, Sir, you have afforded me, having at the same time made others take my sense, and taught me to understand my own; if I may call that my own which is indeed more properly yours. Your verses are no more a translation of mine, than Virgil's are of Homer's; but are, like his, the justest imitation, and the noblest Commentary.

In putting me into a French dress, you have not only adorned my outside, but mended my shape; and, if I am now a good figure, I must consider you have naturaliz'd me into a country which is famous for making every man a fine gentleman. It is by your means that (contrary to most young travellers) I am come back much better than I went out.

I cannot but wish we had a bill of commerce for translation established the next parliament; we could not fail

* Author of the *Memoirs of the Count de Grammont*, *Contas*, and other pieces of note in French.

of being gainers by that, nor of making ourselves amends for any thing we have lost by the war. Nay, tho' we should insist upon the demolishing of Boileau's works, the French, as long as they have writers of your form, might have as good an equivalent.

Upon the whole, I am really as proud, as our ministers ought to be, of the terms I have gain'd from abroad; and I design, like them, to publish speedily to the world the benefits accruing from them; for I cannot resist the temptation of printing your admirable translation here*; to which, if you will be so obliging to give me leave to prefix your name, it will be the only addition you can make to the honour already done me. I am

Your, &c.

* This was never done, for the two printed French versions are neither of this hand. The one was done by Monsieur Roboton, private secretary to King George the first, printed in quarto at Amsterdam, and at London 1717. The other by the Abbé Resnel, in octavo, with a large preface and notes, at Paris, 1730.

LETTERS

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

Mr. STEELE, Mr. ADDISON,
Mr. CONGREVE, &c.

From the Year 1712 to 1715.

LETTER I.

Mr. STEELE to Mr. POPE.

June 1, 1712.

I AM at a solitude, an house between Hampstead and London, wherein Sir Charles Sedley died. This circumstance set me a thinking and ruminating upon the employments in which men of wit exercise themselves. It was said of Sir Charles, who breath'd his last in this room,

Sedley has that prevailing gentle art,
Which can with a resistless charm impart
The loosest wishes to the chastest heart;
Raise such a conflict, kindle such a fire
Between declining Virtue and Desire,
Till the poor vanquish'd Maid dissolves away
In dreams all night, in sighs and tears all day.

This was a happy talent to a man of the town, but, I dare say, without presuming to make uncharitable conjectures on the author's present condition, he would rather have had it said of him that he had pray'd,

LETTERS TO AND

Oh thou my voice inspire,
Who touch'd Ifaiah's hallow'd lips with fire !

I have turn'd to every verse and chapter, and think you have preserv'd the sublime heavenly spirit throughout the whole, especially at—*Hark a glad voice*—and—*The lamb with wolves shall graze*.—There is but one line which I think below the original,

He wipes the tears for ever from our eyes.

You have express'd it with a good and pious, but not so exalted and poetical a spirit as the prophet, *The Lord will wipe away tears from off all faces*. If you agree with me in this, alter it by way of paraphrase, or otherwise that when it comes into a volume it may be amended. Your poem is already better than the Pollio. I am

Your, &c.

LETTER II.

The Answer.

June 18, 1712.

YOU have obliged me with a very kind letter, by which I find you shift the scene of your life from the town to the country, and enjoy that mix'd state which wise men doth delight in, and are qualified for. Methinks the moralists and philosophers have generally run too much into extremes in commending entirely either solitude, or public life. In the former, men for the most part grow useless by too much rest, and in the latter are destroy'd by too much precipitation; as waters lying still, putrify, and are good for nothing, and running violently on do but the more mischief in their passage to others, and are swallow'd up and lost the sooner themselves. Those indeed who can be useful to all states, should be like gentle streams, that not only glide thro' lonely valleys, and forests amidst the flocks and shepherds, but visit populous towns in their course, and are at once of ornament and service

service to them. But there are another sort of people who seem design'd for solitude, such I mean, as have more to hide than to show. As for my own part, I am one of those whom Seneca says, *Tam umbratiles sunt, ut putent in turbido esse quicquid in luce est*. Some men, like some pictures, are fitter for a corner than a full light; and, I believe, such as have a natural bent to solitude (to carry on the former similitude) are like waters, which may be forced into fountains, and exalted into a great height, may make a noble figure and a louder noise, but after all they would run more smoothly, quietly, and plentifully, in their own natural course upon the ground*. The consideration of this would make me very well contented with the possession only of that quiet which Cowley calls the companion of obscurity. But whoever has the muses too for his companions, can never be idle enough, to be uneasy. Thus, Sir, you see, I would flatter myself into a good opinion of my own way of living. Plutarch just now told me, that 'tis in human life as in a game at tables, where a man may wish for the highest cast, but, if his chance be otherwise, he is e'en to play it as well as he can, and to make the best of it. I am

Your, &c.

LETTER III.

To Mr. STEELE.

July 15, 1712.

YOU formerly observed to me, that nothing made a more ridiculous figure in a man's life, than the disparity we often find in him sick and well: thus one of an unfortunate constitution is perpetually exhibiting a miserable example of the weakness of his mind, and of his

* The foregoing similitudes our Author had put into verse some years before, and inserted into Mr. Wycherly's poem on *Mix'd Life*. We find them in the versification very distinct from the rest of that poem. See his posthumous works, octavo, page 3 and 4.

body, in their turns. I have had frequent opportunities of late to consider myself in these different views, and, I hope, have received some advantage by it, if what Waller says be true, that

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lies in new light thro' chinks that time has made.

Then surely sickness, contributing no less than old age to the shaking down this scaffolding of the body, may discover the inward structure more plainly. Sickness is a sort of early old age: it teaches us a diffidence in our earthly state, and inspires us with the thoughts of a future, better than a thousand volumes of philosophers and divines. It gives so warning a concussion to those props of our vanity, our strength and youth, that we think of fortifying ourselves within, when there is so little dependance upon our outworks. Youth at the very best is but a betrayer of human life in a gentler and smoother manner than age: 'tis like a stream that nourishes a plant upon a bank, and causes it to flourish and blossom to the sight, but at the same time is undermining it at the root in secret. My youth has dealt more fairly and openly with me, it has afforded several prospects of my danger, and given me an advantage not very common to young men, that the attractions of the world have not dazzled me very much; and I begin, where most people end, with a full conviction of the emptiness of all sorts of ambition, and the unsatisfactory nature of all human pleasures. When a smart fit of sickness tells me this scurvy tenement of my body will fall in a little time, I am e'en as unconcern'd as was that honest Hibernian, who being in bed in the great storm some years ago, and told the house would tumble over his head, made answer, what care I for the house? I am only a lodger. I fancy 'tis the best time to die when one is in the best humour; and so excessively weak as I now am, I may say with conscience, that I am not at all uneasy at the thought, that many

ny men, whom I never had any esteem for, are likely to enjoy this world after me. When I reflect what an inconsiderable little atom every single man is, with respect to the whole creation, methinks 'tis shame to be concern'd at the removal of such a trivial animal as I am. The morning after my exit, the sun will rise as bright as ever, the flowers smell as sweet, the plants spring as green, the world will proceed in its old course, people will laugh as heartily, and marry as fast, as they were us'd to do. The memory of man (as it is elegantly express'd in the Book of Wisdom) passeth away as the remembrance of a guest that tarrieth but one day. There are reasons enough, in the fourth chapter of the same book, to make any young man contented with the prospect of death.

“ For honourable age is not that which standeth in
 “ length of time, or is measur'd by number of years.
 “ But wisdom is the grey hair to men, and an unspotted
 “ life is old age. He was taken away speedily, lest
 “ wickedness should alter his understanding, or deceit be-
 “ guile his soul,” &c. I am

Your, &c.

LETTER IV.

To Mr. STEELE.

Nov. 7, 1712.

I Was the other day in company with five or six men of some learning; where chancing to mention the famous verses which the Emperor Adrian spoke on his death bed, they were all agreed that 'twas a piece of gaiety unworthy of that prince in those circumstances. I could not but differ from this opinion: methinks it was by no means a gay, but a very serious soliloquy to his soul at the point of its departure; in which sense I naturally took the verses at my first reading them, when I was very young, and before I knew what interpretation the world generally put upon them.

Animula

Animula vagula, blandula,
 Hospes comesque corporis,
 Quæ nunc abibis in loca?
 Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
 Nec (ut soles) dabis joca !

“ Alas, my soul ! thou pleasing companion of this body,
 “ thou fleeting thing that art now deserting it ! whither
 “ art thou flying ? to what unknown scene ? all tremb-
 “ ling, fearful, and penfive ! what now is become of thy
 “ former wit and humour ? thou shalt jest and be gay
 “ no more.”

I confess I cannot apprehend where lies the trifling in all this : 'tis the most natural and obvious reflection imaginable to a dying man : and if we consider the Emperor was a heathen, that doubt concerning the future fate of his soul will seem so far from being the effect of want of thought, that 'twas scarce reasonable he should think otherwise ; not to mention that here is a plain confession included of his belief in its immortality. The diminutive epithets of *vagula blandula*, and the rest appear not to me as expressions of levity, but rather of endearment and concern ; such as we find in Catullus, and the authors of *Hendeca-syllabi* after him, where they are used to express the utmost love and tenderness for their mistresses.— If you think me right in my notion of the last words of Adrian, be pleas'd to insert it in the Spectator : if not to suppress it.

I am. &c.

Adriani morientis ad ANIMAM,

TRANSLATED.

Ah fleeting spirit ! wand'ring fire,
 That long hast warm'd my tender breast,
 Must thou no more this frame inspire ?
 No more a pleasing chearful guest ?
 Whither, ah whither art thou flying !
 To what dark undiscover'd shore ?
 Thou seem'st all trembling, shiv'ring, dying,
 And wit and humour are no more.

LET.

FROM MR. STEELE,

25

LETTER V.

Mr. STEELE to Mr. POPE,

Nov. 12, 1712.

I HAVE read over your Temple of Fame twice, and cannot find any thing amiss, of weight enough to call a fault, but see in it a thousand thousand beauties. Mr. Addison shall see it to-morrow: after his perusal of it, I will let you know his thoughts. I desire you would let me know whether you are at leisure or not? I have a design which I shall open a month or two hence, with the assistance of the few like yourself. If your thoughts are unengaged, I shall explain myself further. I am

Your, &c,

LETTER VI.

The Answer,

Nov. 16, 1712.

YOU oblige me by the indulgence you have shewn to the poem I sent you, but will oblige me much more by the kind severity I hope for from you. No errors are so trivial but they deserve to be mended. But since you say you see nothing that may be call'd a fault, can you but think it so, that I have confin'd the attendance of * Guardian spirits to heaven's favourites only? I could point you to several, but it is my business to be informed of those faults I do not know; and as for those I do, not to talk of them but to correct them. You speak of that poem in a style I neither merit, nor expect; but, I assure you, if you freely mark or dash out, I shall look upon your blots to be its greatest beauties; I mean, if Mr. Addison and yourself should like it in the whole; otherwise the trouble of correction is what I would not take, for I was

* This is not now to be found in the *Temple of Fame*, which was the Poem here spoken of.

really so diffident of it as to let it lie by me these † two years, just as you now see it. I am afraid of nothing so much as to impose any thing on the world which is unworthy of its acceptance.

As to the last period of your letter, I shall be very ready and glad to contribute to any design that tends to the advantage of mankind, which, I am sure, all yours do. I wish I had but as much capacity as leisure, for I am perfectly idle: (a sign I have not much capacity.)

If you will entertain the best opinion of me, be pleas'd to think me your friend. Assure Mr. Addison of my most faithful service, of every one's esteem he must be assured already. I am

Your, &c.

LETTER VII.

To Mr. STEELE.

Nov. 29, 1712.

I AM sorry you published that notion about Adrian's verses as mine: had I imagined you would use my name, I should have express'd my sentiments with more modesty and diffidence. I only sent it to have your opinion, and not to publish my own, which I distrusted. But I think the supposition you draw from the notion of Adrian's being addicted to magic, is a little uncharitable, ("that he might fear no sort of deity, good or bad") since in the third verse he plainly testifies his apprehension of a future state, by being solicitous whither his soul was going. As to what you mention of his using gay and ludicrous expressions, I have own'd my opinion to be that the expressions are not so, but that diminutives are as often in the Latin tongue, used as marks of tenderness and concern.

Anima is no more than my soul, *animula* has the force of my dear soul. To say *virgo bella* is not half so endearing

† Hence it appears this Poem was writ when the Author was twenty-two years old.

as *virguncula bellula*; and had Augustus only called Horace *lepidum hominem*, it had amounted to no more than that he thought him a pleasant fellow: 'twas the *homunculum* that express'd the love and tenderness that great Emperor had for him. And perhaps I should myself be much better pleas'd, if I were told you call'd me your little friend, than if you complimented me with the title of a great genius, or an eminent hand, as Jacob does all his authors. I am

Your, &c.

LETTER VIII.

From Mr. STEELE.

Dec. 4, 1712.

THIS is to desire of you that you would please to make an ode as of a chearful dying spirit, that is to say, the Emperor *Adrian's Animula vagula* put into two or three stanza's for music. If you comply with this, and send me word so, you will very particularly oblige

Your, &c.

LETTER IX.

The Answer.

I Do not send you word I will do, but have already done the thing you desire of me. You have it (as Cowley calls it) just warm from the brain. It came to me the first moment I waked this morning: Yet you'll see, it was not so absolutely inspiration, but that I had in my head not only the verses of Adrian, but the fine fragment of Sappho, &c.

The dying Christian to his SOUL

O D E.

I.

Vital spark of heav'nly flame!

Quit, oh quit this mortal frame:

E 2

Trem-

LETTERS TO AND

Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
 Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
 Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life.

II.

Hark! they whisper; Angels say,
 Sister Spirit, come away!
 What is this absorbs me quite,
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
 Tell me, my Soul, can this be Death?

III.

The world recedes; it disappears!
 Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring:
 Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
 O Grave! where is thy victory?
 O Death where is thy sting?

LETTER X:

To Mr. ADDISON.

July 20, 1713.

I Am more joy'd at your return than I should be at that of the sun, so much as I wish for him this melancholy wet season; but 'tis his fate too, like yours, to be displeasing to Owls and obscene animals, who cannot bear his lustre. What put me in mind of these night-birds was John Dennis, whom, I think, you are best revenged upon, as the Sun was in the fable upon these bats and beastly birds above-mentioned, only by *shining on*. I am so far from esteeming it any misfortune, that I congratulate you upon having your share in that, which all the great men and all the good men that ever lived have had their part of, Envy and Calumny. To be uncensured
 and

and to be obscure, is the same thing. You may conclude, from what I here say, that 'twas never in my thoughts to have offered you my pen in any direct reply to such a Critic, but only in some little raillery; not in defence of you, but in contempt of him †. But indeed your opinion, that 'tis entirely to be neglected, would have been my own, had it been my own case; but I felt more warmth here, than I did when first I saw his book against myself (tho' indeed in two minutes it made me heartily merry.) He has written against every thing the world has approv'd these many years. I apprehend but one danger from Dennis's disliking our sense, that it may make us think so very well of it, as to become proud and conceited, upon his disapprobation.

I must not here omit to do justice to Mr. Gay, whose zeal in your concern is worthy a friend and honourer of you. He writ to me in the most pressing terms about it, though with that just contempt of the Critic that he deserves. I think in these days one honest man is obliged to acquaint another who are his friends; when so many mischievous insects are daily at work to make people of merit suspicious of each other; that they may have the satisfaction of seeing them look'd upon no better than themselves. I am

Your, &c.

LETTER XI.

MR. ADDISON TO MR. POPE.

Oct. 26, 1713.

I Was extremely glad to receive a letter from you, but more so upon reading the contents of it. The * Work you mention, will, I dare say, very sufficiently recommend itself when your name appears with the Proposals: and if you think I can any way contribute to the forwarding of them, you cannot lay a greater obligation upon

† This relates to the paper occasion'd by Dennis's Remarks upon Cato, call'd Dr. Norris's *Narrative of the Frenzy of John Dennis*.

* The Translation of the Iliad.

me,

me, than by employing me in such an office. As I have an ambition of having it known that you are my friend, I shall be very proud of shewing it by this, or any other instance. I question not but your Translation will enrich our Tongue, and do honour to our Country; for I conclude of it already from those performances with which you have obliged the public. I would only have you consider how it may most turn to your advantage. Excuse my impertinence in this particular, which proceeds from my zeal for your ease and happiness. The work would cost you a great deal of time, and, unless you undertake it, will, I am afraid, never be executed by any other; at least I know none of this age that is equal to it beside yourself.

I am at present wholly immersed in country business, and begin to take delight in it. I wish I might hope to see you here some time, and will not despair of it, when you engage in a work that will require solitude and retirement. I am

Your, &c.

LETTER XII.

Mr. ADDISON to Mr. POPE.

Nov. 2, 1713.

I Have receiv'd your letter, and am glad to find that you have laid so good a scheme for your great undertaking. I question not but the Prose * will require as much care as the Poetry, but the variety will give yourself some relief, and more pleasure to your readers.

You gave me leave once to take the liberty of a friend, in advising you not to content yourself with one half of the nation for your admirers, when you might command them all. If I might take the freedom to repeat it, I would on this occasion. I think you are very happy that you are out of the fray, and I hope all your undertakings will turn to the better account for it.

* The Notes to his Translation of Homer.

You

You see how I presume on your friendship in taking all this freedom with you : but I already fancy, that we have lived many years together in an unreserved conversation, and that we may do so many more, is the sincere wish of

Your, &c.

LETTER XIII.

To Mr. ADDISON.

YOUR last is the more obliging, as it hints at some little niceties in my conduct, which your candour and affection prompts you to recommend to me, and which (so trivial as things of this nature seem) are yet of no slight consequence, to people whom every body talks of, and every body as he pleases. 'Tis a sort of tax that attends an estate in Parnassus, which is often rated much higher than in proportion to the small possession an author holds. For indeed an author, who is once come upon the town, is enjoy'd without being thanked for the pleasure, and sometimes ill-treated by those very persons who first debauched him. Yet, to tell you the bottom of my heart, I am no way displeased that I have offended the violent of all parties already ; and at the same time I assure you conscientiously, I feel not the least malevolence or resentment against any of those who misrepresent me, or are dissatisfied with me. This frame of mind is so easy, that I am perfectly content with my condition.

As I hope, and would flatter myself, that you know me and my thoughts so entirely, as never to be mistaken in either, so 'tis a pleasure to me that you guess'd so right in regard to the author of that Guardian you mentioned. But I am sorry to find it has taken air, that I have some hand in those papers, because I writ so very few as neither to deserve the credit of such a report with some people, nor the disrepute of it with others. An honest Jacobite spoke to me the sense or nonsense of the weak part of

his party very fairly, that the good people took it ill of me, that I writ with Steele, tho' upon never so indifferent subjects. This, I know, you will laugh at as well as I do; yet I doubt not but many little calumniators and persons of four dispositions will take occasion hence to bespatter me. I confess I scorn narrow souls of all parties; and if I renounce my reason in religious matters, I'll hardly do it in any other.

I can't imagine whence it comes to pass, that the few Guardians I have written are so generally known for mine; that in particular which you mention I never discovered to any man but the publisher, till very lately; yet almost every body told me of it.

As to his taking a more politic turn, I cannot any way enter into that secret, nor have I been let into it any more than into the rest of his politics. Tho' 'tis said, he will take into these papers also several subjects of the politer kind, as before: but I assure you, as to myself, I have quite done with them for the future. The little I have done, and the great respect I bear Mr. Steele as a man of wit, has render'd me a suspected Whig to some of the violent; but (as old Dryden said before me) 'tis not the violent I design to please.

I generally employ the mornings in painting with Mr. Jervas*, and the evenings in the conversation of such as I think can most improve my mind, of whatever denomination they are. I ever must set the highest value upon men of truly great, that is, honest principles, with equal capacities. The best way I know of overcoming calumny and misconstruction, is by a vigorous perseverance in every thing we know to be right, and a total neglect of all that can ensue from it. 'Tis partly from this maxim that I depend upon your friendship, because I believe it will do justice to my intention in every thing; and give me leave to tell you, that (as the world goes) this is no small assurance I repose in you. I am

Your, &c.

* See the Epistle to him in verse, writ about this time.

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

To Mr. ADDISON.

Dec. 14, 1713.

I Have been lying in wait for my own imagination, this week and more, and watching what thoughts came up in the whirl of the fancy, that were worth communicating to you in a letter. But I am at length convinced that my rambling head can produce nothing of that sort; so I must e'en be contented with telling you the old story, that I love you heartily. I have often found by experience, that nature and truth, tho' never so low or vulgar, are yet pleasing when openly and artlessly represented: it would be diverting to me to read the very letters of an infant, could it write its innocent inconsistencies and tautologies just as it thought them. This makes me hope a letter from me will not be unwelcome to you, when I am conscious I write it with more unreservedness than ever man wrote, or perhaps talk'd to another. I trust your good-nature with the whole range of my follies, and really love you so well, that I would rather you should pardon me than esteem me; since one is an act of goodness and benevolence, the other a kind of constrained deference,

You can't wonder my thoughts are scarce consistent, when I tell you how they are distracted. Every hour of my life my mind is strangely divided; this minute perhaps I am above the stars, with a thousand systems round about me, looking forward into a vast abyss, and losing my whole comprehension in the boundless space of Creation, in dialogues with Whiston and the Astronomers; the next moment I am below all trifles groveling with T* in the very centre of nonsense: now I am recreated with the brisk sallies and quick turns of wit, which Mr. Steele in his liveliest and freest humours darts about him; and now levelling my application to the insignificant observations and quirks of Grammar of C* and D*.

Good God! what an incongruous animal is man! how

unsettled in his best part, his soul; and how changing and variable in his frame of body? the constancy of the one shook by every notion, the temperament of the other affected by every blast of wind! What is he altogether but one mighty inconsistency: sickness and pain is the lot of one half of him, doubt and fear the portion of the other! What a bustle we make about passing our time, when all our space is but a point? what aims and ambitions are crowded into this little instant of our life, which (as Shakespear finely words it) is rounded with a sleep? Our whole extent of being is no more, in the eye of him who gave it, than a scarce perceptible moment of duration. Those animals whose circle of living is limited to three or four hours, as the Naturalists tell us, are yet as long-lived, and possess as wide a scene of action as man, if we consider him with a view to all Space, and all Eternity. Who knows what plots, what achievements a mite may perform in his kingdom of a grain of dust, within his life of some minutes; and of how much less consideration than even this, is the life of man in the sight of God, who is from ever, and for ever?

Who that thinks in this train, but must see the world, and its contemptible grandeurs, lessen before him at every thought? 'Tis enough to make one remain stupify'd in a poize of inaction, void of all desires, of all designs, of all friendships.

But we must return (thro' our very condition of being) to our narrow selves, and those things that affect ourselves: our passions, our interests flow in upon us, and unphilosophize us into mere mortals. For my part, I never return so much into myself, as when I think of you, whose friendship is one of the best comforts I have for the insignificancy of myself. I am

Your, &c.

LETTERS

LETTER XV.

To MR. ADDISON.

Jan. 30, 1713-14.

YOUR letter found me very busy in my grand undertaking, to which I must wholly give up myself for some time, unless when I snatch an hour to please myself with a distant conversation with you and a few others, by writing. 'Tis no comfortable prospect to be reflecting, that so long a siege as that of Troy lies upon my hands, and the campaign above half over, before I have made any progress. Indeed the Greek fortification, upon a nearer approach, does not appear so formidable as it did; and I am almost apt to flatter myself, that Homer secretly seems inclined to a correspondence with me, in letting me into a good part of his intentions. There are indeed a sort of underling auxiliars to the difficulty of a work, called Commentators and Critics, who would frighten many people by their number and bulk, and perplex our progress under pretence of fortifying their author. These lie very low in the trenches and ditches they themselves have digged, encompassed with dirt of their own heaping up: but I think there may be found a method of coming at the main works by a more speedy and gallant way than by mining under ground, that is, by using the poetical engines, wings, and flying over their heads.

While I am engaged in the fight, I find you are concerned how I shall be paid, and are solicitous that I may not have the ill fate of many discarded Generals, to be first envied and malign'd, then perhaps prais'd, and lastly neglected. The former (the constant attendant upon all great and laudable enterprizes) I have already experienced. Some have said I am not a master in the Greek, who either are so themselves or are not: if they are not, they can't tell; and if they are, they can't without having catechiz'd me. But if they can read (for I know some critics can,

and others cannot) there are fairly lying before them some specimens of my translation from this Author in the Miscellanies, which they are heartily welcome to. I have met with as much malignity another way, some calling me a Tory, because the heads of that party have been distinguishingly favourable to me; some a Whig, because I have been favoured with yours, Mr. Congreve's, and Mr. Craggs's friendship, and of late with my Lord Halifax's patronage. How much more natural a conclusion might be formed, by any good-natured man, that a person who has been well used by all sides, has been offensive to none. This miserable age is so sunk between animosities of Party and those of Religion, that I begin to fear most men have Politics enough to make (thro' violence) the best scheme of government a bad one; and Belief enough to hinder their own salvation. I hope for my own part never to have more of either than what is consistent with common Justice and Charity, and always as much as becomes a Christian and an honest man. Tho' I find it an unfortunate thing to be bred a Papist here, where one is obnoxious to four parts in five, as being so too much or too little; I shall yet be easy under both their mistakes, and be what I more than seem to be, for I suffer for it. God is my witness, that I no more envy you Protestants your places and possessions, than I do our Priests their charity or learning. I am ambitious of nothing but the good opinion of good men, on both sides; for I know that one virtue of a free spirit is worth more than all the virtues put together of all the narrow-soul'd people in the world. I am

Your, &c.

LETTER

LETTER XVI.

TO MR. ADDISON.

Oct. 10, 1714.

I Have been acquainted by * one of my friends, who omits no opportunities of gratifying me, that you have lately been pleas'd to speak of me in a manner which nothing but the real respect I have for you can deserve. May I hope that some late malevolencies have lost their effect? Indeed it is neither for me, nor my enemies, to pretend to tell you whether I am your friend or not; but if you would judge by probabilities, I beg to know which of your poetical acquaintance has so little interest in pretending to be so? Methinks no man should question the real friendship of one who desires no real service. I am only to get as much from the Whigs, as I got from the Tories, that is to say, Civility; being neither so proud as to be insensible of any good office, nor so humble, as not to dare heartily to despise any man who does me an injustice.

I will not value myself upon having ever guarded all the degrees of respect for you; for (to say the truth) all the world speaks well of you, and I should be under a necessity of doing the same, whether I ear'd for you or not.

As to what you have said of me, I shall never believe that the author of Cato can speak one thing and think another. As a proof that I account you sincere, I beg a favour of you: it is, that you would look over the two first books of my translation of Homer, which are in the hands of my Lord Halifax. I am sensible how much the reputation of any poetical work will depend upon the character you give it: 'tis therefore some evidence of the trust I repose in your good-will, when I give you this opportunity of speaking ill of me with justice; and yet

* See a Letter from Mr. Jervas, and the Answer to it, N^o 22, 23.

expect

expect you will tell me your truest thoughts, at the same time that you tell others your most favourable ones.

I have a farther request, which I must press with earnestness. My bookseller is re-printing the Essay on Criticism, to which you have done too much honour in your Spectator of N^o 253. The period in that paper, where you say, "I have admitted some strokes of ill-nature into that Essay," is the only one I could wish omitted of all you have written; but I would not desire it should be so, unless I had the merit of removing your objection. I beg you but to point out those strokes to me, and, you may be assured, they shall be treated without mercy.

Since we are upon proofs of sincerity (which I am pretty confident will turn to the advantage of us both in each other's opinion) give me leave to name another passage in the same Spectator, which I wish you would alter: it is where you mention an observation upon Homer's Verses of Sisyphus's Stone, as * never having been made before by any of the Critics: I happened to find the same in Dionysius of Halicarnassus's Treatise, Περὶ συνθέσεως ὁνομάτων, who treats very largely upon these verses. I know you will think fit to soften your expression, when you see the passage; which you must needs have read, though it be since slipped out of your memory. I am, with the utmost esteem,

Your, &c.

L E T T E R XVII.

To the Honourable ———

June 8, 1714.

THE question you ask in relation to Mr. Addison and Philips, I shall answer in a few words. Mr. Philips did express himself with much indignation against me one evening at Button's Coffee-house (as I was told) say-

* These words are since left out in Mr. Tickel's edition, but were extant in all during Mr. Addison's life.

ing,

ing, that I was enter'd into a cabal with Dean Swift, and others, to write against the Whig-Interest, and in particular to undermine his own reputation, and that of his friends Steele and Addison: but Mr. Philips never opened his lips to my face, on this or any like occasion, tho' I was almost every night in the same room with him, nor ever offer'd me any indecorum. Mr. Addison came to me a night or two after Philips had talk'd in this idle manner, and assured me of his disbelief of what had been said, of the friendship we should always maintain, and desir'd I would say nothing further of it. My Lord Halifax did me the honour to stir in this matter, by speaking to several people to obviate a false aspersion, which might have done me no small prejudice with one party. However, Philips did all he could secretly to continue the report with the Hanover Club, and kept in his hands the subscriptions paid for me to him, as Secretary to that Club. The heads of it have since given him to understand, that they take it ill; but (upon the terms I ought to be with such a man) I would not ask him for this money, but commission'd one of the Players, his equals, to receive it. This is the whole matter: but as to the secret grounds of this malignity, they will make a very pleasant history when we meet. Mr. Congreve and some others have been much diverted with it, and most of the gentlemen of the Hanover Club have made it the subject of their ridicule on their Secretary. It is to this management of Philips, that the world owes Mr. Gay's Pastorals. The ingenious author is extremely your servant, and would have complied with your kind invitation, but that he is just now appointed Secretary to my Lord Clarendon, in his embassy to Hanover.

I am sensible of the zeal and friendship with which, I am sure, you will always defend your friend in his absence, from all those little tales and calumnies, which a man of any genius or merit is born to. I shall never complain while I am happy in such noble defenders, and in such contemptible opponents. May their envy and ill-nature

nature ever increase, to the glory and pleasure of those they would injure; may they represent me what they will, as long as you think me, what I am,

Your, &c.

LETTER XVIII.

July 13, 1714.

YOU mention the account I gave you some time ago of the things which Philips said in his foolishness; but I can't tell, from any thing in your letter, whether you received a long one from me about a fortnight since. It was principally intended to thank you for the last obliging favour you did me; and perhaps for that reason you pass it in silence. I there launch'd into some account of my temporal affairs, and intend now to give you some hints of my spiritual. The conclusion of your letter draws this upon you, where you tell me you prayed for me. Your proceeding, Sir, is contrary to that of most other friends, who never talk of praying for a man after they have done him a service, but only when they will do him none. Nothing can be more kind than the hint you give me of the vanity of human sciences, which, I assure you, I am daily more convinced of; and indeed I have, for some years past, look'd upon all of them no better than amusements. To make them the ultimate end of our pursuit, is a miserable and short ambition, which will drop from us at every little disappointment here, and even, in case of no disappointments here, will infallibly desert us hereafter. The utmost fame they are capable of bestowing, is never worth the pains they cost us, and the time they lose us. If you attain the top of your desires that way, all those who envy you will do you harm; and of those who admire you, few will do you good. The unsuccessful writers are your declared enemies, and probably the successful your secret ones; for those hate not more to be excelled, than these to be rival'd: and at the upshot, after a life of perpetual application,

cation, you reflect that you have been doing nothing for yourself, and that the same or less industry might have gain'd you a friendship that can never deceive^e end, a satisfaction which praise cannot bestow, nor vanity feel; and a glory, which (tho' in one respect like fame, not to be had till after death) yet shall be felt and enjoy'd to eternity. These, dear Sir, are unfeignedly my sentiments, whenever I think at all; for half the things that employ our heads deserve not the name of thoughts, they are only stronger dreams of impressions upon the imagination: our schemes of government, our systems of philosophy, our golden worlds of poetry, are all but so many shadowy images and airy prospects, which arise to us but so much the livelier and more frequent, as we are more overcast with the darkness, and disturbed with the fumes, of human vanity.

The same thing that makes old men willing to leave this world, makes me willing to leave poetry, long habit and weariness of the same track. Homer will work a cure upon me; fifteen thousand verses are equivalent to fourscore years, to make one old in rhyme: and I should be sorry and ashamed, to go on jingling to the last step, like a waggoner's horse, in the same road, and so leave my bells to the next silly animal that will be proud of them. That man makes a mean figure in the eyes of reason, who is measuring syllables and coupling rhymes, when he should be mending his own soul, and securing his own immortality. If I had not this opinion, I should be unworthy even of those small and limited parts which God has given me; and unworthy of the friendship of such a man as you. I am

Your, &c.

L E T T E R XIX.

July 25, 1714.

I Have no better excuse to offer you, that I have omitted a task naturally so pleasing to me as conversing

upon paper with you, but that my time and eyes have been wholly employ'd upon Homer, whom, I almost fear, I shall find but one way of imitating, which is, in his blindness. I am perpetually afflicted with head-achs that very much affect my sight, and indeed since my coming hither I have scarce past an hour agreeably, except that in which I read your letter. I would seriously have you think, you have no man who more truly knows to place a right value on your friendship, than he who least deserves it on all other accounts than his due sense of it. But, let me tell you, you can hardly guess what a task you undertake, when you profess yourself my friend: there are some Tories who will take you for a Whig, some Whigs who will take you for a Tory, some Protestants who will esteem you a rank Papist, and some Papists who will account you a Heretic.

I find, by dear experience, we live in an age, where it is criminal to be moderate; and where no one man can be allowed to be just to all men. The notions of right and wrong are so far strain'd, that perhaps to be in the right so very violently, may be of worse consequence than to be easily and quietly in the wrong. I really wish all men so well, that, I am satisfied, but few can wish me so; but if those few are such as tell me they do, I am content, for they are the best people I know. While you believe me what I profess as to religion, I can bear any thing the bigotted may say: while Mr. Congreve likes my poetry, I can endure Dennis, and a thousand more like him; while the most honest and moral of each party think me no ill man, I can easily bear that the most violent and mad of all parties rise up to throw dirt at me.

I must expect an hundred attacks upon the publication of my Homer. Whoever in our times would be a professor of learning above his fellows, ought at the very first to enter the world with the constancy and resolution of a primitive Christian, and be prepared to suffer all sort of public persecution. It is certainly to be lamented, that if any man does but endeavour to distinguish himself, or gratify

gratify others by his studies, he is immediately treated as a common enemy, instead of being looked upon as a common friend; and assaulted as generally as if his whole design were to prejudice the state, or ruin the public. I will venture to say, no man ever rose to any degree of perfection in writing, but thro' obstinacy, and an inveterate resolution against the stream of mankind; so that if the world has received any benefit from the labours of the learned, it was in its own despite: for when first they essay their parts, all people in general are prejudiced against new beginners; and when they have got a little above contempt, then some particular persons, who were before unfortunate in their own attempts, are sworn foes to them, only because they succeed.—Upon the whole, one may say of the best writers, that they pay a severe fine for their fame, which it is always in the power of the most worthless part of mankind to levy upon them when they please.

I am, &c.

LETTER XX.

TO MR. JERVAS.

July 28, 1714.

I AM just enter'd upon the old way of life again, sleep and musing. It is my employment to revive the old of past ages to the present, as it is yours to transmit the young of the present, to the future. I am copying the great master in one art, with the same love and diligence with which the Painters hereafter will copy you in another.

Thus, I should begin my epistle to you, if it were a Dedicatory one. But as it is a friendly letter, you are to find nothing mention'd in your own praise, but what only one in the world is witness to, your particular good-natur'd offices to me.

I am cut out from any thing but common acknowledgments, or common discourse: the first you would take

ill, though I told but half what I ought; so in short the last only remains.

And as for the last, what can you expect from a man who has not talk'd these five days? who is withdrawing his thoughts as far as he can, from all the present world, its customs, and its manners, to be fully possess'd and absorpt in the past? When people talk of going to Church, I think of sacrifices and libations; when I see the parson, I address him as Chryses, priest of Apollo; and instead of the Lord's prayer, I begin,

God of the silver Bow, &c.

While you in the world are concern'd about the Protestant Succession, I consider only how Menelaus may recover Helen, and the Trojan war be put to a speedy conclusion. I never inquire if the queen be well or not, but heartily wish to be at Hector's funeral. The only things I regard in this life, are, whether my friends are well? whether my Translation go well on? whether Dennis be writing criticisms? whether any body will answer him, since I don't? and whether Lintot be not yet broke?

I am, &c.

LETTER XXI.

To the same.

Aug 16, 1714.

I Thank you for your good offices, which are numberless. Homer advances so fast, that he begins to look about for the ornaments he is to appear in, like a modish modern author,

Picture in the front,

With bays and wicked rhyme upon't.

I have the greatest proof in nature, at present, of the amusing power of Poetry, for it takes me up so entirely, that I scarce see what passes under my nose, and hear nothing that is said about me. To follow poetry as one

ought, one must forget father and mother, and cleave to it alone. My reverie has been so deep, that I have scarce had an interval to think myself uneasy in the want of your company. I now and then just miss you as I step into bed; this minute, indeed, I want extremely to see you, the next I shall dream of nothing but the taking of Troy, or the recovery of Briseis.

I fancy no friendship is so likely to prove lasting as ours, because, I am pretty sure, there never was a friendship of so easy a nature. We neither of us demand any mighty things from each other; what Vanity we have, expects its gratification from other people. It is not I that am to tell you what an Artist you are, nor is it you that are to tell me what a Poet I am; but 'tis from the world abroad we hope (piously hope) to hear these things. At home we follow our business, when we have any; and think and talk most of each other when we have none. 'Tis not unlike the happy friendship of a stay'd man and his wife, who are seldom so fond as to hinder the business of the house from going on all day, or so indolent as not to find consolation in each other every evening. Thus well-meaning couples hold in amity to the last, by not expecting too much from human nature; while romantic friendships, like violent loves, begin with disquiets, proceed to jealousies, and conclude in animosities. I have lived to see the fierce advancement, the sudden turn, and the abrupt period, of three or four of these enormous friendships, and am perfectly convinced of the truth of a maxim we once agreed in, that nothing hinders the constant agreement of people who live together, but merely vanity; a secret insisting upon what they think their dignity of merit, and an inward expectation of such an overmeasure of deference and regard, as answers to their own extravagant false scale; and which no body can pay, because none but themselves can tell exactly to what pitch it amounts.

I am, &c.

LETTER

LETTER XXII.

Mr. JERVAS to Mr. POPE.

Aug. 20, 1714.

I Have a particular to tell you at this time, which pleases me so much, that you must expect a more than ordinary alacrity in every turn. You know I could keep you in suspense for twenty lines, but I will tell you directly, that Mr. Addison and I have had a conversation, that it would have been worth your while to have been placed behind the wainscot, or behind some half-length picture, to have heard. He assur'd me, that he would make use not only of his interest, but of his art, to do you some service; he did not mean his art of poetry, but his art at court; and he is sensible that nothing can have a better air for himself than moving in your favour, especially since insinuations were spread, that he did not care you should prosper too much as a poet. He protests that it shall not be his fault, if there is not the best intelligence in the world, and the most hearty friendship, &c. He owns, he was afraid Dr. Swift might have carried you too far among the enemy, during the heat of the animosity; but now all is safe, and you are escap'd even in his opinion. I promis'd in your name, like a good Godfather, not that you should renounce the devil and all his works, but that you would be delighted to find him your friend merely for his own sake; therefore prepare yourself for some civilities.

I have done Homer's head, shadow'd and heighten'd carefully; and I inclose the out-line of the same size, that you may determine whether you would have it so large, or reduced, to make room for feuillage or laurel round the oval, or about the square of the busto? perhaps there is something more solemn in the image itself, if I can get it well perform'd.

If I have been instrumental in bringing you and Mr. Addison together with all sincerity, I value myself upon it

it as an acceptable piece of service to such a one as I know you to be.

Your, &c.

LETTER XXIII.

Mr. POPE's Answer.

Aug. 27, 1714.

I AM just arrived from Oxford, very well diverted and entertain'd there. Every one is much concern'd for the Queen's death. No panegyrics ready yet for the King.

I admire your Whig-principles of resistance exceedingly, in the spirit of the Barcelonians: I join in your wish for them. Mr. Addison's verses on Liberty, in his letter from Italy, would be a good form of prayer in my opinion, *O Liberty! thou Goddess heavenly bright!* &c.

What you mention of the friendly office you endeavour'd to do betwixt Mr. Addison and me, deserves acknowledgments on my part. You thoroughly know my regard to his character, and my propensity to testify it by all ways in my power. You as thoroughly know the scandalous meanness of that proceeding which was used by Philips, to make a man I so highly value, suspect my dispositions toward him. But as, after all, Mr. Addison must be the judge in what regards himself, and has seem'd to be no very just one to me; so, I must own to you, I expect nothing but civility from him, how much soever I wish for his friendship. As for any offices of real kindness or service which it is in his power to do me, I should be ashamed to receive them from any man who had no better opinion of my morals, than to think me a Party-man; nor of my temper, than to believe me capable of maligning, or envying another's reputation as a poet; so I leave it to time to convince him as to both, to shew him the shallow depths of those half-witted creatures who misinformed him, and to prove that I am incapable of

endea-

endeavouring to lessen a person whom I would be proud to imitate, and therefore ashamed to flatter. In a word, Mr. Addison is sure of my respect at all times, and of my real friendship whenever he shall think fit to know me for what I am.

For all that pass'd betwixt Dr. Swift and me, you know the whole (without reserve) of our correspondence. The engagements I had to him were such as the actual services he had done me, in relation to the subscription for Homer obliged me to. I must have leave to be grateful to him, and to any one who serves me, let him be never so obnoxious to any party: nor did the Tory-party ever put me to the hardship of asking this leave, which is the greatest obligation I owe to it; and I expect no greater from the Whig-party than the same liberty. —A curse on the word Party, which I have been forc'd to use so often in this period! I wish the present reign may put an end to the distinction, that there may be no other for the future than that of Honest and Knave, Fool and Man of sense; these two sorts must always be enemies; but for the rest, may all people do as you and I, believe what they please, and be friends.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXIV.

To the Earl of HALLIFAX.

MY LORD,

Dec. 1, 1714.

I AM obliged to you both for the favours you have done me, and for those you intend me. I distrust neither your will nor your memory, when it is to do good; and if ever I become troublesome or solicitous, it must not be out of expectation, but out of gratitude. Your lordship may either cause me to live agreeably in the town, or contentedly in the country, which is really all the difference I set between an easy fortune and a small one. It is indeed a high strain of generosity in you, to think

think of making me easy all my life, only because I have been so happy as to divert you some few hours: but if I may have leave to add, it is because you think me no enemy to my native country, there will appear a better reason; for I must of consequence be very much (as I sincerely am)

Yours, &c.

* LETTER XXV.

Dr. PARNELLE to Mr. POPE.

I AM writing you a long letter; but all the tediousness I feel in it is, that it makes me, during the time, think more intently of my being so far from you. I fancy, if I were with you, I could remove some of the uneasiness which you may have felt from the opposition of the world, and which you should be ashamed to feel, since it is but the testimony which one part of it gives you that your merit is unquestionable. What would you have otherwise, from ignorance, envy, or those tempers which vie with you in your own way? I know this in mankind, that when our ambition is unable to attain its end, it is not only wearied, but exasperated too at the vanity of its labours; then we speak ill of happier studies, and, sighing, condemn the excellence which we find above our reach.—

My † Zoilus, which you us'd to write about, I finish'd last spring, and left in town. I waited till I came up to send it you; but not arriving here before your book was out, imagin'd it a lost piece of labour. If you will still have it, you need only write me word.

I have here seen the First Book of Homer ‡, which

* This, and the three Extracts following, concerning the Translation of the first Iliad, set on foot by Mr. Addison, Mr. Pope has omitted in his first Edition.

† Printed for B. Lintot, 1715, 8^o, and afterwards added to the last edition of his poems.

‡ Written by Mr. Addison, and published in the name of Mr. Tickell.

came out at a time when it could not but appear as a kind of setting up against you. My opinion is, that you may, if you please, give them thanks who writ it. Neither the numbers, nor the spirit, have an equal mastery with yours; but what surprizes me more is, that a scholar being concerned, there should happen to be some mistakes in the author's sense; such as putting the light of Pallas's eyes into the eyes of Achilles, making the taunt of Achilles to Agamemnon (that he should have spoils when Troy should be taken) to be a cool and serious proposal; the translating what you call *Ablution* by the word *offals*, and so leaving Water out of the rite of lustration, &c. but you must have taken notice of all this before. I write not to inform you, but to shew I always have you at heart.

I am, &c.

Extract from a LETTER of the
Rev. Dr. BERKLEY, Dean of Londonderry.

July 7, 1715.

—Some days ago, three or four gentlemen and myself, exerting that right which all readers pretend to over authors, sat in judgment upon the two new Translations of the first Iliad. Without partiality to my countrymen, I assure you, they all gave the preference where it was due; being unanimously of opinion, that yours was equally just to the sense with Mr. —'s, and without comparison, more easy, more poetical, and more sublime. But I will say no more on such a thread-bare subject, as your late performance is at this time.

I am, &c.

Extract

Extract from a LETTER of

Mr. GAY to Mr. POPE.

July 8, 1715.

—I have just set down Sir Samuel Garth at the Opera. He bid me tell you, that every body is pleas'd with your translation, but a few at Button's; and that Sir Richard Steele told him, that Mr. Addison said the other translation was the best that ever was in any language*. He treated me with extreme civility, and, out of kindness, gave me a squeeze by the fore finger.—I am inform'd, that at Button's your character is made very free with as to Morals, &c. and Mr. Addison says, that your Translation and Tickell's are both very well done, but that the latter has more of Homer.

I am, &c.

Extract from a LETTER of

Dr. ARBUTHNOT to Mr. POPE.

July 9, 1715.

—I congratulate you upon Mr. T*'s first book. It does not indeed want its merit; but I was strangely disappointed in my expectation of a translation nicely true to the Original; whereas in those parts, where the greatest exactness seems to be demanded, he has been the least careful, I mean the history of ancient ceremonies and rites, &c. in which you have with great judgment been exact.

I am, &c.

* Sir Richard Steele afterwards, in his Preface to an Edition of the Drummer, a Comedy, by Mr. Addison, shews it to be his opinion, that "Mr. Addison himself was the person who translated this book."

LETTER XXVI.

Mr. POPE to the Hon. JAMES CRAGGS, Esq;

July 15, 1715.

I Lay hold of the opportunity given me by my Lord Duke of Shrewsbury, to assure you of the continuance of that esteem and affection I have long borne you, and the memory of so many agreeable conversations as we have pass'd together. I wish it were a compliment to say, such conversations as are not to be found on this side of the water; for the Spirit of dissention is gone forth among us; nor is it a wonder that Button's is no longer Button's, when old England is no longer old England, that region of hospitality, society, and good humour. Party affects us all, even the wits, tho' they gain as little by politics, as they do by their wit. We talk much of fine sense, refin'd sense, and exalted sense; but for use and happiness, give me a little common sense. I say this in regard to some gentlemen, profess'd Wits of our acquaintance, who fancy they can make Poetry of consequence at this time of day, in the midst of this raging fit of Politicks. For they tell me, the busy part of the nation are not more divided about Whig and Tory, than these idle fellows of the feather about Mr. T*'s and my Translation. I (like the Tories) have the town in general, that is, the mob, on my side; but it is usual with the smaller party to make up in industry what they want in number, and that is the case with the little senate of Cato. However, if our principles be well considered; I must appear a brave Whig, and Mr. T. a rank Tory: I translated Homer for the public in general, he to gratify the inordinate desires of one man only. We have, it seems, a great Turk in poetry, who can never bear a brother on the throne; and has his mutes too, a set of nodders, winkers, and whisperers, whose business is to strangle all other offsprings of wit in their birth. The new translator of Homer is the humblest slave he has, that is to say, his first Minister;

ter; let him receive the honours he gives me, but receive them with fear and trembling; let him be proud of the approbation of his absolute Lord, I appeal to the people, as my rightful judges and masters; and if they are not inclined to condemn me, I fear no arbitrary high-flying proceeding from the small Court-faction at Button's. But after all I have said of this great man, there is no rupture between us. We are each of us so civil and obliging, that neither thinks he is obliged; and I, for my part, treat with him, as we do with the Grand Monarch, who has too many great qualities not to be respected, though we know he watches any occasion to oppress us.

When I talk of Homer, I must not forget the early present you made me of Monsieur de la Motte's book; and I can't conclude this letter without telling you a melancholy piece of news, which affects our very entrails; L* is dead, and soupes are no more! You see I write in the old familiar way. "This is not to the minister, but "to the friend †." However, it is some mark of uncommon regard to the minister, that I steal an expression from a Secretary of State.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXVII,

To Mr. CONGREVE.

Jan. 16, 1714-15.

MEthinks when I write to you, I am making a confession; I have got (I can't tell how) such a custom of throwing myself out upon paper without reserve. You were not mistaken in what you judged of my temper of mind when I writ last. My faults will not be hid from you, and perhaps it is no dispraise to me that they will not: the cleanness and purity of one's mind is never better proved, than in discovering its own fault at first view;

† Alluding to St. John's Letter to Prior, published in the *Report of the Secret Committee*.

as when a stream shews the dirt at its bottom, it shews also the transparency of the water.

My spleen was not occasioned, however, by any thing an abusive angry critic could write of me. I take very kindly your heroic manner of congratulation upon this scandal; for I think nothing more honourable, than to be involved in the same fate with all the great and the good that ever lived; that is, to be envied and censured by bad writers.

You do no more than answer my expectation of you, in declaring how well you take my freedom, in sometimes neglecting, as I do, to reply to your letters so soon as I ought. Those who have a right taste of the substantial part of friendship, can wave the ceremonial: a friend is the only one that will bear the omission; and one may find who is not so, by the very trial of it.

As to any anxiety I have concerning the fate of my *Homer*, the care is over with me: the world must be the judge, and I shall be the first to consent to the justice of its judgment, whatever it be. I am not so arrant an author as even to desire, that if I am in the wrong, all mankind should be so.

I am mightily pleased with a saying of Monsieur Tour-reil: "When a man writes, he ought to animate himself with the thoughts of pleasing all the world: but he is to renounce that desire or hope the very moment the book goes out of his hands."

I write this from Binfield, whither I came yesterday, having pass'd a few days in my way with my Lord Bolingbroke; I go to London in three days time, and will not fail to pay a visit to Mr. M——, whom I saw not long since at my Lord Halifax's. I hoped from thence he had some hopes of advantage from the present administration; for few people (I think) but I, pay respects to great men without any prospects. I am in the fairest way in the world of being not worth a groat, being born both a Papist and a Poet. This puts me in mind of re-acknowledging your continued endeavours to enrich me.

But, I can tell you, 'tis to no purpose, for without the
Opes, æquum mi animum ipse parabo.

LETTER XXVIII.

TO MR. CONGREVE.

March 19, 1714-15.

THE Farce of the What-d'ye-call-it * has occasioned many different speculations in the town. Some look'd upon it as a mere jest upon the Tragic poets, others as a satire upon the late War. Mr. Cromwell hearing none of the words, and seeing the action to be tragical, was much astonish'd to find the audience laugh; and says the Prince and Princess must doubtless be under no less amazement on the same account. Several Templars and others of the more vociferous kind of critics; went with a resolution to hiss, and confess'd they were forced to laugh so much, that they forgot the design they came with. The court in general has in a very particular manner come into the jest, and the three first nights (notwithstanding two of them were court-nights) were distinguished by very full audiences of the first quality. The common people of the pit and gallery received it at first with great gravity and sedateness, some few with tears; but after the third day they also took the hint, and have ever since been very loud in their claps. There are still some sober men who cannot be of the general opinion; but the laughers are so much the majority, that one or two critics seem determin'd to undeceive the town at their proper cost, by writing grave dissertations against it: to encourage them in which laudable design, it is resolv'd a preface shall be prefix'd to the Farce, in vindication of the nature and dignity of this new way of writing.

Yesterday Mr. Steele's affair was decided: I am sorry I can be of no other opinion than yours, as to his whole carriage and writings of late. But certainly he has not

* Written by Gay.

only been punished by others, but suffered much even from his own party in the point of character, nor (I believe) received any amends in that of interest, as yet, whatever may be his prospects for the future.

This gentleman, among a thousand others, is a great instance of the fate of all who are carried away by party-spirit of any side. I wish all violence may succeed as ill: but am really amazed, that so much of that sour and pernicious quality should be joined with so much natural good humour as, I think, Mr. Steele is possessed of.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXIX.

TO MR. CONGREGUE.

April 7, 1715.

MR. Pope is going to Mr. Jervas's, where Mr. Addison is fitting for his picture; in the mean time, amidst clouds of tobacco at a coffee-house, I write this letter. There is a grand revolution at Will's; Morrice has quitted for a coffee-house in the city, and Titcomb is restored, to the great joy of Cromwell, who was at a great loss for a person to converse with upon the fathers and church-history: the knowledge I gain from him, is entirely in painting and poetry; and Mr. Pope owes all his skill in astronomy to him and Mr. Whiston, so celebrated of late for his discovery of the longitude in an extraordinary copy of verses*. Mr. Rowe's Jane Gray is to be play'd in Easter-week, when Mrs. Oldfield is to personate a character directly opposite to female nature; for what woman ever despised Sovereignty? You know Chaucer has a tale where a knight saves his head by discovering it was the thing which all women most coveted. Mr. Pope's Homer is retarded by the great rains that have fallen of late, which causes the sheets to be long a drying: this gives Mr. Lintot great uneasiness, who is

* Call'd, *An Ode on the Longitude*, in Swift and Pope's Miscellanies.

now endeavouring to corrupt the Curate of his parish to pray for fair weather, that his work may go on. There is a six-penny Criticism lately published upon the tragedy of the What-d'ye-call-it, wherein he with much judgment and learning calls me a blockhead, and Mr. Pope a knave. His grand charge is against the Pilgrim's Progress being read, which, he says, is directly levell'd at Cato's reading Plato: to back this censure, he goes on to tell you, that the Pilgrim's Progress being mentioned to be the eighth edition, makes the reflection evident, the Tragedy of Cato having just eight times (as he quaintly expresses it) visited the press. He has also endeavoured to show, that every particular passage of the play alludes to some fine part of tragedy, which, he says, I have injudiciously and profanely abused *. Sir Samuel Garth's poem upon my Lord Clare's house, I believe, will be publish'd in the Easter-week,

Thus far Mr. Gay, who has in his letter forestall'd all the subjects of diversion, unless it should be one to you to say, that I sit up till two a clock over Burgundy and Champagne; and am become so much a rake, that I shall be ashamed, in a short time, to be thought to do any sort of business. I fear I must get the gout by drinking, purely for a fashionable pretence to sit still long enough to translate four books of Homer. I hope you'll by that time be up again, and I may succeed to the bed and couch of my predecessor; pray cause the stuffing to be repaired, and the crutches shorten'd for me. The calamity of your gout is what all your friends, that is to say, all that know you, must share in; we desire you, in your turn, to console with us, who are under a persecution, and much afflicted with a distemper which proves mortal to many poets, a Criticism. We have indeed some relieving intervals of laughter (as you know there are in some diseases); and it is the opinion of divers good guessers, that the last fit will

* This curious piece was intitled, A compleat Key to the What-d'ye-call-it, written by one Griffin a Player, assisted by Lewis Theobald.

not be more violent than advantageous; for poet's as-
sail'd by critics, are like men bitten by Tarantulas, they
dance on so much the faster.

Mr. Thomas Burnet hath play'd the precursor to the
coming of Homer, in a treatise called *Homerides*. He
has since risen very much in his criticism, and after as-
saulting Homer, made a daring attack upon the * *What-
d'ye-call-it*. Yet there is not a Proclamation issued for
the burning of Homer and the Pope by the common hang-
man; nor is the *What-d'ye-call-it* yet silenced by the
Lord Chamberlain.

Your, &c.

LETTER XXX.

Mr. CONGREVE to Mr. POPE.

May 6.

I Have the pleasure of your very kind letter, I have
always been oblig'd to you for your friendship and
concern for me, and am more affected with it, than I
will take upon me to express in this letter. I do assure
you there is no return wanting on my part, and am very
sorry I had not the good luck to see the Dean before I left
the town: it is a great pleasure to me, and not a little
vanity to think that he misses me. As to my health,
which you are so kind to enquire after, it is not worse
than in London: I am almost afraid yet to say that it is
better, for I cannot reasonably expect much effect from
these waters in so short a time; but in the main they
seem to agree with me. Here is not one creature that I
know, which, next to the few I would choose, contributes
very much to my satisfaction. At the same time that I
regret the want of your conversation, I please myself with
thinking that you are where you first ought to be, and en-
gaged where you cannot do too much. Pray give my

* In one of his papers call'd *The Grumbler*.

humble

humble service and best wishes to your good mother. I am sorry you don't tell me how Mr. Gay does in his health; I should have been glad to have heard he was better. My young Amanuensis, as you call him, I am afraid, will prove but a wooden one: and you know *ex quo vis ligno*, &c. You will pardon Mrs. R——'s pedantry, and believe me to be

Your, &c.

P. S. By the inclosed you will see I am like to be impress'd, and enroll'd in the list of Mr. Curll's Authors; but, I thank God! I shall have your company. I believe it is high time you should think of administering another Emetic.

LETTERS.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

SEVERAL PERSONS,

From the Year 1714 to 1721.

LETTER I.

The Rev. Dean BERKLEY to Mr. POPE.

Leghorn, May 1, 1714.

AS I take ingratitude to be a greater crime than impertinence, I chuse rather to run the risque of being thought guilty of the latter, than not to return you my thanks for a very agreeable entertainment you just now gave me. I have accidentally met with your Rape of the Lock here, having never seen it before. Style, painting, judgment, spirit, I had already admired in other of your writings; but in this I am charm'd with the magic of your invention, with all those images, allusions, and inexplicable beauties, which you raise so surprisngly, and at the same time so naturally, out of a trifle. And yet I cannot say that I was more pleas'd with the reading of it, than I am with the pretext it gives me to renew in your thoughts, the remembrance of one who values no happiness beyond the friendship of men of wit, learning, and good-nature.

I remember to have heard you mention some half form'd design of coming to Italy. What might we not expect from a muse that sings so well in the bleak climate
of

of England, if she felt the same warm sun, and breathed the same air with Virgil and Horace?

There are here an incredible number of poets, that have all the inclination, but want the genius, or perhaps the art of the Ancients. Some among them who understand English, begin to relish our authors; and I am informed that at Florence they have translated Milton into Italian verse. If one who knows so well how to write like the old Latin poets, came among them, it would probably be a means to retrieve them from their cold, trivial conceits, to an imitation of their predecessors.

As merchants, antiquaries, men of pleasure, &c. have all different views in travelling; I know not whether it might not be worth a poet's while to travel, in order to store his mind with strong images of nature.

Green fields and groves, flowery meadows and purling streams are no where in such perfection as in England: but if you would know lightsome days, warm suns, and blue skies, you must come to Italy; and to enable a man to describe rocks and precipices, it is absolutely necessary that he pass the Alps.

You will easily perceive that it is self-interest makes me so fond of giving advice to one who has no need of it. If you came into these parts I should fly to see you. I am here (by the favour of my good friend the Dean of St. Patrick's) in quality of Chaplain to the Earl of Peterborough; who about three months since left the greatest part of his family in this town. God knows how long we shall stay here. I am

Your, &c.

LETTER II.

Mr. POPE to Mr. JERVAS in Ireland.

July 9, 1716.

THO', as you rightly remark, I pay my tax but once in half a year, yet you shall see by this letter upon the neck of my last, that I pay a double tax, as we non-jurors

jurors ought to do. Your acquaintance on this side of the sea are under terrible apprehensions from your long stay in Ireland, that you may grow too polite for them; for we think (since the great success of such a play as the Non-juror) that politeness is gone over the water. But others are of opinion it has been longer among you, and was introduced much about the same time with frogs, and with equal success. Poor Poetry! the little that is left of it here longs to cross the seas, and leave Eusden in full and peaceable possession of the British laurel: and we begin to wish you had the singing of our poets, as well as the croaking of our frogs to yourselves, in *secula seculorum*. It would be well in exchange if Parnelle, and two or three more of your swans would come hither, especially that swan, who like a true modern one, does not sing at all, Dr. Swift, I am (like the rest of the world) a sufferer by his idleness. Indeed I hate that any man should be idle, while I must translate and comment; and I may the more sincerely wish for good poetry from others, because I am become a person out of the question; for a Translator is no more a poet, than a Taylor is a man.

You are, doubtless, persuaded of the validity of that famous verse,

'Tis Expectation makes a Blessing dear:

but why would you make your friends fonder of you than they are? There is no manner of need of it. We begin to expect you no more than Anti-christ; a man that hath absented himself so long from his friends ought to be put into the Gazette.

Every body here has great need of you. Many faces have died for want of your pencil, and blooming ladies have wither'd in expecting your return. Even Frank and Betty (that constant pair) cannot console themselves for your absence; I fancy they will be forc'd to make their own picture in a pretty babe, before you come home: 'twill be a noble subject for a family piece. Come then, and having peopled Ireland with a world of beautiful shadows, come to us, and see with that eye
(which

(which like the eye of the world, creates beauties by looking on them) see, I say, how England has alter'd the airs of all its heads in your absence; and with what sneaking city attitudes our most celebrated personages appear, in the mere mortal works of our painters.

Mr. Fortescue is much yours; Gay commemorates you; and lastly (to climb by just steps and degrees) my Lord Burlington desires you may be put in mind of him. His gardens flourish, his structures rise, his pictures arrive, and (what is far more valuable than all) his own good qualities daily extend themselves to all about him: of whom I the meanest (next to some Italian fiddlers and English Bricklayers) am a living instance. Adieu,

L E T T E R III.

To the same.

Nov. 14, 1716.

IF I had not done my utmost to lead my life so pleasantly as to forget all misfortunes, I should tell you I reckoned your absence no small one; but I hope you have also had many good and pleasant reasons to forget your friends on this side the world. If a wish could transport me to you and your present companions, I could do the same. Dr. Swift, I believe, is a very good landlord, and a chearful host at his own table: I suppose he has perfectly learnt himself, what he has taught so many others, *rupta non insanire lagena*: else he would not make a proper host for your humble servant, who (you know) tho' he drinks a glass as seldom as any man, contrives to break one as often. But 'tis a consolation to me, that I can do this, and many other enormities, under my own roof.

But that you and I are upon equal terms in all friendly laziness, and have taken an inviolable oath to each other, always to do what we will; I should reproach you for so long a silence. The best amends you can make for say-

ing nothing to me is by saying all the good you can of me, which is, that I heartily love and esteem the Dean and Dr. Parnelle.

Gay is yours and theirs. His spirit is awakened very much in the case of the Dean, which has broke forth in a courageous couplet or two upon Sir Richard Blackmore: He has printed it with his name to it, and bravely assigns no other reason, than that the said Sir Richard has abused Dr. Swift. I have also suffered in the like cause, and shall suffer more: unless Parnelle sends me his *Zoilus* and *Book-worm* (which the Bishop of Clogher, I hear, greatly extols) it will be shortly, *concurrere Bellum atque Virum*—I love you all, as much as I despise most wits in this dull country. Ireland has turned the tables upon England; and if I have no poetical friend in my own nation, I'll be as proud as Scipio, and say (since I am reduced to skin and bone) *Ingrata patria, ne ossa quidem habeas*.

LETTER IV.

To the same.

Nov. 29, 1716.

THAT you have not heard from me of late, ascribe not to the usual laziness of your correspondent, but to a ramble to Oxford, where your name is mentioned with honour, even in a land flowing with Tories. I had the good fortune there to be often in the conversation of Dr. Clarke: He entertain'd me with several drawings, and particularly with the original designs of Inigo Jones's Whitehall. I there saw and revered some of your first pieces; which future painters are to look upon as we Poets do on the *Culex* of Virgil and *Batrocom.* of Homer.

Having nam'd this latter piece, give me leave to ask what is become of Dr. Parnelle and his frogs*? *Oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus et illis*, might be Horace's wish, but

* He translated the *Batrochom.* of Homer, which is printed amongst his Poems.

will

Will never be mine while I have such *meorums* as Dr. Parnelle and Dr. Swift. I hope the Spring will restore you to us, and with you all the beauties and colours of nature. Not but I congratulate you on the pleasure you must take in being admir'd in your own country, which so seldom happens to prophets and poets: but in this you have the advantage of Poets; you are master of an art that must prosper and grow rich, as long as people love, or are proud of themselves, or their own persons. However, you have stay'd long enough, methinks, to have painted all the numberless histories of old Ogygia. If you have begun to be historical, I recommend to your hand the story which every pious Irishman ought to begin with, that of St. Patrick; to the end you may be obliged (as Dr. P. was, when he translated the *Batrachomomachia*) to come into England, to copy the Frogs, and such other vermin as were never seen in that land since the time of that Confessor.

I long to see you a history painter. You have already done enough for the private, do something for the public; and be not confined, like the rest, to draw only such silly stories as our own faces tell of us. The Ancients too expect you should do them right; those statues from which you learned your beautiful and noble ideas, demand it as a piece of gratitude from you, to make them truly known to all nations, in the account you intend to write of their characters. I hope you think more warmly than ever of that design.

As to your enquiry about your house, when I come within the walls, they put me in mind of those of Carthage, where your friend, like the wandering Trojan,

animum Pictura pascit inani.

For the spacious mansion, like a Turkish Caravanferah, entertains the vagabonds with only bare lodging. I rule the family very ill, keep bad hours, and lend out your pictures about the town. See what it is to have a poet in your house! Frank indeed does all he can in such a

circumstance; for, considering he has a wild beast in it, he constantly keeps the door chain'd: every time it is open'd, the links rattle, the rusty hinges roar. The house seems so sensible that you are its support, that it is ready to drop in your absence; but I still trust myself under its roof, as depending that providence will preserve so many Raphael's, Titian's, and Guido's, as are lodged in your Cabinet. Surely the sins of one poet can hardly be so heavy, as to bring an old house over the heads of so many painters. In a word, your house is falling; but what of that? I am only a lodger *.

LETTER V.

The Hon. Mr. CRAGGS to Mr. POPE.

Paris, Sept. 2, 1716.

LAST post brought me the favour of your letter of the 10th Aug. O. S. It would be taking too much upon me to decide, that it was a witty one; I never pretend to more judgment than to know what pleases me, and can assure you, it was a very agreeable one. The proof I can give you of my sincerity in this opinion is, that I hope and desire you would not stop at this, but continue more of them.

I am in a place where pleasure is continually flowing. The Princes set the example, and the subjects follow at a distance. The Ladies are of all parties †, by which means the conversation of the men is very much softened and fashioned from those blunt disputes on politics, and rough jests, we are so guilty of; while the freedom of the women takes away all formality and constraint. I must own, at the same time, these beauties are a little too artificial for my taste: you have seen a French picture the original is more painted, and such a crust of powder and essence in their hair, that you can see no difference between black and red. By disusing stays and indulging themselves at table, they run out of all shape; but as to

* Alluding to the story of the Irishman,

† i. e. In all companies,

that,

that, they may give a good reason, they prefer convenience to parade, and are, by this means, as ready, as they are generally willing, to be charitable.

I am surpriz'd to find I have wrote so much scandal; I fancy I am either setting up for a wit, or imagine I must write in this style to a wit; I hope you'll prove a good-natur'd one, and not only let me hear from you sometimes, but forgive the small encouragement you meet with. I won't trouble myself to finish finely; a true compliment is better than a good one, and I can assure you without any, that I am very sincerely,

Sir, Yours, &c.

LETTER VI.

TO MR. FENTON

SIR,

May 5.

I Had not omitted answering yours of the 18th of last month, but out of a desire to give you some certain and satisfactory account, which way, and at what time, you might take your journey. I am now commissioned to tell you, that Mr. Craggs will expect you on the rising of the parliament, which will be as soon as he can receive you in the manner he would receive a man *de belles Lettres*, that is, in tranquillity and full leisure. I dare say your way of life (which, in my taste, will be the best in the world, and with one of the best men in the world) must prove highly to your contentment. And I must add, it will be still the more a joy to me, as I shall reap a particular advantage from the good I shall have done in bringing you together, by seeing it in my own neighbourhood. Mr. Craggs has taken a house close by mine, whither he proposes to come in three weeks: in the mean time I heartily invite you to live with me; where a frugal and philosophical diet, for a time, may give you a higher relish of that elegant way of life you will enter into after. I desire to know by the first post how soon I may hope for you.

K 2

I am

I am a little scandalized at your complaint that your time lies heavy on your hands, when the Muses have put so many good materials into your head to employ them. As to your question, What I am doing? I answer, Just what I have been doing some years, my duty; secondly, relieving myself with necessary amusements, or exercises, which shall serve me instead of physic as long as they can; thirdly, reading till I am tired; and lastly, writing when I have no other thing in the world to do, or no friend to entertain in company.

My mother is, I thank God, the easier, if not the better, for my cares; and I am the happier in that regard, as well as in the consciousness of doing my best. My next felicity is in retaining the good opinion of honest men, who think me not quite undeserving of it; and in finding no injuries from others hurt me, as long as I know myself. I will add the sincerity with which I act towards ingenious and undesigning men, and which makes me always (even by a natural bond) their friend; therefore believe me very affectionately

Your, &c,

L E T T E R VII.

Rev. Dean BERKLEY*, to Mr. POPE.

Naples, Oct. 22, N. S. 1717.

I Have long had it in my thoughts to trouble you with a letter, but was discouraged for want of something that I could think worth sending fifteen hundred miles. Italy is such an exhausted subject, that I dare say you'd easily forgive my saying nothing of it; and the imagination of a Poet is a thing so nice and delicate, that it is no easy matter to find out images capable of giving pleasure to one of the few, who (in any age) have come up to that character. I am nevertheless lately returned from an island, where I passed three or four months; which,

* Afterwards Bishop of Cloyne in Ireland, author of the Dialogues of Hy-las and Philonous, the Minute Philosopher, &c.

were it set out in its true colours, might, methinks, amuse you agreeably enough for a minute or two. The island Inarime is an epitome of the whole earth, containing, within the compass of eighteen miles, a wonderful variety of hills, vales, ragged rocks, fruitful plains, and barren mountains, all thrown together in a most romantic confusion. The air is, in the hottest season, constantly refreshed by cool breezes from the sea. The vales produce excellent wheat and Indian corn, but are mostly covered with vineyards, intermix'd with fruit-trees. Besides the common kinds, as cherries, apricots, peaches, &c. they produce oranges, limes, almonds, pomegranates, figs, water-melons, and many other fruits unknown to our climates, which lie every where open to the passenger. The hills are the greater part covered to the top with vines, some with chesnut groves, and others with thickets of myrtle and lentiscus. The fields in the northern side are divided by hedge-rows of myrtle. Several fountains and rivulets add to the beauty of this landscape, which is likewise set off by the variety of some barren spots, and naked rocks. But that which crowns the scene is a large mountain, rising out of the middle of the island (once a terrible Volcano, by the ancients called Mons Epomeus); its lower parts are adorned with vines, and other fruits; the middle affords pasture to flocks of goats and sheep; and the top is a sandy pointed rock, from which you have the finest prospect in the world, surveying at one view, besides several pleasant islands lying at your feet, a tract of Italy about three hundred miles in length, from the promontory of Antium to the cape of Palinurus; the greater part of which hath been sung by Homer and Virgil, as making a considerable part of the travels and adventures of their two Heroes. The islands Caprea, Prochyta, and Parthenope, together with Cajeta, Cumæ, Monte Miseno, the habitations of Circe, the Syrens, and the Læstrigones, the bay of Naples, the promontory of Minerva, and the whole Campagna felice, make but a part of this noble landscape; which would demand an
 imagi-

imagination as warm, and numbers as flowing, as your own, to describe it. The inhabitants of this delicious isle, as they are without riches and honours, so are they without the vices and follies that attend them; and were they but as much strangers to revenge, as they are to avarice and ambition, they might in fact answer the poetical notions of the golden age. But they have got, as an alloy to their happiness, an ill habit of murdering one another on slight offences. We had an instance of this the second night after our arrival, a youth of eighteen being shot dead by our door; and yet by the sole secret of minding our own business, we found a means of living securely among those dangerous people. Would you know how we pass the time at Naples? Our chief entertainment is the devotion of our neighbours: besides the gaiety of their churches (where folks go to see what they call *una bella Devotione*, i. e. a sort of religious Opera) they make fireworks almost every week, out of devotion; the streets are often hung with arras, out of devotion; and (what is still more strange) the ladies invite gentlemen to their houses, and treat them with music and sweetmeats, out of devotion; in a word, were it not for this devotion of its inhabitants, Naples would have little else to recommend it, beside the air and situation. Learning is in no very thriving state here, as indeed no where else in Italy; however, among many pretenders, some men of taste are to be met with. A friend of mine told me, not long since, that being to visit Salvini at Florence, he found him reading your Homer: he liked the notes extremely, and could find no other fault with the version, but that he thought it approached too near a paraphrase; which shews him not to be sufficiently acquainted with our language. I wish you health to go on with that noble work; and when you have that, I need not wish you success. You will do me the justice to believe, that whatever relates to your welfare is sincerely wished by

Your, &c,

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LETTER VIII

Mr. POPE to * *.

Dec. 12, 1718.

THE old project of a Window in the bosom, to render the Soul of man visible, is what every honest friend has manifold reason to wish for; yet even that would not do in our case, while you are so far separated from me, and so long. I begin to fear you'll die in Ireland, and that Denunciation will be fulfilled upon you, *Hibernus es, et in Hiberniam reverteris*. I should be apt to think you in Sancho's case; some Duke has made you Governor of an island, or wet place, and you are administering laws to the wild Irish. But I must own, when you talk of Building and Planting, you touch my string; and I am as apt to pardon you, as the fellow that thought himself Jupiter would have pardon'd the other madman who call'd himself his brother Neptune. Alas, Sir, do you know whom you talk to? one that has been a Poet, was degraded to a Translator, and at last, thro' mere dulness, is turned an Architect. You know Martial's censure, *Præconem facito vel Architectum*. However, I have one way left, to plan, to elevate, and to surprize (as Bays says); the next news you may expect to hear, is, that I am in debt.

The history of my transplantation and settlement, which you desire, would require a volume, were I to enumerate the many projects, difficulties, vicissitudes, and various fates attending that important part of my life: much more, should I describe the many Draughts, Elevations, Profiles, Perspectives, &c. of every Palace and Garden propos'd, intended, and happily rais'd, by the strength of that faculty wherein all great Geniuses excel, Imagination. At last, the gods and fate have fix'd me on the borders of the Thames, in the districts of Richmond and Twickenham: it is here I have pass'd an
entire

entire year of my life, without any fix'd abode in London, or more than casting a transitory glance (for a day or two at most in a month) on the pomps of the Town. It is here I hope to receive you, Sir, returned from eternizing the Ireland of this age. For you my structures rise; for you my colonades extend their wings; for you my groves aspire, and roses bloom; and, to say truth, I hope posterity (which, no doubt, will be made acquainted with all these things) will look upon it as one of the principal motives of my Architecture, that it was a mansion prepar'd to receive you, against your own should fall to dust, which is destin'd to be the tomb of poor Frank and Betty, and the immortal monument of the fidelity of two such Servants, who have excell'd in constancy the very Rats of your family.

What more can I tell you of myself? so much, and yet all put together so little, that I scarce care or know how to do it. But the very reasons that are against putting it upon paper, are as strong for telling it you in person; and I am uneasy to be so long denied the satisfaction of it.

At present I consider you bound in by the Irish Sea, like the ghosts in Virgil,

Tristi palus inamabilis unda

Alligat, et novies Styx circumfusa coercet!

and I can't express how I long to renew our old intercourse and conversation, our morning conferences in bed in the same room, our evening walks in the park, our amusing voyages on the water, our philosophical suppers, our lectures, our dissertations, our gravities, our reveries, our fooleries, our what not?—This awakens the memory of some of those who have made a part in all these. Poor Parnelle, Garth, Rowe! You justly reprove me for not speaking of the death of the last: Parnelle was too much in my mind, to whose memory I am erecting the best Monument I can. What he gave me to publish, was but a small part of what he left behind him; but it was the best, and I will not make it worse by enlarging

larging it. I'd fain know if he be buried at Chester, or Dublin; and what care has been, or is to be taken for his Monument, &c. Yet I have not neglected my devoirs to Mr. Rowe; I am writing this very day his epitaph for Westminster-Abbey.—After these, the best-natur'd of men, Sir Samuel Garth, has left me in the truest concern for his loss. His death was very heroical, and yet unaffected enough to have made a saint or a philosopher famous. But ill tongues, and worse hearts, have branded even his last moments, as wrongfully as they did his life, with irreligion. You must have heard many tales on this subject; but if ever there was a good Christian, without knowing himself to be so, it was Dr. Garth.

Your, &c.

LETTER IX.

To Mr. ****.

Sept. 17.

THE gaiety of your letter proves you not so studious of Wealth as many of your profession are, since you can derive matter of mirth from want of business. You are none of those Lawyers who deserve the motto of the devil, *Circuit quærens quem devoret*. But your *Circuit* will at least procure you one of the greatest of temporal blessings, Health. What an advantageous circumstance is it, for one that loves rambling so well, to be a grave and reputable Rambler; while (like your fellow Circuiteer, the Sun) you travel the round of the earth, and behold all the iniquities under the heavens! You are much a superior genius to me in rambling: you, like a pigeon (to which I would sooner compare a Lawyer than to a Hawk) can fly some hundred leagues at a pitch; I, like a poor squirrel, am continually in motion indeed, but it is about a cage of three feet: my little excursions are but like those of a shop-keeper, who walks every day a mile or two before his own door, but minds his business all the while. Your letter of the cause lately before you,

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I could not but communicate to some ladies of your acquaintance. I am of opinion, if you continued a correspondence of the same sort during a whole Circuit, it could not fail to please the sex, better than half the novels they read; there would be in them what they love above all things, a most happy union of Truth and Scandal. I assure you the Bath affords nothing equal to it: it is on the contrary full of *grave and sad* men, Mr. Baron S. Lord Chief Justice A. Judge P. and Counsellor B. who has a large pimple on the tip of his nose, but thinks it inconsistent with his gravity to wear a patch, notwithstanding the precedent of an eminent Judge. I am, dear Sir,

Your, &c.

LETTER X.

To the Earl of BURLINGTON.

MY LORD,

IF your Mare could speak, she would give an account of what extraordinary company she had on the road; which since she cannot do, I will.

It was the enterprizing Mr. Lintot, the redoubtable rival of Mr. Tonson, who, mounted on a stone-horse (no disagreeable companion to your Lordship's mare) overtook me in Windsor-forest. He said, he heard I design'd for Oxford, the seat of the Muses, and would, as my bookseller, by all means accompany me thither.

I ask'd him where he got his horse? He answer'd, he got it of his Publisher: " For that rogue, my Printer
 " (said he) disappointed me: I hoped to put him in
 " good humour by a treat at the tavern, of a brown fri-
 " cassée of rabbits, which cost two shillings, with two
 " quarts of wine, besides my conversation. I thought
 " myself cocksure of his horse, which he readily promis'd
 " me, but said that Mr. Tonson had just such another
 " design of going to Cambridge, expecting there the
 " copy of a new kind of Horace from Dr. —; and if
 " Mr,

“ Mr. Tonson went, he was pre-engaged to attend him,
 “ being to have the printing of the said copy.

“ So in short, I borrow'd this stone-horse of my Pub-
 “ lisher, which he had of Mr. Oldmixon for a debt; he
 “ lent me too the pretty boy you see after me: he was
 “ a smutty dog yesterday, and cost me near two hours
 “ to wash the ink off his face; but the Devil is a fair-
 “ condition'd Devil, and very forward in his Catechise:
 “ if you have any more bags, he shall carry them.”

I thought Mr. Lintot's civility not to be neglected, so gave the boy a small bag, containing three shirts, and an Elzevir Virgil; and mounting in an instant, proceeded on the road, with my man before, my courteous stationer beside, and the aforesaid devil behind.

Mr. Lintot began in this manner: “ Now, damn them!
 “ what if they should put it into the news-paper, how
 “ you and I went together to Oxford? what would I
 “ care? If I should go down into Suffex, they would say
 “ I was gone to the Speaker. But what of that! If my
 “ son were but big enough to go on with the business,
 “ by G—d I would keep as good company as old Jacob.”

Hereupon I enquir'd of his son. “ The lad (says he)
 “ has fine parts, but is somewhat sickly, much as you
 “ are—I spare for nothing in his education at Westmin-
 “ ster. Pray don't you think Westminster to be the best
 “ school in England? most of the late Ministry came
 “ out of it, so did many of this Ministry; I hope the
 “ boy will make his fortune.”

Don't you design to let him pass a year at Oxford?
 “ To what purpose? (said he) the Universities do but
 “ make Pedants, and I intend to breed him a man of
 “ business.”

As Mr. Lintot was talking, I observ'd he sat uneasy on his saddle, for which I expressed some solicitude: Nothing, says he, I can bear it well enough: but since we have the day before us, methinks it would be very pleasant for you to rest a-while under the woods. When we were alighted, “ See here, what a mighty pretty Horace

“ I have in my pocket ! what if you amus’d yourself in
 “ turning an ode, till we mount again ? Lord ! if you
 “ pleas’d, what a clever Miscellany might you make at
 “ leisure hours.” Perhaps I may, said I, if we ride on ;
 the motion is an aid to my fancy, a round trot very much
 awakens my spirits : then jog on a pace, and I’ll think as
 hard as I can.

Silence ensued for a full hour ; after which Mr. Lintot
 lugg’d the reins, stop’d short, and broke out, “ Well,
 “ Sir, how far have you gone ?” I answer’d, Seven
 miles. “ Z—ds, Sir, said Lintot, I thought you had
 “ done seven stanza’s. Oldsworth, in a ramble round
 “ Wimbledon hill, would translate a whole ode in half
 “ this time. I’ll say that for Oldsworth (tho’ I lost by
 “ his Timothy’s) he translates an ode of Horace the
 “ quickest of any man in England. I remember Dr.
 “ King would write verses in a tavern three hours after
 “ he could not speak : and there’s Sir Richard, in that
 “ rumbling old chariot of his, between Fleet-ditch and
 “ St. Giles’s-pound, shall make you half a Jobb.”

Pray, Mr. Lintot (said I) now you talk of Transla-
 tors, what is your method of managing them ? “ Sir
 “ (reply’d he) those are the saddest pack of rogues in the
 “ world : in a hungry fit, they’ll swear they understand
 “ all the languages in the universe : I have known one
 “ of them take down a Greek book upon my counter,
 “ and cry, Ah, this is Hebrew, I must read it from the
 “ latter end. By G—d, I can never be sure in these
 “ fellows ; for I neither understand Greek, Latin,
 “ French, nor Italian, myself. But this is my way ; I
 “ agree with them for ten shillings per sheet, with a
 “ proviso, that I will have their doings corrected by
 “ whom I please ; so by one or other they are led at last
 “ to the true sense of an author ; my judgment giving
 “ the negative to all my translators.” But how are you
 secure those correctors may not impose upon you ? “ Why
 “ I get any civil gentleman (especially any Scotchman)
 “ that comes into my shop, to read the original to me
 “ in

“ in English; by this I know whether my first translator
 “ be deficient, and whether my corrector merits his money or not?

“ I’ll tell you what happen’d to me last month: I bargain’d with S** for a new version of Lucretius to publish against Tonson’s; agreeing to pay the author so many shillings at his producing so many lines. He made a great progress in a very short time, and I gave it to the corrector to compare with the Latin; but he went directly to Creech’s translation, and found it the same word for word, all but the first page. Now, what d’ye think I did? I arrested the translator for a cheat; nay, and I stop’d the corrector’s pay too, upon this proof that he had made use of Creech instead of the original.”

Pray tell me next how you deal with the Critics?
 “ Sir (said he) nothing more easy. I can silence the most formidable of them: the rich ones, for a sheet a-piece of the blotted manuscript, which costs me nothing; they’ll go about with it to their acquaintance, and pretend they had it from the author, who submitted to their correction: this has given some of them such an air, that in time they come to be consulted with, and dedicated to as the top Critics of the town.
 “ —As for the poor critics, I’ll give you one instance of my management, by which you may guess at the rest. A lean man, that look’d like a very good scholar, came to me t’other day; he turn’d over your Homer, shook his head, shrugg’d up his shoulders, and pish’d at every line of it: One would wonder (says he) at the strange presumption of some men; Homer is no such easy task, that every stripling, every versifier—He was going on, when my wife call’d to dinner: Sir, said I, will you please to eat a piece of beef with me?
 “ Mr. Lintot, said he, I am sorry you should be at the expence of this great book; I am really concern’d on your account—Sir, I am much oblig’d to you: if you can dine upon a piece of beef, together with a slice of
 “ pudding.

“ pudding—Mr. Lintot, I do not say but Mr. Pope, if
 “ he would condescend to advise with men of learning—
 “ Sir, the pudding is upon the table, if you please to go
 “ in—My critic complies, he comes to a taste of your
 “ poetry, and tells me in the same breath, that the book
 “ is commendable, and the pudding excellent.

“ Now, Sir (concluded Mr. Lintot) in return to the
 “ frankness I have shewn, pray tell me, Is it the opinion
 “ of your friends at court, that my Lord Lansdown will
 “ be brought to the bar, or not?” I told him, I heard
 he would not, and I hop’d it, my Lord being one I had
 particular obligations to. “ That may be (reply’d Mr.
 “ Lintot) but by G—d, if he is not, I shall lose the
 “ printing of a very good Trial.”

These, my Lord, are a few traits by which you may
 discern the genius of Mr. Lintot, which I have chosen
 for the subject of a letter. I dropt him as soon as I got
 to Oxford, and paid a visit to my Lord Carleton at Mid-
 dleton.

The conversations I enjoy here, are not to be preju-
 diced by my pen, and the pleasures from them only to
 be equall’d when I meet your Lordship. I hope in a few
 days to cast myself from your horse at your feet.

I am, &c.

LETTER XI.

To the Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

[In answer to a Letter in which he inclosed the Description of Buckingham-
 house, written by him to the D. of Sh.]

PLINY was one of those few authors who had a warm
 house over his head; nay, two houses, as appears by
 two of his epistles. I believe, if any of his contemporary
 authors durst have inform’d the public where they lodged,
 we should have found the garrets of Rome as well inha-
 bited as those of Fleet-street; but ’tis dangerous to let
 creditors into such a secret, therefore we may presume

that

that then, as well as now-a-days, no-body knew where they lived but their booksellers.

It seems, that when Virgil came to Rome, he had no lodging at all: he first introduc'd himself to Augustus by an epigram, beginning *Nocte pluit tota*—an observation which probably he had not made, unless he had lain all night in the street.

Where Juvenal lived we cannot affirm; but in one of his satires he complains of the excessive price of lodgings; neither do I believe he would have talk'd so feelingly of Codrus's bed, if there had been room for a bedfellow in it.

I believe, with all the ostentation of Pliny, he would have been glad to have changed both his houses for your Grace's one; which is a country-house in the summer, and a town-house in the winter, and must be owned to be the properest habitation for a wise man, who sees all the world change every season without ever changing himself.

I have been reading the description of Pliny's house, with an eye to yours; but finding they will bear no comparison, will try if it can be match'd by the large country-seat I inhabit at present, and see what figure it may make by the help of a florid description.

You must expect nothing regular in my description, any more than in the house; the whole vast edifice is so disjointed, and the several parts of it so detach'd one from the other, and yet so joining again, one cannot tell how, that, in one of my poetical fits, I imagined it had been a village in Amphion's time, where the cottages having taken a country-dance together, had been all out, and stood stone-still with amazement ever since.

You must excuse me, if I say nothing of the Front; indeed I don't know which it is. A stranger would be grievously disappointed, who endeavour'd to get into the house the right way. One would reasonably expect, after the entry through the porch, to be let into the hall: alas, nothing less! you find yourself in the house of
office,

office. From the parlour you think to step into the drawing-room; but upon opening the iron-nail'd door, you are convinc'd by a flight of birds about your ears, and a cloud of dust in your eyes, that it is the Pigeon-house. If you come into the chapel, you find its altars, like those of the ancients, continually smoaking, but it is with the steams of the adjoining kitchen.

The great hall within is high and spacious, flank'd on one side with a very long table, a true image of ancient hospitality: the walls are all over ornamented with monstrous horns of animals, about twenty broken pikes, ten or a dozen blunderbuffes, and a rusty match-lock musquet or two, which we were inform'd had serv'd in the civil wars. Here is one vast arch'd window beautifully darken'd with divers scutcheons of painted glass; one shining pane in particular bears date 1286, which alone preserves the memory of a Knight, whose iron armour is long since perish'd with rust, and whose alabaster nose is moulder'd from his monument. The face of dame Eleanor in another piece, owes more to that single pane, than to all the glasses she ever consulted in her life. After this, who can say that glass is frail, when it is not half so frail as human beauty, or glory! and yet I can't but sigh to think that the most authentic record of so ancient a family should lie at the mercy of every infant who flings a stone. In former days there have din'd in this hall garter'd Knights, and courtly Dames, attended by ushers, sewers, and seneschals; and yet it was but last night, that an owl flew hither and mistook it for a barn.

This hall lets you (up and down) over a very high threshold into the great parlour. Its contents are a broken-belly'd virginal, a couple of crippled velvet chairs, with two or three milldew'd pictures of mouldy ancestors, who look as dismally as if they came fresh from hell with all their brimstone about them; these are carefully set at the farther corner, for the windows being every where broken, make it so convenient a place to dry poppies and mustard-seed, that the room is appropriated to that use.

Next

Next this parlour, as I said before, lies the pigeon-house, by the side of which runs an entry, which lets you on one hand and t'other into a bed-chamber, a but-tery, and a small hole call'd the chaplain's study; then follow a brew-house, a little green and gilt parlour, and the great stairs, under which is the dairy; a little farther on the right, the servants hall, and by the side of it, up six steps, the old lady's closet for her private devotions; which has a lattice into the hall, intended (as we imagine) that at the same time as she pray'd, she might have an eye on the men and maids. There are upon the ground-floor, in all, twenty-six apartments, among which I must not forget a chamber which has in it a large antiquity of timber, that seems to have been either a bedstead, or a cyder-press.

The kitchen is built in form of the Rotunda, being one vast vault to the top of the house; where one aperture serves to let out the smoke, and let in the light. By the blackness of the walls, the circular fires, vast cauldrons, yawning mouths of ovens and furnaces, you would think it either the forge of Vulcan, the cave of Polypheme, or the temple of Moloch. The horror of this place has made such an impression on the country people, that they believe the Witches keep their Sabbath here, and that once a year the Devil treats them with infernal venison, a roasted tyger stuff'd with ten penny nails.

Above stairs we have a number of rooms: you never pass out of one into another but by the ascent or descent of two or three stairs. Our best room is very long and low, of the exact proportion of a band-box. In most of these rooms there are hangings of the finest work in the world, that is to say, those which Arachne spins from her own bowels. Were it not for this only furniture, the whole would be a miserable scene of naked walls, flaw'd cieling, broken windows, and rusty locks. The roof is so decay'd, that, after a favourable shower, we may expect a crop of mushrooms between the chinks of our floors. All the doors are as little and low as those to the

cabbins of packet-boats. These rooms have for many years had no other inhabitants than certain rats, whose very age renders them worthy of this seat; for the very rats of this venerable house are grey: since these have not yet quitted it, we hope at least that this ancient mansion may not fall during the small remnant these poor animals have to live, who are now too infirm to remove to another. There is yet a small subsistence left them in the few remaining books of the library.

We had never seen half what I had described, but for a starch'd, grey-headed Steward, who is as much an antiquity as any in this place, and looks like an old family picture walk'd out of its frame. He entertain'd us, as we pass'd from room to room, with several relations of the family; but his observations were particularly curious when we came to the cellar: he inform'd us where stood the triple rows of butts of sack, and where were ranged the bottles of tent, for toasts in a morning: he pointed to the stands that supported the iron-hoop'd hogsheds of strong beer; then stepping to a corner, he lugg'd out the tatter'd fragments of an unframed picture: "This (says he, with tears) was poor Sir Thomas! once master of all this drink. He had two sons, poor young masters! who never arrived to the age of this beer; they both fell ill in this very room, and never went out on their own legs." He could not pass by a heap of broken bottles, without taking up a piece, to show us the Arms of the family upon it. He then led us up the Tower by dark winding stone steps, which landed us into several little rooms, one above another. One of these was nail'd up, and our guide whisper'd to us as a secret, the occasion of it: it seems the course of this noble blood was a little interrupted, about two centuries ago, by a freak of the lady Frances, who was here taken in the fact with a neighbouring Prior, ever since which the room has been nailed up, and branded with the name of the Adultery-Chamber. The ghost of lady Frances is supposed to walk there; and some prying maids of the family report,
that

that they have seen a lady in a fardingale through the key-hole ; but this matter is hush'd up, and the servants are forbid to talk of it.

I must needs have tired you by this long description : but what engaged me in it was, a generous principle to preserve the memory of that, which itself must soon fall into dust, nay, perhaps part of it, before this letter reaches your hands.

Indeed we owe this old house the same kind of gratitude that we do to an old friend, who harbours us in his declining condition, nay even in his last extremities. How fit is this retreat for uninterrupted study, where no one that passes by can dream there is an inhabitant ; and even those who would dine with us, dare not stay under our roof ! Any one that sees it, will own, I could not have chosen a more likely place to converse with the dead in. I had been mad indeed, if I had left your Grace for any one but Homer. But when I return to the living, I shall have the sense to endeavour to converse with the best of them ; and shall therefore, as soon as possible, tell you in person how much I am, &c.

LETTER XII.

The D. of BUCKINGHAM to Mr. POPE.

YOU desire my opinion as to the late dispute in France concerning Homer : and I think it excusable (at an age, alas ! of not much pleasure) to amuse myself a little in taking notice of a controversy, than which nothing is at present more remarkable (even in a nation who value themselves so much upon the Belles Lettres) both on account of the illustrious subject of it, and of the two persons engaged in the quarrel.

The one is extraordinary in all the Lyric kind of Poetry, even in the opinion of his very adversary. The other, a Lady (and of more value for being so) not only of great Learning, but with a Genius admirably turn'd to that sort of it which most becomes her Sex, for soft-

ness, genteelness, and promoting of virtue; and such as (one would think) is not so liable as other parts of scholarship, to rough disputes, or violent animosity.

Yet it has so happen'd, that no writers, even about Divinity itself, have been more outrageous or uncharitable, than these two polite authors; by suffering their judgments to be a little warped (if I may use that expression) by the heat of their eager inclinations, to attack or defend so great an Author under debate. I wish, for the sake of the public, which is now so well entertained by their quarrel, it may not end at last in their agreeing to blame a third man who is not so presumptuous as to censure both, if they should chance to hear it.

To begin with matter of fact. M. D'Acier has well judg'd, that the best of all Poets certainly deserved a better translation, at least into French prose, because to see it done in verse was despair'd of: I believe, indeed, from a defect in that language, incapable of mounting to any degree of excellence suitable to so very great an undertaking.

She has not only perform'd this task as well as prose can do it (which is indeed but as the wrong side of tapestry is able to represent the right *) she has added to it also many learned and useful annotations; with all which, she most obligingly delighted not only her own sex, but most of ours, ignorant of the Greek, and consequently her adversary himself, who frankly acknowledges that ignorance.

'Tis no wonder therefore, if, in doing this, she is grown so enamour'd of that unspeakably charming Author, as to have a kind of horror at the least mention of a man bold enough to blame him.

Now as to M. de la Motte, he being already deservedly famous for all sorts of Lyric poetry, was so far introduced by her into those beauties of the Epic kind (tho' but in that way of translation) as not to resist the pleasure and hope of reputation, by attempting that in verse, which

* A thought of Cervantes.

had been applauded so much for the difficulty of doing it even in prose; knowing how this, well executed, must extremely transcend the other.

But as great Poets are a little apt to think they have an ancient right of being excus'd for vanity on all occasions, he was not content to out-do M. D'Acier, but endeavour'd to out-do Homer himself, and all that ever in any age or nation went before him in the same enterprize; by leaving out, altering, or adding whatever he thought best.

Against this presumptuous attempt, Homer has been in all times so well defended, as not to need my small assistance; yet I must needs say, his excellencies are such, that for their sakes he deserves a much gentler touch for his seeming errors. These, if M. de la Motte had translated as well as the rest, with an apology for having retained them only out of mere veneration; his judgment, in my opinion, would have appear'd much greater than by the best of his alterations, though I admit them to be written very finely. I join with M. de la Motte in wondering at some odd things in Homer, but 'tis chiefly because of his sublime ones, I was about to say his divine ones, which almost surprize me at finding him any where in the fallible condition of human nature.

And now we are wondering, I am in a difficulty to guess what can be the reason of these exceptions against Homer, from one who has himself translated him, contrary to the general custom of translators. Is there not a little of that in it? I mean to be singular, in getting above the title of a Translator, tho' sufficiently honourable in this case. For such an ambition no body has less occasion, than one who is so fine a Poet in other kinds; and who must have too much wit to believe, any alteration of another can entitle him to the denomination of an *Epic Poet* himself: tho' no man in this age seems more capable of being a good one, if the French tongue would bear it. Yet in his translation he has done too well, to leave any doubt (with all his faults) that he's can be ever parallel'd with it.

Besides,

Besides, he could not be ignorant, that finding faults is the most easy and vulgar part of a critic; whereas nothing shews so much skill and taste both, as the being thoroughly sensible of the sublimest excellencies.

What can we say in excuse of all this? *Humanum est errare*: since as good a Poet as, I believe, the French language is capable of, and as sharp a Critic as any nation can produce, has, by too much censuring Homer, subjected a translation to censure, that would have otherwise stood the test of the severest adversary.

But since he would needs chuse that wrong way of criticism, I wonder he miss'd a stone so easy to be thrown against Homer, not for his filling the Iliad with so much slaughter (for that is to be excused, since a War is not capable of being described without it) but with so many various particulars of wounds and horror, as shew the writer (I am afraid) so delighted that way himself, as not the least to doubt his reader being so also. Like Spanioletta, whose dismal pictures are the more disagreeable for being always so movingly painted. Even Hector's last parting from his son and Andromache hardly makes us amends for his body's being dragg'd thrice round the town. M. de la Motte, in his strongest objections about that dismal combat, has sufficient cause to blame his enraged adversary; who here gives an instance, that it is impossible to be violent without committing some mistake; her passion for Homer blinding her too much to perceive the very grossest of his failings: by which warning I am become a little more capable of impartiality, though in a dispute about that very Poet for whom I have the greatest veneration.

M. D'Acier might have consider'd a little, that whatever were the motives of M. de la Motte to so bold a proceeding, it could not darken that fame which I am sure she thinks shines securely, even after the vain attempts of Plato himself against it: caus'd only perhaps by a like reason with that of Madam D'Acier's anger against M. de la Motte, namely, the finding that in prose his genius (great as it was) could not be capable
of

of the sublime heights of poetry, which therefore he banished out of his commonwealth.

Nor were these objections to Homer any more lessening of her merit in translating him as well as that way is capable of, viz. fully, plainly, and elegantly, than the most admirable verses can be any disparagement to as excellent prose.

The best excuse for all this violence is, its being in a cause which gives a kind of reputation even to suffering, notwithstanding ever so ill a management of it.

The worst of defending even Homer in such a passionate manner, is its being more a proof of her weakness, than of his being liable to none. For what is it can excuse Homer any more than Hector, for flying at the first sight of Achilles? whose terrible aspect sure needed not such an inexcusable fright to set it off; and methinks all that account of Minerva's restoring his dart to Achilles, comes a little too late, for excusing Hector's so terrible apprehension at the very first.

LETTER XIII.

To the Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

Sept. 1, 1718.

I Am much honour'd by your Grace's compliance with my request, in giving me your opinion of the French dispute concerning Homer. And I shall keep my word, in fairly telling wherein I disagree from you. It is but in two or three very small points, not so much of the dispute, as of the parties concern'd in it. I cannot think quite so highly of the Lady's learning, tho' I respect it very much. It is great complaisance in that polite nation, to allow her to be a Critic of equal rank with her husband. To instance no further, his remarks on Horace shew more good Sense, Penetration, and a better Taste of his author, and those upon Aristotle's Art of Poetry

Poetry more Skill and Science, than any of her's on any author whatever *. In truth, they are much more slight, dwell more in generals, and are besides, for the most part, less her own; of which her Remarks upon Homer are an example, where Eustathius is transcribed ten times for once that he is quoted. Nor is there at all more depth of learning in those upon Terence, Plautus, or (where they were most wanted) upon Aristophanes, only the Greek scholia upon the latter are some of the best extant.

Your Grace will believe me, that I did not search to find defects in a Lady; my employment upon the Iliad forced me to see them; yet I have had so much of the French complaisance as to conceal her thefts; for wherever I have found her notes to be wholly another's (which is the case in some hundreds) I have barely quoted the true Proprietor, without observing upon it. If Madam D'Acier has ever seen my observations, she will be sensible of this conduct; but what effect it may have upon a Lady, I will not answer for.

In the next place, as to M. de la Motte, I think your Grace hardly does him right, in supposing he could have no idea of the beauties of Homer's Epic Poetry, but what he learn'd from Madam D'Acier's Prose-translation. There had been a very elegant Prose-translation before, that of Monsieur de la Valterie; so elegant, that the style of it was evidently the original and model of the famous Telemaque. Your Grace very justly animadverts against the too great disposition of finding faults in the one, and of confessing none in the other. But doubtless, as to Violence, the Lady has infinitely the better of the Gentleman. Nothing can be more polite, dispassionate, or sensible, than M. de la Motte's manner of managing the dispute: and so much as I see your Grace admires the beauty of his verse (in which you have the suffrage too of the Archbishop of Cambray) I will venture to say, his prose is full as good. I think therefore when you say, no disputants even in Divinity could be more outrageous

* This is a just Character of that excellent Critic's writings.

and uncharitable than these two authors, you are a little too hard upon M. de la Motte. Not but that (with your Grace) I doubt as little of the zeal of Commentators as of the zeal of Divines, and am as ready to believe of the passions and pride of mankind in general, that (did but the same interests go along with them) they would carry the learned world to as violent extremes, animosities, and even persecutions, about variety of opinions in Criticism, as ever they did about Religion: and that, in defect of Scripture to quarrel upon, we should have French, Italian, and Dutch Commentators ready to burn one another about Homer, Virgil, Terence, and Horace.

I do not wonder your Grace is shock'd at the flight of Hector upon the first appearance of Achilles, in the twenty-second Iliad. However (to shew myself a true Commentator, if not a true Critic) I will endeavour to excuse, if not to defend it, in my Notes on that book. And to save myself what trouble I can, instead of doing it in this letter, I will draw up the substance of what I have to say for it in a separate paper, which I'll shew your Grace when next we meet. I will only desire you to allow me, that Hector was in an absolute certainty of death, and depress'd over and above with the conscience of being in an ill cause. If your heart be so great, as not to grant the first of these will sink the spirit of a Hero, you'll at least be so good as to allow the second may. But, I can tell your Grace, no less a Hero than my Lord Peterborow, when a person complimented him for never being afraid, made this answer; "Sir, shew me a danger that I think an imminent and real one, and I promise you I'll be as much afraid as any of you."

I am your Grace's, &c.

LETTER XIV.

From Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

London, Sept. 7, 1714.

I Am extremely obliged to you for taking notice of a poor old distressed courtier, commonly the most despicable thing in the world. This blow has so rous'd *Scriblerus*, that he has recover'd his senses, and thinks and talks like other men. From being frolicsome and gay, he is turn'd grave and morose. His lucubrations lie neglected among old news-papers, cases, petitions, and abundance of unanswerable letters. I wish to God they had been among the papers of a noble Lord, sealed up. Then might *Scriblerus* have pass'd for the Pretender; and it would have been a most excellent and laborious work for the Flying Post, or some such author, to have allegoriz'd all his adventures into a plot, and found out mysteries somewhat like the Key to the Lock. Martin's office is now the second door on the left hand in Dover-street, where he will be glad to see Dr. Parnelle, Mr. Pope, and his old friends, to whom he can still afford a half pint of claret. It is with some pleasure that he contemplates the world still busy, and all mankind at work, for him. I have seen a letter from Dean Swift; he keeps up his noble spirit, and tho' like a man knock'd down, you may behold him still with a stern countenance, and aiming a blow at his adversaries. I will add no more, being in haste, only, that I will never forgive you if you don't use my aforesaid house in Dover-street with the same freedom as you did that in St. James's; for as our friendship was not begun upon the relation of a courtier, so I hope it will not end with it. I will always be proud to be reckon'd amongst the number of your friends and humble servants.

LET.

LETTER XV.

TO DR. ARBUTHNOT.

Sept. 10.

I Am glad your Travels delighted you; improve you, I am sure they could not; you are not so much a youth as that, tho' you run about with a King of sixteen, and (what makes him still more a child) a King of Frenchmen. My own time has been more melancholy, spent in an attendance upon death, which has seized one of our family: my mother is something better, though at her advanced age every day is a climacteric. There was joined to this an indisposition of my own, which I ought to look upon as a slight one, compared with my mother's, because my life is not of half the consequence to any body that her's is to me. All these incidents have hinder'd my more speedy reply to your obliging letter.

The article you enquire of, is of as little concern to me, as you desire it should; namely, the railing papers about the Odysey. If the book has merit, it will extinguish all such nasty scandal; as the Sun puts an end to stinks, merely by coming out.

I wish I had nothing to trouble me more; an honest mind is not in the power of any dishonest one. To break its peace, there must be some guilt or consciousness, which is inconsistent with its own principles: not but malice and injustice have their day, like some poor short-lived vermin that die in shooting their own stings. Falshood is Folly (says Homer) and liars and calumniators at last hurt none but themselves, even in this world; in the next, 'tis charity to say, God have mercy on them! they were the devil's vicegerents upon earth, who is the father of lies, and, I fear, has a right to dispose of his children.

I've had an occasion to make these reflections of late more justly than from any thing that concerns my writings, for it is one that concerns my morals, and (which

I ought to be as tender of as my own) the good character of another very innocent person, who, I'm sure, shares your friendship no less than I do. No creature has better natural dispositions, or would act more rightly or reasonably in every duty, did she act by herself, or from herself; but you know it is the misfortune of that family to be governed like a ship, I mean the Head guided by the Tail, and that by every wind that blows in it.

LETTER XVI.

MR. POPE to the Earl of OXFORD.

MY LORD,

OCT. 21, 1721.

YOUR Lordship may be surprized at the liberty I take in writing to you; tho' you will allow me always to remember, that you once permitted me that honour, in conjunction with some others who better deserved it. I hope you will not wonder I am still desirous to have you think me your grateful and faithful servant; but, I own, I have an ambition yet farther, to have others think me so, which is the occasion I give your Lordship the trouble of this. Poor Parnelle, before he died, left me the charge of publishing these few remains of his: I have a strong desire to make them, their author, and their publisher, more considerable, by addressing and dedicating them all to you. There is a pleasure in bearing testimony to truth, and a vanity perhaps, which at least is as excusable as any vanity can be. I beg you, my Lord, to allow me to gratify it, in prefixing this paper of honest verses to the book. I send the book itself, which, I dare say, you'll receive more satisfaction in perusing, than you can from any thing written upon the subject of yourself: therefore I am a good deal in doubt, whether you will care for such an addition to it. All I shall say for it is, that 'tis the only dedication I ever writ, and shall be the only one, whether you accept of it or not; for I will not bow the knee to a less man than my Lord Oxford, and I expect to see no greater in my time.

After

After all, if your Lordship will tell my Lord Harley that I must not do this, you may depend upon a suppression of these verses (the only copy whereof I send you) but you never shall suppress that great, sincere, and entire respect, with which I am always,

My Lord,

Your, etc.

LETTER XVII.

The Earl of OXFORD to Mr. POPE.

SIR,

Brampton-Castle, Nov. 6, 1721.

I Received your packet, which could not but give me great pleasure, to see you preserve an old friend in your memory; for it must needs be very agreeable to be remember'd by those we highly value. But then how much shame did it cause me, when I read your very fine verses inclos'd? my mind reproach'd me how far short I came of what your great friendship and delicate pen would partially describe me. You ask my consent to publish it: to what straits doth this reduce me? I look back indeed to those evenings I have usefully and pleasantly spent, with Mr. Pope, Mr. Parnelle, Dean Swift, the Doctor, &c. I should be glad the world knew you admitted me to your friendship; and since your affection is too hard for your judgment, I am contented to let the world know how well Mr. Pope can write upon a barren subject. I return you an exact copy of the verses, that I may keep the Original, as a testimony of the only error you have been guilty of. I hope very speedily to embrace you in London, and to assure you of the particular esteem and friendship wherewith I am

Your, &c.

OXFORD.

LET-

L E T T E R S

TO AND FROM

EDWARD BLOUNT, Esq;

From the Year 1714 to 1725.

L E T T E R I.

Mr. POPE to EDWARD BLOUNT, Esq;

August 27, 1714.

Whatever studies on the one hand, or amusements on the other, it shall be my fortune to fall into, I shall be equally incapable of forgetting you in any of them. The task I undertook, though of weight enough in itself, has had a voluntary increase by the enlarging my design of the *Notes*; and the necessity of consulting a number of books has carried me to Oxford: but I fear, thro' my Lord Harcourt's and Dr. Clark's means, I shall be more conversant with the pleasures and company of the place, than with the books and manuscripts of it.

I find still more reason to complain of the negligence of the Geographers in their maps of old Greece, since I looked upon two or three more noted names in the public libraries here. But with all the care I am capable of, I have some cause to fear the Engraver will prejudice me in a few situations. I have been forced to write to him in so high a style, that, were my epistle intercepted, it would raise no small admiration in an ordinary man. There is scarce an order in it of less importance, than to
remove

remove such and such mountains, alter the course of such and such rivers, place a large city on such a coast, and raise another in another country. I have set bounds to the sea, and said to the land, Thus far shalt thou advance, and no farther *. In the mean time, I who talk and command at this rate, am in danger of losing my horse, and stand in some fear of a country justice †. To disarm me, indeed, may be but prudential, considering what armies I have at present on foot, and in my service; an hundred thousand Grecians are no contemptible body; for all that I can tell, they may be as formidable as four thousand priests; and they seem proper forces to send against those in Barcelona. That siege deserves as fine a poem as the Iliad, and the machining part of poetry would be the juster in it, as they say the inhabitants expect angels from heaven to their assistance. May I venture to say, who am a Papist, and say to you who are a Papist, that nothing is more astonishing to me, than that people so greatly warm'd with a sense of liberty, should be capable of harbouring such weak superstition, and that so much bravery and so much folly can inhabit the same breasts?

I could not but take a trip to London on the death of the Queen, mov'd by the common curiosity of mankind, who leave their own business to be looking upon that of other men's. I thank God, that, as for myself, I am below all the accidents of state-changes by my circumstances, and above them by my philosophy. Common charity of man to man, and universal good-will to all, are the points I have most at heart; and I am sure, those are not to be broken for the sake of any governors, or government. I am willing to hope the best; and what I more wish than my own or any particular man's advancement, is, that this turn may put an end entirely to the divisions of Whig and Tory; that the parties may love each other as well as I love them both, or at least hurt

* This relates to the map of ancient Greece, laid down by our Author in his observations on the second Iliad.

† Some of the laws were, at this time, put in force against the Papists.

each other as little as I would either : and that our own people may live as quietly as we shall certainly let theirs ; that is to say, that want of power itself in us may not be a surer prevention of harm, than want of will in them. I am sure, if all Whigs and all Tories had the spirit of one Roman Catholic that I know, it would be well for all Roman Catholics ; and if all Roman Catholics had always had that spirit, it had been well for all others ; and we had never been charged with so wicked a spirit as that of persecution.

I agree with you in my sentiments of the state of our nation since this change : I find myself just in the same situation of mind you describe as your own, heartily wishing the good, that is, the quiet of my country, and hoping a total end of all the unhappy divisions of mankind by party-spirit, which at best is but the madness of many for the gain of a few.

I am, &c.

LETTER II.

From Mr. BLOUNT.

IT is with a great deal of pleasure I see your letter, dear Sir, written in a style that shews you full of health, and in the midst of diversions : I think those two things necessary to a man who has such undertakings in hand as yours. All lovers of Homer are indebted to you for taking so much pains about the situation of his Hero's kingdoms ; it will not only be of great use with regard to his works, but to all that read any of the Greek historians ; who generally are ill understood thro' the difference of the maps as to the places they treat of, which makes one think one author contradicts another. You are going to set us right ; and 'tis an advantage every body will gladly see you engross the glory of.

You can draw rules to be free and easy, from formal pedants ; and teach men to be short and pertinent, from tedious commentators. However, I congratulate your
happy

happy deliverance from such authors, as you (with all your humanity) cannot wish alive again to converse with. Critics will quarrel with you, if you dare to please without their leave; and Zealots will shrug up their shoulders at a man, that pretends to go to Heaven out of their form, dress, and diet. I would no more make a judgment of an author's genius from a damning critic, than I would of a man's religion from an unfavouring zealot.

I could take great delight in affording you the new glory of making a *Barceloniad* (if I may venture to coin such a word :) I fancy you would find a juster parallel than it seems at first sight; for the Trojans too had a great mixture of folly with their bravery; and I am out of countenance for them when I read the wise result of their council, where, after a warm debate between Antenor and Paris about restoring Helen, Priam sagely determines that they shall go to supper. And as for the Greeks, what can equal their superstition in sacrificing an innocent lady?

Tantum Religio potuit, &c.

I have a good opinion of my politics, since they agree with a man who always thinks so justly as you. I wish it were in our power to persuade all the nation into as calm and steady a disposition of mind.

We have receiv'd the late melancholy news, with the usual ceremony, of condoling in one breath for the loss of a gracious Queen, and in another rejoicing for an illustrious King. My views carry me no farther, than to wish the peace and welfare of my country; and my morals and politics teach me to leave all that to be adjusted by our representatives above, and to divine providence. It is much at one to you and me, who sit at the helm, provided they will permit us to sail quietly in the great ship. Ambition is a vice that is timely mortify'd in us poor papists; we ought in recompence to cultivate as many virtues in ourselves as we can, that we may be truly great. Among my ambitions, that of being a sincere friend is one of the chief: yet I will confess that I have

a secret pleasure to have some of my descendants know,
that their Ancestor was great with Mr. Pope.

I am, &c.

LETTER III.

From Mr. BLOUNT.

Nov. 11, 1715.

IT is an agreement of long date between you and me,
that you should do with my letters just as you pleased,
and answer them at your leisure; and that is as soon as I
shall think you ought. I have so true a taste of the sub-
stantial part of your friendship, that I wave all ceremo-
nials; and am sure to make you as many visits as I can,
and leave you to return them whenever you please, assur-
ing you they shall at all times be heartily welcome to me.

The many alarms we have from your parts, have no
effect upon the genius that reigns in our country, which
is happily turn'd to preserve peace and quiet among us.
What a dismal scene has there been opened in the North,
what ruin have those unfortunate rash gentlemen drawn
upon themselves and their miserable followers, and per-
chance upon many others too, who upon no account
would be their followers? However, it may look unge-
nerous to reproach people in distress. I don't remember
you and I ever used to trouble ourselves about politics,
but when any matter happened to fall into our discourse,
we us'd to condemn all undertakings that tended towards
the disturbing the peace and quiet of our country, as
contrary to the notions we had of morality and religion,
which oblige us on no pretence whatsoever to violate the
laws of charity. How many lives have there been lost in
hot blood, and how many more are there like to be taken
off in cold? If the broils of the nation affect you, come
down to me; and though we are farmers, you know Eu-
meus made his friends welcome. You shall here worship
the Echo at your ease; indeed we are forced to do so,
because we can't hear the first report, and therefore are
obliged

obliged to listen to the second; which, for security sake, I do not always believe neither.

'Tis a great many years since I fell in love with the character of Pomponius Atticus: I long'd to imitate him a little, and have contriv'd hitherto to be, like him, engaged in no party, but to be a faithful friend to some in both: I find myself very well in this way hitherto, and live in a certain peace of mind by it, which, I am persuaded, brings a man more content than all the perquisites of wild ambition. I with pleasure join with you in wishing, nay, I am not ashamed to say, in praying for the welfare, temporal and eternal, of all mankind. How much more affectionately then shall I do so for you, since I am, in a most particular manner, and with all sincerity,

Yours, &c.

LETTER IV.

Jan. 24, 1715-16.

I Know of nothing that will be so interesting to you at present, as some circumstances of the last act of that eminent comic poet, and our friend, Wycherley. He had often told me, as I doubt not he did all his acquaintance, that he would marry as soon as his life was despair'd of: accordingly, a few days before his death, he underwent the ceremony, and join'd together those two sacraments which, wise men say, should be the last we receive; for if you observe, Matrimony is placed after Extreme unction in our Catechism, as a kind of hint of the order of time in which they are to be taken. The old man then lay down, satisfy'd in the conscience of having by this one act paid his just debts, obliged a woman, who (he was told) had merit, and shewn an heroic resentment of the ill usage of his next heir. Some hundred pounds which he had with the Lady, discharged those debts; a jointure of four hundred a year made her a recompence; and the nephew he left to comfort himself, as well as he could, with the miserable remains of a mortgaged estate. I saw

our friend twice after this was done, less peevish in his sickness than he used to be in his health; neither much afraid of dying, nor (which in him had been more likely) much ashamed of marrying. The evening before he expired, he called his young wife to the bed-side, and earnestly entreated her not to deny him one request, the last he should make. Upon her assurances of consenting to it, he told her, "My dear, it is only this, that you "will never marry an old man again." I cannot help remarking, that sickness, which often destroys both wit and wisdom, yet seldom has power to remove that talent which we call humour: Mr. Wycherley shew'd his, even in this last compliment; tho' I think his request a little hard, for why should he bar her from doubling her jointure on the same easy terms?

So trivial as these circumstances are, I should not be displeas'd myself to know such trifles, when they concern or characterise any eminent person. The wisest and wittiest of men are seldom wiser or wittier than others in these sober moments: at least, our friend ended much in the character he had lived in; and Horace's rule for a play, may as well be apply'd to him as a play-wright,

Servetur ad imum.

Qualis ab inceptu processerit, et sibi constet.

I am, &c.

LETTER V.

Feb. 10, 1715-16.

I AM just return'd from the country, whither Mr. Rowe accompanied me, and pass'd a week in the Forest. I need not tell you how much a man of his turn entertain'd me; but I must acquaint you, there is a vivacity and gaiety of disposition almost peculiar to him, which make it impossible to part from him without that uneasiness which generally succeeds all our pleasures. I have been just taking a solitary walk by moon-shine, full
of

of reflections on the transitory nature of all human delights; and giving my thoughts a loose in the contemplation of those satisfactions which probably we may hereafter taste in the company of separate spirits, when we shall range the walks above, and perhaps gaze on this world at as vast a distance as we now do on those worlds. The pleasures we are to enjoy in that conversation, must undoubtedly be of a nobler kind, and (not unlikely) may proceed from the discoveries each shall communicate to another, of God and of Nature; for the happiness of minds can surely be nothing but knowledge.

The highest gratification we receive here from company is mirth, which at the best is but a fluttering, unquiet motion, that beats about the breast for a few moments, and after leaves it void and empty. Keeping good company, even the best, is but a less shameful art of losing time. What we here call science and study, are little better: the greater number of arts to which we apply ourselves, are mere groping in the dark; and even the search of our most important concerns in a future being, is but a needless, anxious, and uncertain haste to be knowing, sooner than we can, what without all this solicitude we shall know a little later. We are but curious impertinents in the case of futurity. 'Tis not our business to be guessing what the state of souls shall be, but to be doing what may make our own state happy; we cannot be knowing, but we can be virtuous.

If this be my notion of a great part of that high science, Divinity, you will be so civil as to imagine I lay no mighty stress upon the rest. Even of my darling poetry I really make no other use, than horses of the bells that gingle about their ears (tho' now and then they toss their heads as if they were proud of them) only to jog on a little more merrily.

Your observations on the narrow conceptions of mankind in the point of friendship, confirm me in what I was so fortunate as at my first knowledge of you to hope, and since so amply to experience. Let me take so much
decent

decent pride and dignity upon me, as to tell you, that, but for opinions like these which I discover'd in your mind, I had never made the trial I have done; which has succeeded so much to mine, and, I believe, not less to your satisfaction: for, if I know you right, your pleasure is greater in obliging me, than I can feel on my part, till it falls in my power to oblige you.

Your remark, that the variety of opinions in politics or religion is often rather a gratification, than an objection, to people who have sense enough to consider the beautiful order of nature in her variations; makes me think you have not construed Joannes Secundus wrong, in the verse which precedes that which you quote: *Bene nota fides*, as I take it, does no way signify the Roman Catholic religion, tho' Secundus was of it. I think it was a generous thought, and one that flow'd from an exalted mind, That it was not improbable but that God might be delighted with the various methods of worshipping him, which divided the whole world. I am pretty sure you and I should no more make good Inquisitors to the modern tyrants in faith, than we could have been qualified for Lictors to Procrustes, when he converted refractory members with the rack. In a word, I can only repeat to you what I think I have formerly said; that I as little fear God will damn a man who has Charity, as I hope that any priest can save him without it.

I am, &c.

LETTER VI.

March 20, 1715-16.

I Find that a real concern is not only a hindrance to speaking, but to writing too: the more time we give ourselves to think over one's own or a friend's unhappiness, the more unable we grow to express the grief that proceeds from it. It is as natural to delay a letter at such a season as this, as to retard a melancholy visit to a person one cannot relieve. One is ashamed, in that circumstance,

stance, to pretend to entertain people with trifling, insignificant affectations of sorrow on the one hand, or unreasonable and forced gaieties on the other. 'Tis a kind of profanation of things sacred, to treat so solemn a matter as a generous voluntary suffering, with compliments, or heroic gallantries. Such a mind as your's has no need of being spirited up into honour; or like a weak woman, praised into an opinion of its own virtue. 'Tis enough to do and suffer what we ought; and men should know, that the noble power of suffering bravely is as far above that of enterprizing greatly, as an unblemish'd conscience and inflexible resolution are above an accidental flow of spirits, or a sudden tide of blood. If the whole religious business of mankind be included in resignation to our Maker, and charity to our fellow-creatures, there are now some people who give us as good an opportunity of practising the one, as themselves have given an instance of the violation of the other. Whoever is really brave, has always this comfort when he is oppress'd, that he knows himself to be superior to those who injure him: for the greatest power on earth can no sooner do him that injury, but the brave man can make himself greater by forgiving it.

If it were generous to seek for alleviating consolations in a calamity of so much glory, one might say, that to be ruin'd thus in the gross, with a whole people, is but like perishing in the general conflagration, where nothing we can value is left behind us.

It thinks the most heroic thing we are left capable of doing, is to endeavour to lighten each other's load, and (oppress'd as we are) to succour such as are yet more oppress'd. If there are too many who cannot be assisted but by what we cannot give, our money; there are yet others who may be relieved by our counsel, by our countenance, and even by our cheerfulness. The misfortunes of private families, the misunderstandings of people whom distresses make suspicious, the coldnesses of relations whom change of religion may disunite, or the necessities
of

of half-ruined estates render unkind to each other; these at least may be softened, in some degree, by a general well-managed humanity among ourselves; if all those who have your principles of belief, had also your sense and conduct. But indeed most of them have given lamentable proofs of the contrary; and 'tis to be apprehended, that they who want sense, are only religious thro' weakness, and good-natur'd thro' shame. These are narrow-minded creatures that never deal in essentials, their faith never looks beyond ceremonials, nor their charity beyond relations. As poor as I am, I would gladly relieve any distressed, conscientious French refugee at this instant: what must my concern then be, when I perceive so many anxieties now tearing those hearts, which I have desired a place in, and clouds of melancholy rising on those faces, which I have long look'd upon with affection? I begin already to feel both what some apprehend, and what others are yet too stupid to apprehend. I grieve with the old, for so many additional inconveniences and chagrins, more than their small remain of life seemed destined to undergo; and with the young, for so many of those gaieties and pleasures (the portion of youth) which they will by this means be deprived of. This brings into my mind one or other of those I love best, and among them the widow and fatherless, late of —. As I am certain no people living had an earlier and truer sense of others misfortunes, or a more generous resignation as to what might be their own, so I earnestly wish that whatever part they must bear, may be render'd as supportable to them, as it is in the power of any friend to make it.

But I know you have prevented me in this thought, as you always will in any thing that is good or generous: I find by a letter of your lady's (which I have seen) that their ease and tranquillity is part of your care. I believe there's some fatality in it, that you should always, from time to time, be doing those particular things that make me enamour'd of you.

I write this from Windsor-Forest, of which I am come to take my last look. We here bid our neighbours adieu, much as those who go to be hang'd do their fellow prisoners, who are condemned to follow them a few weeks after. I parted from honest Mr. D* with tendernefs: and from old Sir William Trumbull as from a venerable prophet, foretelling with lifted hands the miseries to come, from which he is just going to be remov'd himself.

Perhaps now I have learnt so far as

Nos dulcia linquimus arva,

my next lesson may be

Nos Patriam fugimus.

Let that, and all else be as heaven pleases! I have provided just enough to keep me a man of honour. I believe you and I shall never be ashamed of each other. I know I wish my country well, and, if it undoes me, it shall not make me wish it otherwise.

LETTER VII.

From Mr. BLOUNT.

March 24, 1715-16.

YOUR letters give me a gleam of satisfaction, in the midst of a very dark and cloudy situation of thoughts, which it would be more than human to be exempt from at this time, when our homes must either be left, or be made too narrow for us to turn in. Poetically speaking, I should lament the loss Windsor-forest and you sustain of each other, but that, methinks, one can't say you are parted, because you will live by and in one another, while verse is verse. This consideration hardens me in my opinion rather to congratulate you, since you have the pleasure of the prospect whenever you take it from your shelf, and at the same time the solid cash you sold it for, of which Virgil in his exile knew nothing in those days, and which will make every place easy to you. I, for my

part, am not so happy; my *parva rura* are fasten'd to me, so that I can't exchange them, as you have, for more portable means of subsistence; and yet I hope to gather enough to make the *Patriam fugimus* supportable to me: 'tis what I am resolved on with my *Penate*. If therefore you ask me, to whom you shall complain? I will exhort you to leave laziness and the elms of St. James's Park, and choose to join the other two proposals in one, safety and friendship (the least of which is a good motive for most things, as the other is for almost every thing) and go with me where war will not reach us, nor poultry constables summon us to vestries.

The future epistle you flatter me with will find me still here, and I think I may be here a month longer. Whenever I go from hence, one of the few reasons to make me regret my home will be, that I shall not have the pleasure of saying to you,

Hic tamen hanc mecum poteris requiescere noctem,
which would have rendered this place more agreeable, than ever it else could be to me; for I protest, it is with the utmost sincerity that I assure you I am entirely,

Dear Sir,

Your, &c.

LETTER VIII.

June 22, 1716.

IF a regard both to public and private affairs may plead a lawful excuse in behalf of a negligent correspondent, I have really a very good title to it. I cannot say whether 'tis a felicity or unhappiness, that I am obliged at this time to give my whole application to Homer; when without that employment, my thoughts must turn upon what is less agreeable, the violence, madness, and resentment of modern War-makers *, which are likely to prove (to some people at least) more fatal, than the same qualities in Achilles did to his unfortunate countrymen.

* This was written in the year of the affair of Preston,

Tho

FROM EDW. BLOUNT, Esq. 107

Tho' the change of my scene of life, from Windsor-forest to the side of the Thames, be one of the grand *Æra's* of my days, and may be called a notable period in so inconsiderable a history, yet you can scarce imagine any hero passing from one stage of life to another, with so much tranquility, so easy a transition, and so laudable a behaviour. I am become so truly a citizen of the world (according to Plato's expression) that I look with equal indifference on what I have left, and on what I have gained. The times and amusements past are not more like a dream to me, than those which are present: I lie in a refreshing kind of inaction, and have one comfort at least from obscurity, that the darkness helps me to sleep the better. I now and then reflect upon the enjoyment of my friends, whom, I fancy, I remember much as separate spirits do us, at tender intervals, neither interrupting their own employments, nor altogether careless of ours, but in general constantly wishing us well, and hoping to have us one day in their company.

To grow indifferent to the world is to grow philosophical, or religious (which soever of those turns we chance to take) and indeed the world is such a thing, as one that thinks pretty much, must either laugh at, or be angry with: but if we laugh at it, they say we are proud; and if we are angry with it, they say we are ill natur'd. So the most politic way is to seem always better pleas'd than one can be, greater admirers, greater lovers, and in short greater fools than we really are: so shall we live comfortably with our families, quietly with our neighbours, favoured by our masters, and happy with our mistresses. I have filled my paper, and so adieu.

L E T T E R IX.

Sept. 8, 1717.

I Think your leaving England was like a good man's leaving the world, with the blessed conscience of

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having

having acted well in it; and I hope you have received your reward, in being happy where you are. I believe, in the religious country you inhabit, you'll be better pleased to find I consider you in this light, than if I compared you to those Greeks and Romans, whose constancy in suffering pain, and whose resolution in pursuit of a generous end, you would rather immitate than boast of.

But I had a melancholy hint the other day, as if you were yet a martyr to the fatigue your virtue made you undergo on this side the water. I beg if your health be restored to you, not to deny me the joy of knowing it. Your endeavours of service and good advice to the poor papists, put me in mind of Noah's preaching forty years to those folks that were to be drowned at last. At the worst I heartily wish your ark may find an Arrarat, and the wife and family (the hopes of the good patriarch) land safely after the deluge, upon the shore of Totness.

If I durst mix prophane with sacred history, I would chear you with the old tale of Brutus, the wandering Trojan, who found on that very coast the happy end of his peregrinations and adventures.

I have very lately read Jeffery of Monmouth (to whom your Cornwall is not a little beholden) in the translation of a clergyman in my neighbourhood. The poor man is highly concerned to vindicate Jeffery's veracity as an historian: and told me he was perfectly astonished, we of the Roman communion could doubt of the legends of his Giants, while we believe those of our saints. I am forced to make a fair composition with him: and, by crediting some of the wonders of Corinæus and Gogmagog, have brought him so far already, that he speaks respectfully of St. Christopher's carrying Christ, and the resuscitation of St. Nicholas Tolentine's chicken. Thus we proceed apace in converting each other from all manner of infidelity.

Ajax and Hector are no more to be compared to Corinæus and Arthur, than the Guelphs and Ghibellines are to the Mohocks of ever dreadful memory. This amazing

writer

writer has made me lay aside Homer for a week, and when I take him up again, I shall be very well prepared to translate, with belief and reverence, the speech of Achilles's horse.

You'll excuse all this trifling or any thing else which prevents a sheet full of compliment: and believe there is nothing more true (even more true than any thing in Jeffrey is false) than that I have a constant affection for you, and am, &c.

P. S. I know you will take part in rejoicing for the victory of Prince Eugene over the Turks, in the zeal you bear to the Christian interest, tho' your Cousin of Oxford (with whom I dined yesterday) says, there is no other difference in the Christians beating the Turks, or the Turks beating the Christians, than whether the Emperor shall first declare war against Spain, or Spain declare it against the Emperor.

L E T T E R X.

Nov. 27, 1717.

THE question you proposed to me is what at present I am the most unfit man in the world to answer, by my loss of one of the best of fathers.

He had lived in such a course of temperance as was enough to make the longest life agreeable to him, and in such a course of piety as sufficed to make the most sudden death so also. Sudden indeed it was: however, I heartily beg of God to give me such a one, provided I can lead such a life. I leave him to the mercy of God, and to the piety of a religion that extends beyond the grave: *Si qua est ea cura*, &c.

He has left me to the ticklish management of so narrow a fortune, that any one false step would be fatal. My mother is in that dispirited state of resignation, which is the effect of long life, and the loss of what is dear to us. We are really each of us in want of a friend, of such an humane turn as yourself, to make almost any thing desirable

sirable to us. I feel your absence more than ever, at the same time I can less express my regards to you than ever: and shall make this, which is the most sincere letter I ever writ to you, the shortest and faintest perhaps of any you have ever received. 'Tis enough if you reflect, that barely to remember any person when one's mind is taken up with a sensible sorrow, is a great degree of friendship. I can say no more but that I love you, and all that are yours; and that I wish it may be very long before any of yours shall feel for you what I now feel for my father. Adieu.

L E T T E R X I .

Rentcomb in Gloucestershire, Oct. 3, 1721.

YOUR kind letter has overtaken me here, for I have been in and about this country ever since your departure. I am well pleased to date this from a place so well known to Mrs. Blount, where I write as if I were dictated to by her ancestors, whose faces are all upon me. I fear none so much as Sir Christopher Guise, who being in his shirt, seems as ready to combat me, as her own Sir John was to demolish Duke Lancastere. I dare say your lady will recollect his figure. I look'd upon the mansion, walls, and terraces: the plantations, and slopes, which nature has made to command a variety of vallies and rising woods; with a veneration mix'd with a pleasure, that represented her to me in those puerile amusements, which engaged her so many years ago in this place. I fancied I saw her sober over a sampler, or gay over a jointed baby. I dare say she did one thing more, even in those early times; "remember'd her creator in the days of her youth."

You describe so well your hermitical state of life, that none of the ancient anchorites could go beyond you, for a cave in a rock, with a fine spring, or any of the accommodations that besit a solitary. Only I don't remember to have read, that any of those venerable and holy personages took with them a lady, and begat sons and daughters.

daughters. You must modestly be content to be accounted a patriarch. But were you a little younger, I should rather rank you with Sir Amadis, and his fellows. If piety be so romantic, I shall turn hermit in good earnest; for I see, one may go so far as to be poetical, and hope to save one's soul at the same time. I really wish myself something more, that is, a prophet; for I wish I were, as Habakkuk, to be taken by the hair of his head, and visit Daniel in his den. You are very obliging in saying, I have now a whole family upon my hands to whom to discharge the part of a friend; I assure you, I like them all so well, that I will never quit my hereditary right to them; you have made me yours, and consequently them mine. I still see them walking on my green at Twickenham, and gratefully remember, not only their green gowns, but the instructions they gave me how to slide down and trip up the steepest slopes of my mount.

Pray think of me sometimes, as I shall often of you: and know me for what I am, that is,

Your, &c.

LETTER XII.

Oct. 21, 1721.

YOUR very kind and obliging manner of enquiring after me among the first concerns of life, at your resuscitation, should have been sooner answer'd and acknowledged. I sincerely rejoice at your recovery from an illness which gave me less pain than it did you, only from my ignorance of it. I should have else been seriously and deeply afflicted, in the thought of your danger by a fever. I think it a fine and a natural thought, which I lately read in a letter of Montaign's publish'd by P. Coste, giving an account of the last words of an intimate friend of his: "Adieu my friend! the pain I feel will soon be over; but I grieve for that you are to feel, which is to last you for life."

I join with your family in giving God thanks for lending us a worthy man somewhat longer. The comforts
you

you receive from their attendance, put me in mind of what old Fletcher of Saltoun said one day to me: "Alas I have nothing to do but to die; I am a poor individual; no creature to wish or to fear, for my life or death: 'Tis the only reason I have to repent being a single man; now I grow old I am like a tree without a prop, and without young trees to grow round me, for company and defence."

I hope the gout will soon go after the fever, and all evil things remove far from you. But pray tell me, when will you move towards us? If you had an interval to get hither, I care not what fixes you afterwards, except the gout. Pray come, and never stir from us again. Do away your dirty acres, cast them to dirty people, such as in the scripture-phrase possess the land. Shake off your earth like the noble animal in Milton,

The tawny lyon, pawing to get free
His hinder parts, he springs as broke from bonds,
And rampant shakes his brinded main: the ounce,
The lizard, and the tyger, as the mole
Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw
In hillocks!

But, I believe, Milton never thought these fine verses of his should be apply'd to a man selling a parcel of dirty acres; tho' in the main, I think, it may have some resemblance. For, God knows! this little space of ground nourishes, buries, and confines us, as that of Eden did those creatures, till we can shake it loose, at least in our affections and desires.

Believe, dear Sir, I truly love and value you: let Mrs. Blount know that she is in the list of my *Memento Domine, famulorum famularumque's*, &c. My poor mother is far from well, declining; and I am watching over her, as we watch an expiring taper, that even when it looks brightest, wastes fastest. I am (as you will see from the whole air of this letter) not in the gayest nor easiest humour, but always with sincerity,

Your, &c.

LET-

LETTER XIII.

June 27, 1723.

YOU may truly do me the justice to think no man is more your sincere well-wisher than myself, or more the sincere well-wisher of your whole family; with all which, I cannot deny but I have a mixture of envy to you all, for loving one another so well; and for enjoying the sweets of that life, which can only be tasted by people of good-will.

They from all shades the darkness can exclude,
And from a desert banish solitude.

Torbay is a paradise, and a storm is but an amusement to such people. If you drink tea upon a promontory that overhangs the sea, it is preferable to an assembly: and the whistling of the wind better music to contented and loving minds, than the opera to the spleenful, ambitious, diseas'd, distast'd, and distracted souls which this world affords; nay, this world affords no other. Happy they, who are banish'd from us! but happier they, who can banish themselves; or more properly banish the world from them!

Alas! I live at Twickenham!

I take that period to be very sublime, and to include more than a hundred sentences that might be writ to express distraction, hurry, multiplication of nothings, and all the fatiguing perpetual business of having no business to do. You'll wonder I reckon translating the *Odyssy* as nothing. But whenever I think seriously (and of late I have met with so many occasions of thinking seriously, that I begin never to think otherwise) I cannot but think these things very idle; as idle, as if a beast of burden should go on jingling his bells, without bearing any thing valuable about him, or ever serving his master.

Life's vain Amusements, amidst which we dwell;

Not weigh'd, or understood, by the grim God of Hell!
said a heathen poet; as he is translated by a christian Bishop, who has, first by his exhortations, and since by

his example, taught me to think as becomes a reasonable creature—but he is gone !

I remember I promis'd to write to you, as soon as I should hear you were got home. You must look on this as the first day I've been myself, and pass over the mad interval un-imputed to me. How punctual a correspondent I shall henceforward be able, or not able to be, God knows: but he knows, I shall ever be a punctual and grateful friend, and all the good wishes of such an one will ever attend you.

L E T T E R X I V .

Twick'nam, June 2, 1725.

YOU shew yourself a just man and a friend in those guesses and suppositions you make at the possible reasons of my silence; every one of which is a true one. As to forgetfulness of you, or yours, I assure you, the promiscuous conversations of the town serve only to put me in mind of better, and more quiet, to be had in a corner of the world (undisturb'd, innocent, serene, and sensible) with such as you. Let no access of any distrust make you think of me differently in a cloudy day from what you do in the most sun-shiny weather. Let the young ladies be assured I make nothing new in my gardens, without wishing to see the print of their fairy steps in every part of them. I have put the last hand to my works of this kind, in happily finishing the subterraneous way and grotto: I there found a spring of the clearest water, which falls in a perpetual rill, that echoes thro' the cavern day and night. From the river Thames, you see thro' my arch up a walk of the wilderness, to a kind of open temple, wholly compos'd of shells in the rustic manner; and from that distance under the temple you look down thro' a sloping arcade of trees, and see the sails on the river passing suddenly and vanishing, as thro' a perspective glass. When you shut the doors of this grotto, it becomes on the instant, from a luminous room, a *Camera*

obscura; on the walls of which, all objects of the river, hills, woods, and boats, are forming a moving picture in their visible radiations: and when you have a mind to light it up, it affords you a very different scene; it is finished with shells interspersed with pieces of looking-glass in angular forms; and in the cieling is a star of the same material, at which, when a lamp (of an orbicular figure of thin alabaster) is hung in the middle, a thousand pointed rays glitter, and are reflected over the place. There are connected to this grotto, by a narrower passage, two porches, one towards the river of smooth stones full of light, and open; the other toward the garden shadow'd with trees, rough with shells, flints, and iron ore. The bottom is pav'd with simple pebble, as is also the adjoining walk up the wilderness to the temple, in the natural taste, agreeing not ill with the little dripping murmur, and the aquatic idea of the whole place. It wants nothing to complete it but a good statue with an inscription, like that beautiful antique one which you know I am so fond of,

Hujus Nympha loci, sacri custodia fontis,
Dormio, dum blandæ sentio murmur aquæ.
Parce meum, quisquis tangis cava marmora, somnum
Rumpere; si bibas, sive lavere, tace.

Nymph of the grot, these sacred springs I keep,
And to the murmur of these waters sleep;
Ah spare my slumbers, gently tread the cave!
And drink in silence, or in silence lave!

You'll think I have been very poetical in this description, but it is pretty near the truth. I wish you were here to bear testimony how little it owes to Art, either the place itself, or the image I give of it.

I am, &c.

LETTER XV.

Sept. 13, 1725.

I Should be ashamed to own the receipt of a very kind letter from you, two whole months from the date of

Q 2

this;

this; if I were not more ashamed to tell a lye, or to make an excuse, which is worse than a lye (for being built upon some probable circumstance, it makes use of a degree of truth to falsify with, and is a lye guarded.) Your letter has been in my pocket in constant wearing, till that, and the pocket, and the suit, are worn out; by which means I have read it forty times, and I find by so doing, that I have not enough considered and reflected upon many others you have obliged me with; for true friendship, as they say of good writing, will bear reviewing a thousand times, and still discover new beauties.

I have had a fever, a short one, but a violent: I am now well; so it shall take up no more of this paper.

I begin now to expect you in town to make the winter to come more tolerable to us both. The summer is a kind of heaven, when we wander in a paradisaical scene among groves and gardens; but at this season, we are, like our poor first parents, turn'd out of that agreeable, though solitary life, and forced to look about for more people to help to bear our labours, to get into warmer houses, and live together in cities.

I hope you are long since perfectly restor'd, and risen from your gout, happy in the delights of a contented family, smiling at storms, laughing at greatness, merry over a Christmas fire, and exercising all the functions of an old Patriarch in charity and hospitality. I will not tell Mrs. B* what I think she is doing; for I conclude it is her opinion, that he only ought to know it for whom it is done; and she will allow herself to be far enough advanced above a fine lady, not to desire to shine before men.

Your daughters perhaps may have some other thoughts, which even their mother must excuse them for, because she is a mother. I will not however suppose those thoughts get the better of their devotions, but rather excite them and assist the warmth of them; while their prayer may be, that they may raise up and breed as irreproachable a
young

young family as their parents have done. In a word, I fancy you all well, easy, and happy, just as I wish you; and next to that, I wish you all with me.

Next to God, is a good man: next in dignity, and next in value. *Minuisti eum paullo minus ab angelis.* If therefore I wish well to the good and the deserving, and desire they only should be my companions and correspondents, I must very soon and very much think of you. I want your company, and your example. Pray make haste to town, so as not again to leave us: discharge the load of earth that lies on you, like one of the mountains under which the poets say, the giants (the men of the earth) are whelmed: leave earth, to the sons of the earth, your conversation is in heaven; which, that it may be accomplish'd in us all, is the prayer of him who maketh this short sermon; value (to you) three-pence. Adieu.

Mr. Blount died in London the following year, 1726.

LETTER

L E T T E R S

TO AND FROM

The Hon. ROBERT DIGBY.

From the Year 1714 to 1727.

L E T T E R I.

To the Hon. ROBERT DIGBY.

June 2, 1717.

I Had pleas'd myself sooner in writing to you, but that I have been your successor in a fit of sickness, and am not yet so much recovered, but that I have thoughts of using your * physicians. They are as grave persons as any of the faculty, and (like the ancients) carry their own medicaments about with them. But indeed the moderns are such lovers of raillery, that nothing is grave enough to escape them. Let them laugh, but people will still have their opinions: as they think our Doctors asses to them, we'll think them asses to our Doctors.

I am glad you are so much in a better state of health, as to allow me to jest about it. My concern, when I heard of your danger, was so very serious, that I almost take it ill that Dr. Evans should tell you of it, or you mention it. I tell you fairly, if you and a few more such people were to leave the world, I would not give six-pence to stay in it.

• Asses.

I am

I am not so much concerned as to the point whether you are to live fat or lean: most men of wit or honesty are usually decreed to live very lean, so I am inclined to the opinion that 'tis decreed you shall; however, be comforted, and reflect, that you'll make the better Busto for it.

'Tis something particular in you, not to be satisfied with sending me your own books, but to make your acquaintance continue the frolic. Mr. Wharton forced me to take Gorboduc, which has since done me great credit with several people, as it has done Dryden and Oldham some dislike, in shewing there is as much difference between their Gorboduc and this, as between Queen Anne and King George. It is truly a scandal, that men should write with contempt of a piece which they never once saw, as those two poets did, who were ignorant even of the sex, as well as sense, of Gorboduc.

Adieu! I am going to forget you: this minute you took up all my mind; the next I shall think of nothing but the reconciliation with Agamemnon, and the recovery of Briseis. I shall be Achilles's humble servant these two months (with the good leave of all my friends.) I have no ambition so strong at present, as that noble one of Sir Salathiel Lovel, recorder of London, to furnish out a decent and plentiful execution, of Greeks and Trojans. It is not to be express'd how heartily I wish the death of all Homer's heroes, one after another. The Lord preserve me in the day of battle, which is just approaching! join in your prayers for me, and know me to be always

Your, &c.

LETTER II.

London, March 31, 1718.

TO convince you how little pain I give myself in corresponding with men of good-nature and good understanding, you see I omit to answer your letters till a
time,

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TO convince you how little pain I give myself in corresponding with men of good-nature and good understanding, you see I omit to answer your letters till a time,

time, when another man would be ashamed to own he had received them. If therefore you are ever moved on my account by that spirit, which I take to be as familiar to you as a quotidian ague, I mean the spirit of goodness, pray never stint it, in any fear of obliging me to a civility beyond my natural inclination. I dare trust you, Sir, not only with my folly when I write, but with my negligence when I do not; and expect equally your pardon for either.

If I knew how to entertain you thro' the rest of this paper, it should be spotted and diversified with conceits all over; you should be put out of breath with laughter at each sentence, and pause at each period, to look back over how much wit you have passed. But I have found by experience, that people now-a-days regard writing as little as they do preaching: the most we can hope is to be heard just with decency and patience, once a week, by folks in the country. Here in town we hum over a piece of fine writing, and we whistle at a sermon. The stage is the only place we seem alive at; there indeed we stare, and roar, and clap hands for K. George and the government. As for all other virtues but this loyalty, they are an obsolete train, so ill dress'd, that men, women, and children, hiss them out of all good company.

Humility knocks so sneakingly at the door, that every footman outraps it, and makes it give way to the free entrance of pride, prodigality, and vain-glory.

My Lady Scudamore, from having rusticated in your company too long, really behaves herself scandalously among us: she pretends to open her eyes for the sake of seeing the sun, and to sleep because it is night; drinks tea at nine in the morning, and is thought to have said her prayers before; talks, without any manner of shame, of good books, and has not seen Cibber's play of the Non-juror. I rejoiced the other day to see a libel on her toilette, which gives me some hope that you have, at least, a taste of scandal left you, in defect of all other vices.

Upon the whole matter, I heartily wish you well; but as I cannot entirely desire the ruin of all the joys of this city,

city, so all that remains is to wish you would keep your happiness to yourselves, that the happiest here may not die with envy at a bliss which they cannot attain to.

I am, &c.

LETTER III.

From Mr. DIGBY.

Colehill, April 17, 1718.

I Have read your letter over and over with delight. By your description of the town, I imagine it to lie under some great enchantment, and am very much concerned for you and all my friends in it. I am the more afraid, imagining, since you do not fly those horrible monsters, rapine, dissimulation, and luxury, that a magic circle is drawn about you, and you cannot escape. We are here in the country in quite another world, surrounded with blessings and pleasures, without any occasion of exercising our irascible faculties; indeed we cannot boast of good-breeding and the art of life, but yet we don't live unpleasantly in primitive simplicity and good humour. The fashions of the town affect us but just like a raree-show; we have a curiosity to peep at them, and nothing more. What you call pride, prodigality, and vain-glory, we cannot find in pomp and splendor at this distance; it appears to us a fine glittering scene, which, if we don't envy you, we think you happier than we are, in your-enjoying it. Whatever you may think to persuade us of the humility of Virtue, and her appearing in rags amongst you, we can never believe: our uninform'd minds represent her so noble to us, that we necessarily annex splendor to her: and we could as soon imagine the order of things inverted, and that there is no man in the moon, as believe the contrary. I can't forbear telling you we indeed read the spoils of Rapine as boys do the English Rogue, and hug ourselves full as much over it; yet our roses are not without thorns. Pray give me the pleasure of hearing (when you are at leisure) how soon I may expect to see the next volume of Homer. I am, &c.

LETTER IV.

May 1, 1720.

YOU'LL think me very full of myself, when, after long silence (which however, to say truth, has rather been employed to contemplate of you, than to forget you) I begin to talk of my own works. I find it is in the finishing a book, as in concluding a session of parliament, one always thinks it will be very soon, and finds it very late. There are many unlook'd-for incidents to retard the clearing any public account, and so I see it is in mine. I have plagued myself, like great ministers, with undertaking too much for one man; and with a desire of doing more than was expected from me, have done less than I ought.

For having design'd four very laborious and uncommon sorts of Indexes to Homer, I'm forced, for want of time, to publish two only; the design of which you will own to be pretty, tho' far from being fully executed. I've also been obliged to leave unfinished in my desk the heads of two Essays; one on the Theology and Morality of Homer, and another on the Oratory of Homer and Virgil. So they must wait for future editions, or perish: and (one way or other, no great matter which) *dabit Deus his quoque finem*. I think of you every day, I assure you, even without such good memorials of you as your sisters, with whom I sometimes talk of you, and find it one of the most agreeable of all subjects to them. My Lord Digby must be perpetually remember'd by all who ever knew him, or knew his children. There needs no more than an acquaintance with your family, to make all elder sons wish they had fathers to their lives end.

I can't touch upon the subject of filial love, without putting you in mind of an old woman, who has a sincere, hearty, old-fashion'd respect for you, and constantly blames her son for not having writ to you oftener to tell you so.

A very much wish (but what signifies my wishing? my
2 lady

lady Scudamore wishes, your sisters wish) that you were with us, to compare the beautiful contrast this season affords us, of the town and the country. No ideas you could form in the winter can make you imagine what Twickenham is (and what your friend Mr. Johnson of Twickenham is) in this warmer season. Our river glitters beneath an unclouded sun, at the same time that its banks retain the verdure of showers: our gardens are offering their first nosegays; our trees, like new acquaintance brought happily together, are stretching their arms to meet each other, and growing nearer and nearer every hour; the birds are paying their thanksgiving songs for the new habitations I have made them; my building rises high enough to attract the eye and curiosity of the passenger from the river, where, upon beholding a mixture of beauty and ruin, he enquires what house is falling, or what church is rising? So little taste have our common Tritons of Vitruvius; whatever delight the poetical gods of the river may take, in reflecting on their streams, by Tuscan Porticos, or Ionic Pilasters.

But (to descend from all this pomp of style) the best account of what I am building, is, that it will afford me a few pleasant rooms for such a friend as yourself, or a cool situation for an hour or two for Lady Scudamore, when she will do me the honour (at this public house on the road) to drink her own cyder.

The moment I am writing this, I am surprized with the account of the death of a friend of mine, which makes all I have here been talking of, a mere jest! Building, gardens, writings, pleasures, works, of whatever stuff man can raise! none of them (God knows) capable of advantaging a creature that is mortal, or of satisfying a soul that is immortal! Dear Sir,

I am, &c.

LETTER V.

From Mr. DIGBY.

May 21, 1720.

YOUR letter, which I had two posts ago, was very medicinal to me; and I heartily thank you for the relief it gave me. I was sick of the thoughts of my not having, in all this time, given you any testimony of the affection I owe you, and which I as constantly indeed feel as I think of you. This indeed was a troublesome ill to me, till, after reading your letter, I found it was a most idle weak imagination to think I could so offend you. Of all the impressions you have made upon me, I never receiv'd any with greater joy than this of your abundant good-nature, which bids me be assured of some share of your affections.

I had many other pleasures from your letter; that your mother remembers me, is a very sincere joy to me; I cannot but reflect how alike you are; from the time you do any one a favour, you think yourselves obliged as those that have received one. This is indeed an old-fashioned respect, hardly to be found out of your house. I have great hopes, however, to see many old-fashioned virtues revive, since you have made our age in love with Homer; I heartily wish you, who are as good a citizen as a poet, the joy of seeing a reformation from your works. I am in doubt whether I should congratulate your having finished Homer, while the two essays you mention are not completed; but if you expect no great trouble from finishing these, I heartily rejoice with you.

I have some faint notion of the beauties of Twickenham from what I here see round me. The verdure of showers is poured upon every tree and field about us; the gardens unfold variety of colours to the eye every morning, the hedges breath is beyond all perfume, and the song of birds we hear as well as you. But tho' I hear and
see

see all this, yet I think they would delight me more if you was here. I found the want of these at Twickenham, while I was there with you, by which I guess what an increase of charms it must now have. How kind is it in you to wish me there, and how unfortunate are my circumstances that allow me not to visit you? If I see you, I must leave my father alone, and this uneasy thought would disappoint all my proposed pleasures; the same circumstance will prevent my prospect of many happy hours with you in Lord Bathurst's wood, and, I fear, of seeing you till winter, unless Lady Scudamore comes to Sherburne, in which case I shall press you to see Dorsetshire, as you proposed. May you have a long enjoyment of your new favourite Portico. Your, &c.

 LETTER VI.

From MR. DIGBY.

Sherburne, July 9, 1720.

THE London language and conversation is, I find, quite changed since I left it, tho' it is not above three or four months ago. No violent change in the natural world ever astonished a Philosopher so much as this does me. I hope this will calm all Party rage, and introduce more humanity than has of late obtained in conversation. All scandal will sure be laid aside, for there can be no such disease any more as Spleen in this new golden age. I am pleased with the thoughts of seeing nothing but a general good humour when I come up to town; I rejoice in the universal riches I hear of, in the thought of their having this effect. They tell me you was soon content; and that you cared not for such an increase as others wished you. By this account I judge you the richest man in the South-sea, and congratulate you accordingly. I can wish you only an increase of health, for of riches and fame you have enough.

Your, &c.

LET-

LETTER VII.

July 20, 1720.

YOUR kind desire to know the state of my health had not been unsatisfied so long, had not that ill state been the impediment. Nor should I have seem'd an unconcern'd party in the joys of your family, which I heard of from lady Scudamore, whose short Eschantillon of a letter (of a quarter of a page) I value as the short glympse of a vision afforded to some devout hermit; for it includes (as those revelations do) a promise of a better life in the Elysian groves of Cirencester, whither, I could say almost in the style of a sermon, the Lord bring us all, &c. Thither may we tend, by various ways, to one blisful bower: thither may health, peace, and good humour wait upon us as associates: thither may whole cargoes of nectar (liquor of life and longevity!) by mortals call'd spaw-water, be convey'd; and there (as Milton has it) may we, like the deities,

On flow'rs repos'd, and with fresh garlands crown'd,
Quaff immortality and joy.

When I speak of garlands, I should not forget the green vestments and scarfs which your sisters promis'd to make for this purpose: I expect you too in green, with a hunting horn by your side, and a green hat, the model of which you may take from Osborne's description of King James the first.

What words, what numbers, what oratory, or what poetry, can suffice, to express how infinitely I esteem, value, love, and desire you all, above all the great ones of this part of the world; above all the Jews, jobbers, bubblers, subscribers, projectors, directors, governors, treasurers, &c. &c. &c. *in sæcula sæculorum!*

Turn your eyes and attention from this miserable mercenary period; and turn yourself, in a just contempt of these sons of Mammon, to the contemplation of books, gardens, and marriage; in which I now leave you, and return (wretch that I am!) to water-gruel and Palladio.

I am, &c.

LET-

LETTER VIII.

From Mr. DIGBY.

Sherburne, July 30.

I Congratulate you, dear Sir, on the return of the Golden age; for sure this must be such, in which money is shower'd down in such abundance upon us. I hope this overflowing will produce great and good fruits, and bring back the figurative moral golden-age to us. I have some omens to induce me to believe it may; for when the Muses delight to be near a Court, when I find you frequently with a First minister, I can't but expect, from such an intimacy, an encouragement and revival of the polite arts. I know, you desire to bring them into honour, above the golden Image which is set up and worshipped; and, if you cannot effect it, adieu to all such hopes. You seem to intimate in yours, another face of things from this inundation of wealth, as if beauty, wit, and valour, would no more engage our passions in the pleasurable pursuit of them, tho' assisted by this increase: if so, and if monsters only as various as those of Nile arise from this abundance, who that has any spleen about him will not haste to town to laugh? What will become of the play-house? who will go thither, while there is such entertainment in the streets? I hope we shall neither want good Satire nor Comedy; if we do, the age may well be thought barren of geniuses, for none has ever produced better subjects. Your, &c.

LETTER IX.

From Mr. DIGBY.

Coleshill, Nov. 12, 1720.

I Find in my heart that I have a taint of the corrupt age we live in. I want the public Spirit so much admired in old Rome, of sacrificing every thing that is dear
to

to us to the commonwealth. I even feel a more intimate concern for my friends who have suffered in the S. Sea, than for the public, which is said to be undone by it. But I hope the reason is, that I do not see so evidently the ruin of the public to be a consequence of it, as I do the loss of my friends. I fear there are few besides yourself that will be persuaded by old Hesiod, that *half is more than the whole*. I know not whether I do not rejoice in your Sufferings; since they have shewn me your mind is principled with such a sentiment, I assure you I expect from it a performance greater still than Homer. I have an extreme joy from your communicating to me this affection of your mind;

Quid voveat dulci Nutricula majus alumno?

Believe me, dear Sir, no equipage could shew you to my eye in so much splendor. I would not indulge this fit of philosophy so far as to be tedious to you, else I could prosecute it with pleasure.

I long to see you, your Mother, and your Villa; till then I will say nothing of Lord Bathurst's wood, which I saw in my return hither. Soon after Christmas I design for London, where I shall miss Lady Scudamore very much, who intends to stay in the country all winter. I am angry with her, as I am like to suffer by this resolution, and would fain blame her, but cannot find a cause. The man is cursed that has a longer letter than this to write with as bad a pen; yet I can use it with pleasure, to send my services to your good mother, and to write myself
Your, &c.

LETTER X.

Sept. 1, 1722.

DOCTOR Arbuthnot is going to Bath, and will stay there a fortnight or more: perhaps you would be comforted to have a sight of him, whether you need him or not. I think him as good a Doctor as any man for one that is ill, and a better Doctor for one that is well. He would do admirably

mirably for Mrs. Mary Digby: she needed only to follow his hints, to be in eternal business and amusement of mind, and even as active as she could desire. But indeed I fear she would out-walk him; for (as Dean Swift observ'd to me the very first time I saw the Doctor) "He is "a man that can do every thing but walk." His brother, who is lately come into England, goes also to the Bath; and is a more extraordinary man than he, worth your going thither on purpose to know him. The spirit of philanthropy, so long dead to our world, is reviv'd in him: he is a philosopher all of fire; so warmly, nay, so wildly in the right, that he forces all others about him to be so too, and draws them into his own Vortex. He is a star that looks as if it were all fire, but is all benignity, all gentle and beneficial influence. If there be other men in the world that would serve a friend, yet he is the only one, I believe, that could make even an enemy serve a friend.

As all human life is chequer'd and mixed with acquisitions and losses (tho' the latter are more certain and irremediable, than the former lasting or satisfactory) so at the time I have gain'd the acquaintance of one worthy man, I have lost another, a very easy, humane, and gentlemanly neighbour, Mr. Stonor. 'Tis certain, the loss of one of this character puts us naturally upon setting a greater value on the few that are left, tho' the degree of our esteem may be different. Nothing, says Seneca, is so melancholy a circumstance in human life, or so soon reconciles us to the thought of our own death, as the reflection and prospect of one friend after another dropping round us! Who would stand alone, the sole remaining ruin, the last tottering column of all the fabric of friendship; once so large, seemingly so strong, and yet so suddenly funk and buried? I am, &c.

LETTER XI.

I Have belief enough in the goodness of your whole family, to think you will all be pleas'd that I am arriv'd in safety at Twickenham; tho' it is a sort of earnest that

you will be troubled again with me, at Sherburne, or Colehill; for however I may like one of your places, it may be in that as in liking one of your family; when one sees the rest, one likes them all. Pray make my services acceptable to them: I wish them all the happiness they may want, and the continuance of all the happiness they have; and I take the latter to comprize a great deal more than the former. I must separate Lady Scudamore from you, as, I fear, she will do herself before this letter reaches you: so I wish her a good journey, and I hope one day to try if she lives as well as you do: tho' I much question if she can live as quietly: I suspect the bells will be ringing at her arrival, and on her own and Miss Scudamore's birth-days, and that all the clergy in the country come to pay respects; both the clergy and their bells expecting from her and from the young lady, further business and further employment. Besides all this, there dwells on the one side of her the Lord Coningsby, and on the other Mr. W*. Yet I shall, when the days and the year is come about, adventure upon all this for her sake.

I beg my Lord Digby to think me a better man than to content myself with thanking him in the common way. I am, in as sincere a sense of the word, his servant, as you are his son, or he your father.

I must in my turn insist upon hearing how my last fellow-travellers got home from Clarendon, and desire Mr. Philips to remember me in his Cyder, and to tell Mr. W*. that I am dead and buried.

I wish the young ladies, whom I almost robb'd of their good name, a better name in return, (even that very name to each of them, which they shall like best, for the sake of the man that bears it.) Your, &c.

LETTER XII.

1722.

YOUR making a sort of apology for your not writing, is a very genteel reproof to me. I know I was to blame, but I know I did not intend to be so, and (what

is the happiest knowledge in the world) I know you will forgive me: for sure nothing is more satisfactory than to be certain of such a friend as will overlook one's failings, since every such instance is a conviction of his kindness.

If I am all my life to dwell in intentions, and never to rise to actions, I have but too much need of that gentle disposition which I experience in you. But I hope better things of myself, and fully purpose to make you a visit this summer at Sherburne. I'm told you are all upon removal very speedily, and that Mrs. Mary Digby talks, in a letter to Lady Scudamore, of seeing my Lord Bathurst's wood in her way. How much I wish to be her guide thro' that enchanted forest, is not to be express: I look upon myself as the magician appropriated to the place, without whom no mortal can penetrate into the recesses of those sacred shades. I could pass whole days, in only describing to her the future, and as yet visionary beauties, that are to rise in those scenes: the palace that is to be built, the pavillions that are to glitter, the colonades that are to adorn them: nay more the meeting of the Thames and the Severn, which (when the noble owner has finer dreams than ordinary) are to be led into each other's embraces thro' secret caverns of not above twelve or fifteen miles, till they rise and celebrate their marriage in the midst of an immense ampitheatre, which is to be the admiration of posterity, a hundred years hence. But till the destin'd time shall arrive that is to manifest these wonders, Mrs. Digby must content herself with seeing what is at present no more than the finest wood in England.

The objects that attract this part of the world, are of a quite different nature. Women of quality are all turn'd followers of the camp in Hyde-park this year, whither all the town resort to magnificent entertainments given by the officers, &c. The Scythian Ladies that dwell in the waggons of war, were not more closely attached to the luggage. The matrons, like those of Sparta, attend their sons to the field, to be witnesses of their glorious deeds; and the maidens with all their charms display'd,

provoke the spirit of the soldiers: Tea and Coffee supply the place of Lacedemonian black broth. This camp seems crown'd with perpetual victory, for every gun that rises in the thunder of cannon, sets in the music of violins. Nothing is yet wanting but the constant presence of the Princess to represent the *Mater exercitus*.

At Twickenham the world goes otherwise. There are certain old people who take up all my time, and will hardly allow me to keep any other company. They were introduced here by a man of their own sort, who has made me perfectly rude to all contemporaries, and won't so much as suffer me to look upon them. The person I complain of is the Bishop of Rochester. Yet he allows me (from something he has heard of your character, and that of your family, as if you were of the old sect of moralists) to write three or four sides of paper to you, and to tell you (what these sort of people never tell but with truth and religious sincerity) that I am, and ever will be,

Your, &c.

LETTER XIII.

THE same reason that hinder'd your writing, hinder'd mine, the pleasing expectation to see you in town. Indeed since the willing confinement I have lain under here with my mother (whom it is natural and reasonable I should rejoice with, as well as grieve) I could the better bear your absence from London, for I could hardly have seen you there; and it would not have been quite reasonable to have drawn you to a sick room hither from the first embraces of your friends. My mother is now (I thank God) wonderfully recovered, tho' not so much as yet to venture out of her chamber, but enough to enjoy a few particular friends, when they have the good nature to look upon her. I may recommend to you the room we sit in, upon one (and that a favourite) account, that it is the very warmest in the house; we and our fires will equally smile upon your face. There is a Persian proverb

verb that says (I think very prettily) "The conversation of a friend brightens the eyes." This I take to be a splendour still more agreeable than the fires you so delightfully describe.

That you may long enjoy your own fire-side in the metaphorical sense, that is, all those of your family who make it pleasing to sit and spend whole wintry months together, (a far more rational delight, and better felt by an honest heart, than all the glaring entertainments, numerous lights, and false splendours, of an assembly of empty heads, aching hearts, and false faces.) This is my sincere wish to you and yours.

You say you propose much pleasure in seeing some few faces about town of my acquaintance. I guess you mean Mrs. Howard's and Mrs. Blount's. And I assure you, you ought to take as much pleasure in their hearts, if they are what they sometimes express with regard to you.

Believe me, dear Sir, to you all, a very faithful servant.

LETTER XIV.

From MR. DIGBY.

Sherburne, Aug. 14, 1723.

I Can't return from so agreeable an entertainment as yours in the country, without acknowledging it. I thank you heartily for the new agreeable idea of life you there gave me; it will remain long with me, for it is very strongly impressed upon my imagination. I repeat the memory of it often, and shall value that faculty of the mind now more than ever, for the power it gives me of being entertained in your villa, when absent from it. As you are possessed of all the pleasures of the country, and, as I think, of a right mind, what can I wish you but health to enjoy them? This I so heartily do, that I should be even glad to hear your good mother might loose all her present pleasures in her unwearied care of you, by your better health convincing them it is unnecessary.

I am

I am troubled, and shall be so, till I hear you have receiv'd this litter : for you gave me the greatest pleasure imaginable in yours, and I am impatient to acknowledge it. If I any ways deserve that friendly warmth and affection, with which you write, it is, that I have a heart full of love and esteem for you : so truly, that I should loose the greatest pleasure of my life if I lost your good opinion. It rejoices me very much to be reckoned by you in the class of honest men ; for tho' I am not troubled over much about the opinion most may have of me, yet, I own, it would grieve me not to be thought well of, by you and some few others. I will not doubt my own strength, yet I have this further security to maintain my integrity, that I cannot part with that, without forfeiting your esteem with it.

Perpetual disorder and ill health have for some years so disguised me, that I sometimes fear I do not to my best friends enough appear what I really am. Sickness is a great oppressor : it does great injury to a zealous heart, stifling its warmth, and not suffering it to break out in action. But, I hope, I shall not make this complaint much longer. I have other hopes that please me too, tho' not so well grounded ; these are, that you may yet make a journey westward with Lord Bathurst ; but of the probability of this I do not venture to reason, because I would not part with the pleasure of that belief. It grieves me to think how far I am removed from you, and from that excellent Lord, whom I love ! Indeed I remember him, as one that has made sickness easy to me, by bearing with my infirmities in the same manner that you have always done. I often too consider him in other lights that make him valuable to me. With him, I know not by what connection, you never fail to come into my mind, as if you were inseparable. I have, as you guess, many philosophical reveries in the shades of Sir Walter Raleigh, of which you are a great part. You generally enter there with me, and like a good genius, applaud and strengthen all my sentiments that have honour in them.

This

This good office which you have often done me unknowingly, I must acknowledge now, that my own breast may not reproach me with ingratitude, and disquiet me when I would muse again in that solemn scene. I have not room now left to ask you many questions I intended about the *Odyfsey*. I beg I may know how far you have carried *Ulyfles* on his journey, and how you have been entertained with him on the way? I desire I may hear of your health, of Mrs. Pope's, and of every thing else that belongs to you.

How thrive your garden plants? how look the trees? how spring the Brocoli and the Fenochio? hard names to spell! how did the poppies bloom? and how is the great room approv'd? what parties have you had of pleasure? what in the grotto? what upon the Thames? I would know how all your hours pass, all you say, and all you do; of which I should question you yet farther, but my paper is full and spares you. My brother Ned is wholly yours, and so my father desires to be, and every soul here whose name is Digby. My sister will be yours in particular. What can I add more? I am, &c.

LETTER XV.

October 10.

I Was upon the point of taking a much greater journey than to Bermudas, even to that *undiscover'd country, from whose bourn no traveller returns!*

A fever carried me on the high gallop towards it for six or seven days—But here you have me now, and that is all I shall say of it: since which time an impertinent lameness kept me at home twice as long; as if fate should say (after the other dangerous illness) “You shall neither go into the other world, nor any where you like in this.” Else who knows but I had been at Hom-lacy?

I conspire in your sentiments, emulate your pleasures, wish for your company. You are all of one heart and one soul, as was said of the primitive Christians: 'tis like the

the kingdom of the just upon earth; not a wicked wretch to interrupt you, but a set of try'd, experienc'd friends and fellow comforters, who have seen evil men and evil days; and have, by a superior rectitude of heart set yourselves above them, and reap your reward. Why will you ever, of your own accord, end such a millenary year in London? transmigrate (if I may so call it) into other creatues, in that scene of folly militant, when you may reign for ever at Hom-lacy in sense and reason triumphant? I appeal to a third lady in your family, whom I take to be the most innocent, and the least warp'd by idle fashion and custom of you all; I appeal to her, if you are not every soul of you better people, better companions, and happier where you are? I desire her opinion under her hand in your next letter, I mean Miss Scudamore's*. I am confident if she would or durst speak her sense, and employ that reasoning which God has given her, to infuse more thoughtfulness into you all; those arguments could not fail to put you to the blush, and keep you out of town, like people sensible of your own felicities. I am not without hopes, if she can detain a parliament-man and a lady of quality from the world one winter, that I may come upon you with such irresistible arguments another year as may carry you all with me to Bermudas†, the seat of all earthly happiness, and the new Jerusalem of the righteous.

Don't talk of the decay of the year, the season is good where the people are so: 'tis the best time of the year for a painter; there is more variety of colours in the leaves, the prospects begin to open, thro' the thinner woods, over the valleys; and thro' the high canopies of trees to the higher arch of heaven: the dews of the morning impearl every thorn, and scatter diamonds on the verdant mantle of the earth; the frosts are fresh and wholesome: what would you have? the Moon shines, too, tho' not for lovers these cold nights, but for astronomers.

* Afterwards, Duchess of Beaufort, at this time very young.

† About this time the Rev. Dean Berkley conceived his project of erecting a settlement in Bermudas for the Propagation of the Christian faith, and introduction of Sciences into America.

Have

Have ye not reflecting Telescopes †, whereby ye may innocently magnify her spots and blemishes? Content yourselves with them, and do not come to a place where your own eyes become reflecting Telescopes, and where those of all others are equally such upon their neighbours. Stay you at least (for what I have said before relates only to the ladies: don't imagine I'll write about any eyes but theirs) stay, I say, from that idle, busy-looking Sanhedrin, where wisdom and no wisdom is the eternal debate, not (as it lately was in Ireland) an accidental one.

If, after all, you will despise good advice, and resolve to come to London, here you will find me, doing just the things I should not, living where I should not, and as worldly, as idle, in a word as much an Anti-Bermudanist as any body. Dear Sir, make the ladies know I am their servant, you know I am

Yours, &c.

L E T T E R XVI.

Aug. 12.

I Have been above a month strolling about in Buckinghamshire and Oxfordshire, from garden to garden, but still returning to Lord Cobham's with fresh satisfaction. I should be sorry to see my Lady Scudamore's, till it has had the full advantage of Lord B*'s improvements; and then I will expect something like the waters of Risks, and the woods of Oakley together, which (without flattery) would be at least as good as any thing in our world: For as to the hanging gardens of Babylon, the Paradise of Cyrus, and the Sharawaggi's of China, I have little or no ideas of them, but, I dare say, Lord B* has because they were certainly both very great, and very wild. I hope Mrs. Mary Digby is quite tired of his Lordship's *Extravagante Bergerie*: and that she is just now sitting, or rather reclining on a bank, fatigued with overmuch dancing and singing at his unwearied request and instigation. I know your love of ease so well, that you might be in danger of being too quiet to enjoy quiet, and

† These instruments were just then brought to perfection.

too philosophical to be a philosopher; were it not for the ferment Lord B. will put you into. One of his Lordship's maxims is, that a total abstinence from intemperance or business, is no more philosophy, than a total consopiation of the senses is repose: one must feel enough of its contrary to have a relish of either. But, after all, let your temper work, and be as sedate and contemplative as you will, I'll engage you shall be fit for any of us, when you come to town in the winter. Folly will laugh you into all the customs of the company here; nothing will be able to prevent your conversion to her, but indisposition; which, I hope, will be far from you. I am telling the worst that can come of you; for as to vice, you are safe; but folly is many an honest man's, nay, every good humour'd man's lot: nay, it is the seasoning of life; and fools (in one sense) are the salt of the earth: a little is excellent, tho' indeed a whole mouthful is justly call'd the Devil.

So much for your diversions next winter, and for mine. I envy you much more at present, than I shall then; for if there be on earth an image of paradise, it is in such perfect Union and Society as you all possess. I would have my innocent envies and wishes of your state known to you all; which is far better than making you compliments, for it is inward approbation and esteem. My Lord Digby has in me a sincere servant, or would have, were there any occasion in me to manifest it.

LETTER XVII.

Decemb. 28, 1724.

IT is now the season to wish you a good end of one year, and a happy beginning of another: but both these you know how to make yourself, by only continuing such a life as you have been long accusomud to lead. As for good works, they are things I dare not name, either to those that do them, or to those that do them not: the first are too modest, and the latter too selfish, to bear the mention of what are become of either too old fashion'd, or too private, to constitute any part of the vanity or reputation of the present age. However, it were to be wish'd people would now and then look upon good works as they do upon old wardrobes, merely in case any of them should by chance come into fashion again: as ancient fardingales revive in modern hoop'd petticoats, (which may be properly compared to charities, as they cover a multitude of sins.)

They tell me that at Colehill certain antiquated charities,

ties, and obsolete devotions are yet subsisting : that a thing called Christian chearfulness (not incompatible with Christmas pyes and plum-broth) whereof frequent is the mention in old sermons and almanacks, is really kept alive and in practice ; that feeding the hungry. and giving alms to the poor, do yet make a part of good house-keeping, in a latitude not more remote from London than fourscore miles : and lastly, that prayers and roast beef annually make some people as happy as a whore and a bottle. But here in town, I assure you, men, women, and children have done with these things. Charity not only begins, but ends at home. Instead of the four cardinal virtues, now reign four courtly ones : we have cunning for prudence, rapine for justice, time serving for fortitude, and luxury for temperance. Whatever you may fancy where you live in a state of ignorance, and see nothing but quiet, religion, and good-humour, the case is just as I tell you where people understand the world, and know how to live with credit and glory.

I wish that heaven would open the eyes of men, and make them sensible which of these is right ; whether, upon a due conviction, we are to quit faction, and gaming, and high feeding, and all manner of luxury, and to take to your country way ? or you to leave prayers, and almsgiving, and reading, and exercise, and come into our measures ? I wish, (I say) that this matter were as clear to all men as it is to

Your affectionate, &c.

LETTER XVIII.

DEAR SIR,

April 21, 1726.

I Have a great inclination to write to you, tho' I cannot by writing any more than I could by words, express what part I bear in your sufferings. Nature and esteem in you are join'd to aggravate your affliction : the latter I have in a degree equal even to yours, and a tie of friendship approaches near to the tenderness of nature : yet, God knows, no man living is less fit to comfort you, as no man is more deeply sensible than myself of the greatness of the loss. That very virtue which secures his present state from all the sorrows incident to ours, does but aggrandise our sensation of its being remov'd from our sight, from our affection, and from our imitation ; for the friendship and society of good men does not only make us happier, but it makes us better. Their death does but complete

T 2

their

their felicity before our own, who probably are not yet arrived to that degree of perfection which merits an immediate reward. That your dear brother, and my dear friend was so, I take his very removal to be a proof; Providence would certainly lend virtuous men to a world that so much wants them, as long as in its justice to them it could spare them to us. May my soul be with those who have meant well, and have acted well to that meaning! and, I doubt not, if this prayer be granted, I shall be with him. Let us preserve his memory in the way he would best like, by recollecting what his behaviour would have been, in every incident of our lives to come, and doing in each just as we think he would have done; so we shall have him always before our eyes, and in our minds, and (what is more) in our lives and manners, I hope when we shall meet him next, we shall be more of a piece with him, and consequently not to be evermore separated from him. I will add but one word that relates to what remains of yourself and me, since so valued a part of us is gone; it is to beg you to accept, as yours by inheritance, of the vacancy he has left in a heart, which (while he could fill it with such hopes, wishes and affections for him as suited a mortal creature) was truly and warmly his; and shall (I assure you in the sincerity of sorrow for my own loss) be faithfully at your service while I continue to love his memory, that is, while I continue to be myself.

Mr. Digby died in the year 1726, and is buried in the church of Sherburne in Dorsetshire, with an Epitaph written by the Author.

LETTERS

L E T T E R S

TO AND FROM

Dr. A T T E R B U R Y,

Bishop of ROCHESTER,

From the Year 1716 to 1723.

L E T T E R I.

The Bishop of ROCHESTER to Mr. POPE.

Decemb. 1716.

I Return your * Preface, which I have read twice with pleasure. The modesty and good sense there is in it, must please every one that reads it: and since there is nothing that can offend, I see not why you should balance a moment about printing it—always provided, that there is nothing said there which you may have occasion to unsay hereafter; of which you yourself are the best and the only judge. This is my sincere opinion, which I give, because you ask it: and which I would not give, tho' asked, but to a man I value as much as I do you; being sensible how improper it is, on many accounts, for me to interpose in things of this nature; which I never understood well, and now understand somewhat less than ever I did. But I can deny you nothing; especially since you have had the goodness often, and patiently, to hear what I have said against rhyme, and in behalf of blank verse; with little discretion, perhaps, but, I am sure, without the least prejudice; being myself equally incapable of writing well in either of those ways, and leaning therefore to neither side of the question, but as the appearance of reason inclines me. Forgive me this error, if it be one; an error of above thirty years standing, and which therefore I shall be very loth to part with. In other matters which relate to polite writing, I shall seldom differ from

* The general preface to Mr. Pope's Poems, first printed 1717, the year after the date of this letter.

you

you; or, if I do, shall, I hope, have the prudence to conceal my opinion. I am as much as I ought to be, that is, as much as any man can be,
Your, &c.

LETTER II.

The Bishop of ROCHESTER to Mr. POPE.

Feb. 18, 1717.

I Hoped to find you last night at Lord Bathurst's, and I came but a few minutes after you had left him. I brought *Gorboduc** with me; and Dr. Arbuthnot telling me he should see you, I deposited the book in his hands: out of which, I think, my Lord Bathurst got it before we parted, and from him therefore you are to claim it. If *Gorboduc* should still miss his way to you, others are to answer for it; I have delivered up my trust. I am not sorry your † Alcander is burnt; had I known your intentions, I would have interceded for the first page, and put it, with your leave, among my curiosities. In truth, it is the only instance of that kind I ever met with, from a person good for any thing else, nay, for every thing else to which he is pleas'd to turn himself.

Depend upon it, I shall see you with great pleasure at Bromley; and there is no request you can make to me, that I shall not most readily comply with. I wish you health and happiness of all sorts, and would be glad to be instrumental in any degree towards helping you to the least share of either. I am always, every where, most affectionately and faithfully
Your, &c.

LETTER III.

The Bishop of ROCHESTER to Mr. POPE.

Bromley, Nov 8, 1717.

I Have nothing to say to you on that melancholy subject, with an account of which the printed papers have furnished me, but what you have already said to yourself.

When you have paid the debt of tenderness you owe to the memory of a father, I doubt not but you will turn your thoughts towards improving that accident to your own ease and happiness. You have it now in your power to pursue that method of thinking and living which you

* A Tragedy, written in the Reign of Edward the sixth (and much the best performance of that Age) by Sackville, afterwards Earl of Dorset, and Lord Treasurer to Queen Elizabeth. It was then very scarce, but lately reprinted by R. Dodley in Pall-mall.

† An Heroic Poem writ at 15 years old.

like best. Give me leave, if I am not a little too early in my applications of this kind, to congratulate you upon it; and to assure you that there is no man living who wishes you better, or would be more pleas'd to contribute any ways to your satisfaction or service.

I return you your Milton, which, upon collation, I find to be revised, and augmented, in several places, as the title page of my third edition pretends it to be. When I see you next, I will shew you the several passages alter'd, and added by the author, beside what you mentioned to me.

I protest to you, this last perusal of him has given me such new degrees, I will not say of pleasure, but of admiration and astonishment, that I look upon the sublimity of Homer, and the majesty of Virgil, with somewhat less reverence than I used to do. I challenge you, with all your partiality, to shew me, in the first of these, any thing equal to the Allegory of Sin and Death, either as to the greatness and justness of the invention, or the height and beauty of the colouring. What I look'd upon as a rant of Barrow's, I now begin to think a serious truth, and could almost venture to set my hand to it,

Hæc quicunque legit, tantum cecinisse putabit
Mæoniden Ranas, Virgilium Culices.

But more of this when we meet. When I left the town, the D. of Buckingham continued so ill, that he receiv'd no messages; oblige me so far as to let me know how he does; at the same time I shall know how you do, and that will be a double satisfaction to

Your, &c.

LETTER IV.

The Answer.

MY LORD,

Nov. 20, 1717.

I Am truly obliged by your kind condolence on my Father's death, and the desire you express that I should improve this incident to my advantage. I know your Lordship's friendship to me is so extensive, that you include in that wish both my spiritual and my temporal advantage; and it is what I owe to that friendship, to open my mind unreservedly to you on this head. It is true, I have lost a parent for whom no gains I could make would be any equivalent. But that was not my only tie: I thank God another still remains (and long may it remain) of the same tender nature: *Genitrix est mihi*—and excuse me if I say with Euryalus,

nequeam lacrymas perferre parentis.

A rigid

A rigid divine may call it a carnal tye; but sure it is a virtuous one: at least I am more certain that it is a duty of nature to preserve a good parent's life and happiness, than I am of any speculative point whatever.

Ignaram hujus quodcunque pericli
Hanc ego, nunc, linquam?

For she, my Lord, would think this separation more grievous than any other; and I, for my part, know as little as poor Euryalus did, of the success of such an adventure (for an Adventure it is, and no small one, in spite of the most positive divinity.) Whether the change would be to my spiritual advantage, God only knows: this I know, that I mean as well in the religion I now profess, as I can possibly ever do in another. Can a man who thinks so, justify a change, even if he thought both equally good? To such an one, the part of *Joining* with any one body of Christians might perhaps be easy, but I think it would not be so, to *Renounce* the other.

Your Lordship has formerly advis'd me to read the best controversies between the Churches. Shall I tell you a secret? I did so at fourteen years old (for I loved reading, and my father had no other books) there was a collection of all that had been written on both sides in the reign of King James the second: I warm'd my head with them, and the consequence was, that I found myself a Papist and a Protestant by turns, according to the last book I read*. I am afraid most Seekers are in the same case; and when they stop, they are not so properly converted, as outwitted. You see how little glory you would gain by my conversion. And after all, I verily believe your Lordship and I are both of the same religion, if we were thoroughly understood by one another, and that all honest and reasonable christians would be so, if they did but talk enough together every day, and had nothing to do together but to serve God, and live in peace with their neighbour.

As to the *temporal* side of the question, I can have no dispute with you; it is certain, all the beneficial circumstances of life, and all the shining ones, lie on the part you would invite me to. But if I could bring myself to fancy, what I think you do but fancy, that I have any talents for active life, I want health for it; and besides, it is a real truth, I have less Inclination (if possible) than

* This is an excellent description of every Reader labouring in religious controversy, without possessing the principles on which a right judgment of the points in question is to be regulated.

Ability. Contemplative life is not only my scene, but it is my habit too. I begun my life where most people end theirs, with a dis relish of all that the world calls ambition: I don't know why 'tis called so, for to me it always seem'd to be rather *slooping* than *climbing*. I'll tell you my politic and religious sentiments in a few words. In my politics, I think no further than how to preserve the peace of my life, in any government under which I live; nor in my religion, than to preserve the peace of my conscience, in any church with which I communicate. I hope all churches and all governments are so far of God, as they are rightly understood, and rightly administred: and where they are, or may be wrong, I leave it to God alone to mend or reform them; which, whenever he does, it must be by greater instruments than I am. I am not a Papist, for I renounce the temporal invasions of the papal power, and detest their arrogated authority over Princes and States. I am a Catholic in the strictest sense of the word. If I was born under an absolute prince, I would be a quiet subject; but I thank God I was not. I have a due sense of the excellencé of the British constitution. In a word, the things I have always wished to see are not a Roman Catholic, or a French Catholic, or a Spanish Catholic, but a true Catholic: and not a King of Whigs, or a King of Tories, but a King of England; which God of his mercy grant his present Majesty may be, and all future Majesties. You see, my Lord, I end like a preacher: this is *Sermo ad Clerum*, not *ad Populum*. Believe me, with infinite obligation and sincere thanks, ever
Your, &c.

LETTER V.

Sept. 23, 1720.

I Hope you have some time ago receiv'd the Sulphur, and the two volumes of Mr. Gay, as instances (how small ones soever) that I wish you both health and diversion. What I now send for your perusal, I shall say nothing of; not to forestal, by a single word, what you promis'd to say upon that subject. Your Lordship may criticise from Virgil to these Tales; as Solomon wrote of every thing from the cedar to the hyssop. I have some cause, since I last waited on you at Bromley, to look upon you as a prophet in that retreat, from whom oracles are to be had, were mankind wise enough to go thither to consult you: the fate of the South-sea scheme has, much sooner than I expected, verifys'd what you told me. Most people thought the time would come, but no man prepared for it; no man consider'd it would come *like a Thief in the Night*, exactly

as it happens in the case of our death. Methinks God has punished the avaritious, as he often punishes sinners, in their own way, in the very sin itself: the thirst of gain was their crime; that thirst continued, became their punishment and ruin. As for the few who have the good fortune to remain with half of what they imagined they had (among whom is your humble servant) I would have them sensible of their felicity, and convinced of the truth of old Hesiod's maxim, who, after half his estate was swallowed by the *Directors* of those days, resolved, that *half* to be *more than the whole*.

Does not the fate of these people put you in mind of two passages; one in Job, the other from the Psalmist?

Men shall groan out of the CITY, and hiss them out of their PLACE.

They have dreamed out their dream; and awakening, have found nothing in their hands.

Indeed the universal poverty, which is the consequence of universal avarice, and which will fall hardest upon the guiltless and industrious part of mankind, is truly lamentable. The universal deluge of the S. Sea, contrary to the old deluge, has drowned all, except a few *Unrighteous* men: but it is some comfort to me that I am not one of them, even tho' I were to survive and rule the world by it. I am much pleas'd with a thought of Dr. Arbuthnot's; he says the government and South-Sea company have only lock'd up the money of the people, upon conviction of their Lunacy (as is usual in the case of Lunatics) and intend to restore them as much as may be fit for such people, as fast as they shall see them return to their senses.

The latter part of your letter does me so much honour, and shews me so much kindness, that I must both be proud and pleas'd, in a great degree; but I assure you, my Lord, much more the last than the first. For I certainly know, and feel, from my own heart, which truly respects you, that there may be a ground for your partiality, one way; but I find not the least symptoms in my head, of any foundation for the other. In a word, the best reason I know for my being pleas'd, is, that you continue your favour towards me; the best I know for being proud, would be that you might cure me of it; for I have found you to be such a physician, as does not only *répair* but *improve*. I am, with the sincerest esteem, and most grateful acknowledgment, Your, &c.

L E T.

LETTER VI.

From the Bishop of ROCHESTER.

THE Arabian Tales, and Mr. Gay's books, I receiv'd not till Monday night, together with your letter; for which I thank you. I have had a fit of the gout upon me ever since I returned hither from Westminster on Saturday night last: it has found its way into my hands as well as legs, so that I have been utterly incapable of writing. This is the first letter that I have ventured upon; which will be written, I fear, *vacillantibus literis*, as Tully says, Tyro's letters were, after his recovery from an illness. What I said to you in mine about the Monument, was intended only to quicken, not to alarm you. It is not worth your while to know what I meant by it; but when I see you, you shall. I hope you may be at the Deanry towards the end of October, by which time, I think of settling there for the winter. What do you think of some such short inscription as this in Latin, which may, in a few words, say all that is to be said of Dryden, and yet nothing more than he deserves?

JOHANNI DRYDENO,

CVI POESIS ANGLICANA

VIM SVAM AC VENERES DEBET;

ET SI QVA IN POSTERVM AVGEBITVR LAVDE,

EST ADHVC DEBITVRA:

HONORIS ERGO P. etc.

To shew you that I am as much in earnest in the affair as you yourself, something I will send you too of this kind in English. If your design holds of fixing Dryden's name only below, and his Busto above—may not lines like these be grav'd just under the name?

This Sheffield rais'd, to Dryden's ashes just,
Here fix'd his Name, and there his laurel'd Bust.
What else the Muse in Marble might express,
Is known already; Praise would make him less.

Or thus—

More needs not; where acknowledg'd Merits reign,
Praise is impertinent; and Censure vain.

This you'll take as a proof of my zeal at least, tho' it be none of my talent in Poetry. When you have read it over, I'll forgive you if you should not once in your lifetime again think of it.

And now, Sir, for your *Arabian Tales*. Ill as I have been, almost ever since they came to hand, I have read as much of them, as ever I shall read while I live. Indeed they do not please my taste: they are writ with so romantic an air, and, allowing for the difference of Eastern manners, are yet, upon any supposition that can be made, of so wild and absurd a contrivance (at least to my northern understanding) that I have not only no pleasure, but no patience, in perusing them. They are to me like the odd paintings on Indian screens, which at first glance may surprise and please a little; but when you fix your eye intently upon them, they appear so extravagant, disproportioned, and monstrous, that they give a judicious eye pain, and make him seek for relief from some other object.

They may furnish the mind with some new images; but I think the purchase is made at too great an expence: for to read those two volumes through, liking them as little as I do, would be a terrible penance; and to read them with pleasure, would be dangerous on the other side, because of the infection. I will never believe that you have any keen relish of them, till I find you write worse than you do, which, I dare say, I never shall. Who that *Petit de la Croix* is, the pretended author of them, I cannot tell: but observing how full they are in the descriptions of dress, furniture, &c. I cannot help thinking them the product of some Woman's imagination; and believe me, I would do any thing but break with you, rather than be bound to read them over with attention.

I am sorry that I was so true a prophet in respect of the S. Sea; sorry, I mean, as far as your loss is concern'd: for in the general I ever was, and still am of opinion, that had that project taken root and flourish'd, it would by degrees have overturn'd our constitution. Three or four hundred millions was such a weight, that which-soever way it had leaned, must have borne down all before it—But of the dead we must speak gently; and therefore, as Mr. Dryden says somewhere, *Peace be to its Manes!*

Let me add one reflection, to make you easy in your ill luck. Had you got all that you have lost beyond what you ventur'd, consider that your superfluous gains would have sprung from the ruin of several families that now want necessaries; a thought, under which a good and good-natured man that grew rich by such means, could not, I persuade myself, be perfectly easy. Adieu, and believe me ever,

Your, &c.

LET-

LETTER VII.

From the Bishop of ROCHESTER.

March 26, 1721.

YOU are not yourself gladder you are well, than I am; especially since I can please myself with the thought, that when you had lost your health elsewhere, you recovered it here. May these lodgings never treat you worse, nor you at any time have less reason to be fond of them!

I thank you for the sight of your * Verses; and with the freedom of an honest, tho' perhaps injudicious friend, must tell you, that tho' I could like some of them, if they were any body's else but yours; yet as they are yours, and to be own'd as such, I can scarce like any of them. Not but that the four first lines are good, especially the second couplet; and might, if followed by four others as good, give reputation to a writer of a less established fame; but from you I expect something of a more perfect kind, and which the oftener it is read, the more it will be admired. When you barely exceed other writers, you fall much beneath yourself: 'tis your misfortune now to write without a rival, and to be tempted by that means to be more careless, than you would otherwise be in your compositions.

Thus much I could not forbear saying, tho' I have a motion of consequence in the House of Lords to-day, and must prepare for it. I am even with you for your ill paper; for I write upon worse, having no other at hand. I wish you the continuance of your health most heartily; and am ever

Your, &c.

I have sent Dr. Arbuthnot the † Latin MS. which I could not find when you left me; and I am so angry at the writer for his design, and his manner of executing it, that I could hardly forbear sending him a line of Virgil along with it. The chief Reasoner of that philosophic farce is a *Gallo Ligur*, as he is call'd—what that means in English or French, I can't say—but all he says, is in so loose and slippery and trickish a way of reasoning, that I could not forbear applying the passage of Virgil to him,

* Epitaph on Mr. Harcourt.

† Written by Huetius, bishop of Avranches. He was a mean reasoner; as may be seen by a vast collection of fanciful and extravagant conjectures, which he call'd a *demonstration*; mixed up with much reading, which his friend called learning, and delivered (by the allowance of all) in good Latin. This not being received for what he would give it, he composed a treatise *of the weakness of the human understanding*: a poor system of scepticism; indeed little other than an abstract from *Sextus Empiricus*.

Vane Ligur, frustra que animis elate superbis!
Nequicquam patrias tentasti lubricus artes—

To be serious, I hate to see a book gravely written, and in all the forms of argumentation, which proves nothing, and which says nothing; and endeavours only to put us into a way of distrusting our own faculties, and doubting whether the marks of truth and falsehood can in any case be distinguished from each other. Could that blessed point be made out (as it is a contradiction in terms to say it can) we should then be in the most uncomfortable and wretched state in the world; and I would in that case be glad to exchange my Reason, with a dog for his Instinct, to-morrow.

LETTER VIII.

L. Chancellor HARCOURT to Mr. POPE.

Decemb. 6, 1722.

I Cannot but suspect myself of being very unreasonable in begging you once more to review the inclos'd. Your friendship draws this trouble on you. I may freely own to you, that my tenderness makes me exceeding hard to be satisfied with any thing which can be said on such an unhappy subject. I caus'd the Latin Epitaph to be as often alter'd before I could approve of it.

When once your Epitaph is set up, there can be no alteration of it; it will remain a perpetual monument of your friendship, and, I assure myself, you will so settle it, that it shall be worthy of you. I doubt whether the word, *deny'd*, in the third line, will justly admit of that construction, which it ought to bear (viz.) renounced, deserted, &c. *deny'd* is capable, in my opinion, of having an ill sense put upon it, as too great uneasiness, or more good-nature, than a wise man ought to have. I very well remember you told me, you could scarce mend those two lines, and therefore I can scarce expect your forgiveness for my desiring you to reconsider them.

Harcourt stands dumb, and Pope is forc'd to speak.

I can't perfectly, at least without further discouraging you, reconcile myself to the first part of that line; and the word *forc'd* (which was my own, and, I persuade myself, for that reason only submitted to by you) seems to carry too doubtful a construction for an Epitaph, which, as I apprehend, ought as easily to be understood as read. I shall acknowledge it as a very particular favour, if at your best leisure you will peruse the inclosed, and vary it, if you think it capable of being amended, and let me see you any morning next week. I am, &c.

LETTER IX.

The Bishop of ROCHESTER to Mr. POPE.

Sept. 27, 1721.

I Am now confined to my bed-chamber, and to the matted room, wherein I am writing, seldom venturing to be carried down even into the parlour to dinner, unless when company to whom I cannot excuse myself, comes, which I am not ill-pleas'd to find is now very seldom. This is my case in the sunny part of the year: what must I expect, when

inversum contristat Aquarius annum?

"If these things be done in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry?" Excuse me for employing a sentence of Scripture on this occasion; I apply it very seriously. One thing relieves me a little, under the ill prospect I have of spending my time at the Deanry this winter, that I shall have the opportunity of seeing you oftener; tho', I am afraid, you will have little pleasure in seeing me there. So much for my ill state of health, which I had not touch'd on, had not your friendly letter been so full of it. One civil thing that you say in it, made me think you had been reading Mr. Waller; and possess'd of that image at the end of his copy, *à la malade*, had you not bestow'd it on one who has no right to the least part of the character. If you have not read the verses lately, I am sure you remember them because you forget nothing.

With such a grace you entertain,
And look with such contempt on pain, &c.

I mention them not on the account of that couplet, but one that follows; which ends with the very same rhymes and words (*appear* and *clear*) that the couplet but one after that does—and therefore in my Waller there is a various reading of the first of these couplets; for there it runs thus:

So lightnings in a stormy air
Scorch more, than when the sky is fair.

You will say that I am not very much in pain, nor very busy, when I can relish these amusements; and you will say true: for at present I am in both these respects very easy.

I had not strength enough to attend Mr. Prior to his grave, else I would have done it; to have shew'd his friends that I had forgot and forgiven what he wrote on me. He is buried, as he desired, at the feet of Spencer; and I will take care to make good, in every respect, what

I said

I said to him when living; particularly as to the Triplet he wrote for his own Epitaph; which, while we were in good terms, I promis'd him should never appear on his tomb while I was Dean of Westminster.

I am pleas'd to find you have so much pleasure, and (which is the foundation of it) so much health at Lord Bathurst's: may both continue till I see you! may my Lord have as much satisfaction in building the house in the wood, and using it when built, as you have in designing it! I cannot send a wish after him that means him more happiness, and yet, I am sure, I wish him as much as he wishes himself. I am, &c.

LETTER X.

From the same.

Bromley, Oct. 15, 1721.

Notwithstanding I write this on Sunday even, to acknowledge the receipt of yours this morning, yet I foresee it will not reach you till Wednesday morning. And before set of sun that day I hope to reach my winter-quarters at the Deanry. I hope, did I say? I recall that word, for it implies desire; and, God knows, that is far from being the case: for I never part with this place but with regret, tho' I generally keep here what Mr. Cowley calls the worst of company in the world, my own; and see either none beside, or what is worse than none, some of the *Arrii*, or *Sebasi* of my neighbourhood: Characters, which Tully paints so well in one of his Epistles, and complains of the too civil, but impertinent interruption they gave him in his retirement. Since I have named those gentlemen, and the book is not far from me, I will turn to the place, and by pointing it out to you, give you the pleasure of perusing the epistle, which is a very agreeable one, if my memory does not fail me.

I am surpriz'd to find that my Lord Bathurst and you are parted so soon; he has been sick, I know, of some late transactions; but should that sickness continue still in some measure, I prophesy, it will be quite off by the beginning of November: a letter or two from his London friends, and a surfeit of solitude, will soon make him change his resolution and his quarters. I vow to you, I could live here with pleasure all the winter, and be contented with hearing no more news than the London Journal, or some such trifling paper, affords me, did not the duty of my place require, absolutely require my attendance at Westminster, where I hope the Prophet will now and then remember

member he has a bed and a candlestick. In short, I long to see you, and hope you will come if not a day, yet at least an hour sooner to town than you intended, in order to afford me that satisfaction. I am now, I thank God! as well as ever I was in my life, except that I can walk scarce at all without crutches: And I would willingly compound the matter with the gout to be no better, could I hope to be no worse; but that is a vain thought, I expect a new attack long before Christmas. Let me see you therefore while I am in a condition to relish you, before the days (and the nights) come, when I shall (and must) say have no pleasure in them.

I will bring your small volume of pastorals along with me, that you may not be discouraged from lending me books, when you find me so punctual in returning them. Shakespeare shall bear it company, and be put into your hands as clear and as fair as it came out of them, tho' you, I think, have been dabbling here and there with the text: I have had more reverence for the writer and the printer, and left every thing standing just as I found it. However, I thank you for the pleasure you have given me in putting me upon reading him once more before I die.

I believe I shall scarce repeat that pleasure any more, having other work to do, and other things to think of, but none that will interfere with the offices of friendship, in the exchange of which with you, Sir, I hope to live and die

Your, &c.

P. S. Addison's works came to my hands yesterday: I cannot but think it a very odd set of incidents, that the book should be dedicated by a * dead man to † a dead man; and even that the new ‡ patron to whom Tickell chose to inscribe his verses, should be dead also before they were published. Had I been in the Editor's place I should have been a little apprehensive for myself, under a thought that every one who had any hand in that work was to die before the publication of it. You see, when I am conversing with you, I know not how to give over, till the very bottom of the paper admonishes me once more to bid you adieu!

LETTER XI.

MY LORD,

Feb. 8, 1721-2.

IT is so long since I have had the pleasure of an hour with your Lordship, that I should begin to think myself no longer *Amicus omnium horarum*, but for finding myself so in my

* Mr. Addison.

† Mr. Craggs.

‡ Lord Warwick.

constant thoughts of you. In those I was with you many hours this very day, and had you (where I wish and hope one day to see you really) in my garden at Twitnam. When I went last to town, and was on wing to the Deanry, I heard your Lordship was gone the day before to Bromley; and there you continued till after my return hither. I sincerely wish you whatever you wish yourself, and all you wish your friends or family. All I mean by this word or two, is just to tell you so, till in person I find you as I desire, that is, find you well: easy, resign'd, and happy you will make yourself, and (I believe) every body that converses with you; if I may judge of your power over other men's minds and affections, by that which you will ever have over those of

Your, &c.

LETTER XII.

From the Bishop of ROCHESTER.

Feb. 26, 1721-2.

PERMIT me, dear Sir, to break into your retirement, and to desire of you a complete copy of those verses on Mr. Addison*; send me also your last resolution, which shall punctually be observed in relation to my giving out any copy of it; for I am again solicited by another Lord, to whom I have given the same answer as formerly. No small piece of your writing has been ever sought after so much: it has pleas'd every man without exception, to whom it has been read. Since you now therefore know where your real strength lies, I hope you will not suffer that talent to lye unemploy'd. For my part, I should be so glad to see you finish something of that kind, that I could be content to be a little sneer'd at in a line or so, for the sake of the pleasure I should have in reading the rest. I have talk'd my sense of this matter to you once or twice, and now I put it under my hand, that you may see it is my deliberate opinion. What weight that may have with you I cannot say: but it pleases me to have an opportunity of shewing you how well I wish you, and how true a friend I am to your fame, which I desire may grow every day, and in every kind of writing, to which you shall please to turn your pen. Not but that I have some little interest in the proposal, as I shall be known to have been acquainted with a man that was capable of excelling in such different

* An imperfect Copy was got out, very much to the Author's surprize, who never would give any.

manners,

manners, and did such honour to his country and language; and yet was not displeas'd sometimes to read what was written by his humble servant.

LETTER XIII.

March 14, 1721-2.

I Was disappointed (much more than those who commonly use that phrase on such occasions) in missing you at the Deanry, where I lay solitary two nights. Indeed I truly partake in any degree of concern that affects you, and I wish every thing may succeed as you desire in your own family, and in that which, I think, you no less account your own, and is no less your family, the whole world: for I take you to be one of the true friends of it, and to your power its protector. Tho' the noise and daily bustle for the public be now over, I dare say a good man is still tending its welfare; as the sun in the winter, when seeming to retire from the world, is preparing benedictions and warmth for a better season. No man wishes your Lordship more quiet, more tranquility, than I, who know you should understand the value of it; but I don't wish you a jot less concern'd or less active than you are, in all sincere and therefore warm desires of public good.

I beg the kindness (and 'tis for that chiefly I trouble you with this letter) to favour me with notice as soon as you return to London, that I may come and make you a proper visit of a day or two: for hitherto I have not been your visitor, but your lodger, and I accuse myself of it. I have now no earthly thing to oblige my being in town (a point of no small satisfaction to me) but the best reason, the seeing a friend. As long, my Lord, as you will let me call you so (and I dare say you will, till I forfeit, what, I think, I never shall, my veracity and integrity) I shall esteem myself fortunate, in spite of the South-sea, Poetry, Popery, and Poverty.

I can't tell you how sorry I am, you should be troubled anew by any sort of people. I heartily wish, *Quod superest, ut tibi vivas*—that you may teach me how to do the same: who, without any real impediment to acting and living rightly, do act and live as foolishly as if I were a Great man.

I am, &c.

LETTER XIV.

From the Bishop of ROCHESTER.

March 16, 1721-2.

AS a visitant, a lodger, a friend (or under what other denomination soever) you are always welcome to me; and will be more so, I hope, every day that we live: for, to tell you the truth, I like you as I like myself, best when we have both of us least business. It has been my fate to be engaged in it much and often, by the stations in which I was placed: but, God, that knows my heart, knows I never lov'd it: and am still less in love with it than ever, as I find less temptation to act with any hope of success. If I am good for any thing, 'tis *in angulo cum libello*; and yet a good part of my time has been spent, and perhaps must be spent, far otherwise. For I will never, while I have health, be wanting to my duty in my post, or in any respect, how little soever I may like my employment, and how hopeless soever I may be in the discharge of it.

In the mean time the judicious world is pleas'd to think that I delight in work which I am obliged to undergo, and aim at things which I from my heart despise; let them think as they will, so I might be at liberty to act as I will, and spend my time in such a manner as is most agreeable to me. I cannot say I do so now, for I am here without any books, and if I had them could not use them to my satisfaction, while my mind is taken up in a more melancholy * manner; and how long, or how little a while it may be so taken up, God only knows, and to his will I implicitly resign myself in every thing.

I am, &c.

LETTER XV.

MY LORD,

March 19, 1721-2.

I AM extremely sensible of the repeated favour of your kind letters, and your thoughts of me in absence, even among thoughts of much nearer concern to yourself on the one hand, and of much more importance to the world on the other, which cannot but engage you at this juncture. I am very certain of your good-will, and of the warmth which is in you inseparable from it.

Your remembrance of Twickenham is a fresh instance of that partiality. I hope the advance of the fine season will set you upon your legs, enough to enable you to get into my garden, where I will carry you up a Mount, in a point of view to shew you the glory of my little kingdom. If you approve it, I shall be in danger to boast, like Nebu-

* In his Lady's last sickness.

chadnezzar,

chadnezzar, of the things I have made, and to be turn'd to converse, not with the beasts of the field, but with the birds of the grove, which I shall take to be no great punishment. For indeed I heartily despise the ways of the world, and most of the great ones of it.

Oh keep me innocent, make others great!

And you may judge how comfortably I am strengthen'd in this opinion, when such as your Lordship bear testimony to its vanity and emptiness. *Tinnit. inane est*, with the picture of one ringing on the globe with his finger, is the best thing I have the luck to remember in that great Poet Quarles (not that I forget the Devil at bowls; which I know to be your Lordships favourite cut, as well as favourite diversion.)

The situation here is pleasant, and the view rural enough, to humour the most retired, and agree with the most contemplative. Good air, solitary groves, and sparing diet, sufficient to make you fancy yourself (what you are in temperance, tho' elevated into a greater figure by your station) one of the Fathers of the Desert. Here you may think (to use an author's words, whom you so justly prefer to all his followers that you'll receive them kindly, tho' taken from his worst work *;))

That in Eliah's banquet you partake,
Or sit a guest with Daniel, at his Pulse.

I am sincerely free with you, as you desire I should, and approve of your not having your coach here, for if you would see Lord C* or any body else, I have another chariot, besides that little one you laugh'd at when you compared me to Homer in a nut-shell. But if you would be entirely private, no body shall know any thing of the matter. Believe me (my Lord) no man is with more perfect acquiescence, nay with more willing acquiescence (not even any of your own Sons of the Church) Your obedient, &c.

LETTER XVI.

From the Bishop of ROCHESTER.

April 6, 1722.

UNDER all the leisure in the world, I have no leisure, no stomach to write to you: the gradual approaches of death are before my eyes. I am convinced that it must be so; and yet make a shift to flatter myself sometimes with the thought, that it may possibly be otherwise. And that very thought, tho' it is directly contrary to my reason,

* The *Paradise Regain'd*. I suppose this was in compliment to the Bishop. It could never be his own opinion.

does for a few moments make me easy—however not easy enough in good earnest to think of any thing but the melancholy object that employs them. Therefore wonder not that I do not answer your kind letter: I shall answer it too soon, I fear, by accepting your friendly invitation. When I do so, no conveniencies will be wanting: for I'll see no body but you and your mother, and the servants. Visits to statesmen always were to me (and are now more than ever) insipid things; let the men that expect, that wish to thrive by them, pay them that homage: I am free. When I want them, they shall hear of me at their doors: and when they want me, I shall be sure to hear of them at mine. But probably they will despise me so much, and I shall court them so little, that we shall both of us keep our distance.

When I come to you, 'tis in order to be with you only; a president of the council, or a star and garter will make no more impresson upon my mind, at such a time, than the hearing of a bagpipe, or the sight of a puppet-show. I have said to greatness some time ago—*Tuas tibi res habeto, Egomet curabo meas*. The time is not far off when we shall all be upon the level: and I am resolv'd, for my part, to anticipate that time, and be upon the level with them now: for he is so, that neither seeks nor wants them. Let them have more virtue and less pride, and then I'll court them as much as any body: but till they resolve to distinguish themselves some way else than by their outward trappings, I am determin'd (and, I think, I have a right) to be as proud as they are: tho' I trust in God, my pride is neither of so odious a nature as theirs, nor of so mischievous a consequence.

I know not how I have fallen into this train of thinking—When I sat down to write I intended only to excuse myself for not writing, and to tell you that the time drew nearer and nearer, when I must dislodge; I am preparing for it; for I am at this moment building a vault in the Abbey for me and mine. 'Twas to be in the Abbey, because of my relation to the place; but 'tis at the west door of it: as far from Kings and Cæsars as the space would admit of.

I know not but I may step to town to-morrow, to see how the work goes forward; but, if I do, I shall return hither in the evening. I would not have given you the trouble of this letter but that they tell me it will cost you nothing, and that our privilege of Franking (one of the most valuable we have left) is again allow'd us.

Your, &c.
LET.

LETTER XVII.

From the Bishop of ROCHESTER.

Bromley, May 25, 1722.

I Had much ado to get hither last night, the water being so rough that the ferrymen were unwilling to venture. The first thing I saw this morning after my eyes were open, was your letter, for the freedom and kindness of which I thank you. Let all compliments be laid aside between us for the future; and depend upon me as your faithful friend in all things within my power, as one that truly values you, and wishes you all manner of happiness. I thank you and Mrs. Pope for my kind reception, which has left a pleasing impression upon me that will not soon be effaced.

Lord * has press'd me terribly to see him at *, and told me in a manner betwixt kindness and resentment, that it is but a few miles beyond Twickenham.

I have but a little time left, and a great deal to do in it; and must expect that ill health will render a good share of it useless: and therefore what is likely to be left at the foot of the account, ought by me to be cherish'd, and not thrown away in compliments. You know the motto of my sun dial, *Vivite, ait, fugio*. I will, as far as I am able, follow its advice, and cut off all unnecessary avocations and amusements. There are those that intend to employ me this winter in a way I do not like: If they persist in their intentions, I must apply myself to the work they cut out for me, as well as I can. But withal, that shall not hinder me from employing myself also in a way which they do not like. The givers of trouble one way shall have their share of it another; that at last they may be induced to let me be quiet, and live to myself, with the few (the very few) friends I like; for that is the point, the single point I now aim at; tho' I know the generality of the world who are unacquainted with my intentions and views, think the very reverse of this character belongs to me. I don't know how I have rambled into this account of myself; when I sat down to write, I had no thought of making that any part of my letter.

You might have been sure without my telling you, that my right hand is at ease; else I should not have overflow'd at this rate. And yet I have not done, for there is a kind intimation in the end of yours, which I understood, because it seems to tend towards employing me in something that is agreeable to you. Pray explain yourself, and believe

lieve that you have not an acquaintance in the world that would be more in earnest on such an occasion than I; for I love you, as well as esteem you.

All the while I have been writing, Pain, and a fine Thrush have been severally endeavouring to call off my attention; but both in vain, nor should I yet part with you, but that the turning over a new leaf frights me a little, and makes me resolve to break thro' a new temptation, before it has taken too fast hold on me. I am, &c.

LETTER XVIII.

From the same.

June 13, 1722.

YOU have generally written first, after our parting; I will now be before-hand with you in my enquiries, how you got home, and how you do, and whether you met with Lord *, and deliver'd my civil reproach to him in the manner I desired? I suppose you did not, because I have heard nothing either from you, or from him on that head; as I suppose, I might have done, if you had found him.

I am sick of these men of quality; and the more so, the oft'ner I have any business to transact with them. They look upon it as one of their distinguishing privileges, not to be punctual in any business, of how great importance soever; nor to set other people at ease, with the loss of the least part of their own. This conduct of his vexes me; but to what purpose? or how can I alter it?

I long to see the original MS. of Milton: but don't know how to come at it, without your repeated assistance.

I hope you won't utterly forget what pass'd in the coach about Sampson Agonistes. I shall not press you as to time, but some time or other, I wish you would review and polish that piece. If upon a new perusal of it (which I desire you to make) you think as I do, that it is written in the very spirit of the Ancients; it deserves your care, and is capable of being improv'd, with little trouble, into a perfect model and standard of Tragic poetry—always allowing for its being a story taken out of the Bible; which is an objection that at this time of day, I know, is not to be got over

I am, &c.

LETTER XIX.

July 27.

I Have been as constantly at Twittenham as your Lordship has at Bromley, ever since you saw Lord Bathurst. At the time of the Duke of Marlborough's funeral, I intend to lie at the Deanry, and moralize one evening with you on the vanity of human glory.

The Duchess's * letter concerns me nearly, and you know it, who know all my thoughts without disguise: I must keep clear of Flattery; I will: and as this is an honest resolution, I dare hope, your Lordship will not be so unconcern'd for my keeping it, as not to assist me in so doing. I beg therefore you would represent thus much at least to her Grace, that as to the fear she seems touch'd with [That the Duke's memory should have no advantage but what he must give himself, without being beholden to any one friend] your Lordship may certainly, and agreeably to your character, both of rigid honour and christian plainness, tell her, that no man can have any other advantage: and that all offerings of friends in such a case pass for nothing. But be so good as to confirm what I've represented to her, that an inscription in the antient way, plain, pompous, yet modest, will be the most uncommon, and therefore the most distinguishing manner of doing it. And so, I hope, she will be satisfied, the Duke's honour be preserv'd, and my integrity also: which is too sacred a thing to be forfeited, in consideration of any little (or what people of quality may call great) honour or distinction whatever, which those of their rank can bestow on one of mine; and which indeed they are apt to over-rate, but never so much, as when they imagine us under any obligation to say one untrue word in their favour.

I can only thank you my Lord, for the kind transition you make from common business, to that which is the only real business of every reasonable creature. Indeed I think more of it than you imagine, tho' not so much as I ought. I am pleas'd with those Latin verses extremely, which are so very good that I thought them yours, 'till you call'd them an Horatian Cento, and then I recollected the *disjecti membra poetæ*. I won't pretend I am so totally in those sentiments which you compliment me with, as I yet hope to

* The Duchess of Buckingham.

be: You tell me I have them, as the civilest method to put me in mind how much it fits me to have them. I ought, first, to prepare my mind by a better knowledge even of good prophane writers, especially the Moralists, &c. before I can be worthy of tasting that supreme of books, and sublime of all writings. In which, as in all the intermediate ones, you may (if your friendship and charity toward me continue so far) be the best guide to

Your, &c.

LETTER XX.

From the Bishop of ROCHESTER.

July 30, 1722.

I Have written to the Duchess * just as you desir'd, and referred her to our meeting in town for a further account of it. I have done it the rather because your opinion in the case is sincerely mine: and if it had not been so, you yourself should not have induced me to give it. Whether, and how far she will acquiesce in it, I cannot say: especially in a case where she thinks the Duke's honour concern'd, but should she seem to persist a little at present, her good sense (which I depend upon) will afterwards satisfy her that we are in the right.

I go to-morrow to the Deanry, and I believe, I shall stay there, till I have said Dust to dust, and shut up that † last scene of pompous vanity.

'Tis a great while for me to stay there at this time of the year; and I know I shall often say to myself, while I am expecting the funeral,

O Rus, quando ego te auspiciam! quandoque licebit
Ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ?

In this case I shall fancy I hear the ghost of the dead, thus intreating me,

At tu sacratæ ne parce malignus arenæ
Offibus et capiti inhumato

Particulam dare——

Quamquam festinas, non est mora longa; licebit,
Injuncto ter pulvere, curras.

* Duchess of Buckingham.

† This was the Funeral of the Duke of Marlborough, at which the Bishop officiated as Dean of Westminster, in Aug. 1722.

There

There is an answer for me somewhere in *Hamlet* to this request, which you remember, tho' I don't. *Poor Ghost! thou shalt be satisfied!*—or something like it. However that be, take care you do not fail in your appointment, that the company of the living may make me some amends for my attendance on the dead.

I know you will be glad to hear that I am well: I should always could I always be here—

Sed me

Imperiosa trahit Proserpina: vive, valeque.

You are the first man I sent to this morning, and the last man I desire to converse with this evening, tho' at twenty miles distance from you.

Te, veniente die, Te, decedente, requiro.

LETTER XXI.

From the Bishop of ROCHESTER.

DEAR SIR,

The Tower, April, 10, 1723.

I Thank you for all the instances of your friendship, both before, and since my misfortunes. A little time will complete them, and separate you and me for ever. But in what part of the world soever I am, I will live mindful of your sincere kindness to me; and will please myself with the thought, that I still live in your esteem and affection, as much as ever I did; and that no accidents of life, no distance of time, or place, will alter you in that respect. It never can me; who have lov'd and valued you, ever since I knew you, and shall not fail to do it when I am not allowed to tell you so; as the case will soon be. Give my faithful services to Dr. Arbuthnot, and thanks for what he sent me, which was much to the purpose, if any thing can be said to be to the purpose, in a case that is already determined. Let him know my Defence will be such, that neither my friends need blush for me, nor will my enemies have great occasion of triumph, tho' sure of the victory. I shall want his advice before I go abroad, in many things. But I question whether I shall be permitted to see him, or any body, but such as are absolutely necessary towards the dispatch of my private affairs. If so, God bless you both; and may no part of the ill fortune that attends me, ever pursue either of you! I know not but I may call upon you at my hearing, to say somewhat about my way of spending my time at the Deanry, which did not seem cal-

culated towards managing plots and conspiracies. But of that I shall consider—You and I have spent many hours together upon much pleasanter subjects; and, that I may preserve the old custom, I shall not part with you now till I have clos'd this letter, with three lines of Milton, which you will, I know, readily and not without some degree of concern apply to your ever affectionate, &c.

Some nat'ral Tears he dropt, but wip'd them soon:
The World was all before him, where to chuse
His place of rest, and *Providence* his Guide.

L E T T E R XXII.

The Answer.

April 20, 1723.

IT is not possible to express what I think, and what I feel; only this, that I have thought and felt for nothing but you, for some time past: and shall think of nothing so long for the time to come. The greatest comfort I had was an intention (which I would have made practicable) to have attended you in your journey, to which I had brought that person to consent, who only could have hindered me, by a tie which, though it may be more tender, I do not think more strong, than that of friendship. But I fear there will be no way left me to tell you this great truth, that I remember you, that I love you, that I am grateful to you, that I entirely esteem and value you: no way but that one, which needs no open warrant to authorize it, or secret conveyance to secure it; which no bills can preclude, and no Kings prevent; a way that can reach to any part of the world where you may be, where the very whisper, or even the wish of a friend must not be heard, or even suspected: by this way, I dare tell my esteem and affection of you, to your enemies in the gates, and you, and they, and their sons, may hear of it.

You prove yourself, my Lord, to know me for the friend I am; in judging that the manner of your Defence, and your Reputation by it, is a point of the highest concern to me: and assuring me, it shall be such, that none of your friends shall blush for you. Let me further prompt you to do yourself the best and most lasting justice: the instruments of your Fame to posterity will be in your own hands. May it not be, that providence has appointed you to some great and useful work, and calls you to it this severe

way? You may more eminently and more effectually serve the Public even now, than in the stations you have so honourably fill'd. Think of Tully, Bacon, and Clarendon*: is it not the latter, the disgraced part of their lives, which you most envy, and which you would choose to have liv'd?

I am tenderly sensible of the wish you express, that no part of your misfortune may pursue me. But, God knows, I am every day less and less fond of my native country (so torn as it is by Party-rage) and begin to consider a friend in exile as a friend in death; one gone before, where I am not unwilling or unprepared to follow after; and where (however various or uncertain the roads and voyages of another world may be) I cannot but entertain a pleasing hope that we may meet again.

I faithfully assure you, that in the mean time there is no one, living or dead, of whom I shall think oftener or better than of you. I shall look upon you as in a state between both, in which you will have from me all the passions and warm wishes that can attend the living, and all the respect and tender sense of loss, that we feel for the dead. And I shall ever depend upon your constant friendship, kind memory, and good offices, tho' I were never to see or hear the effects of them: like the trust we have in benevolent spirits, who tho' we never see or hear them, we think, are constantly serving us, and praying for us.

Whenever I am wishing to write to you, I shall conclude you are intentionally doing so to me. And every time that I think of you, I will believe you are thinking of me. I never shall suffer to be forgotten (nay to be but faintly remember'd) the honour, the pleasure, the pride I must ever have, in reflecting how frequently you have delighted me, how kindly you have distinguish'd me, how cordially you have advis'd me! In conversation, in study, I shall always want you, and wish for you: In my most lively, and in my most thoughtful hours, I shall equally bear about me, the impressions of you: And perhaps it will not be in This life only, that I shall have cause to remember and acknowledge the friendship of the Bishop of Rochester.

I am, &c.

* Clarendon indeed wrote his best works in his banishment; but the best of Bacon's were written before his disgrace, and the best of Tully's after his return from exile.

LETTER

LETTER XXIII.

To the same.

May, 1723.

ONCE more I write to you, as I promis'd, and this once, I fear, will be the last! the Curtain will soon be drawn between my friend and me, and nothing left but to wish you a long good-night. May you enjoy a state of repose in this life, not unlike that sleep of the soul which some have believ'd is to succeed it, where we lye utterly forgetful of that world from which we are gone, and ripening for that to which we are to go. If you retain any memory of the past, let it only image to you what has pleas'd you best; sometimes present a dream of an absent friend, or bring you back an agreeable conversation. But upon the whole, I hope you will think less of the time past than of the future; as the former has been less kind to you than the latter infallibly will be. Do not envy the world your studies; they will tend to the benefit of men against whom you can have no complaint, I mean of all Posterity; and, perhaps, at your time of life, nothing else is worth your care. What is every year of a wise man's life but a censure or critic on the past? Those whose date is the shortest, live long enough to laugh at one half of it: the boy despises the infant, the man the boy, the philosopher both, and the Christian all. You may now begin to think your manhood was too much a puerility; and you'll never suffer your age to be but a second infancy. The toys and baubles of your childhood are hardly now more below you, than those toys of our riper and of our declining years, the drums and rattles of ambition, and the dirt and bubbles of avarice. At this time, when you are cut off from a little society, and made a citizen of the world at large, you should bend your talents not to serve a party, or a few, but all mankind. Your Genius should mount above that mist in which its participation and neighbourhood with earth long involv'd it; to shine abroad and to heaven, ought to be the business and the glory of your present situation. Remember it was at such a time, that the greatest lights of antiquity dazzled and blazed the most, in the retreat, in their exile, or in their death: but why do I talk of dazzling or blazing? it was then that they did good, that they gave light, and that they became guides to mankind.

Those aims alone are worthy of spirits truly great, and such I therefore hope will be yours. Resentment indeed may

may remain, perhaps cannot be quite extinguished, in the noblest minds; but revenge never will harbour there: higher principles than those of the first, and better principles than those of the latter, will infallibly influence men, whose thoughts and whose hearts are enlarged, and cause them to prefer the whole to any part of mankind, especially to so small a part as one's single self.

Believe me, my Lord, I look upon you as a spirit entered into another life *, as one just upon the edge of Immortality; where the passions and affections must be much more exalted, and where you ought to despise all little views, and all mean retrospects. Nothing is worth your looking back; and therefore look forward, and make (as you can) the world look after you. But take care that it be not with pity, but with esteem and admiration.

I am with the greatest sincerity, and passion for your fame as well as happiness,

Your, &c.

LETTER XXIV.

From the Bishop of ROCHESTER.

Paris, Nov. 23, 1731.

YOU will wonder to see me in print; but how could I avoid it? The dead and the living, my friends and my foes, at home and abroad, call'd upon me to say something; and the reputation of an † History which I and all the world value, must have suffered, had I continued silent. I have printed it here, in hopes that somebody may venture to reprint it in England, notwithstanding those two frightening words at the close of it ‡. Whether that happens or not, it is fit you should have a sight of it, who, I know, will read it with some degree of satisfaction, as it is mine, tho' it should have (as it really has) nothing else to recommend it. Such as it is, *Extremum hoc munus morientis habeto*; for that may well be the case, considering that within a few months I am entering into my seventieth

* The Bishop of Rochester went into exile the month following, and continued in it till his death, which happen'd at Paris on the fifteenth day of February, in the year 1732.

† Earl of Clarendon's.

‡ The Bishop's Name, set to his Vindication of Bishop Smalridge, Dr. Aldrich, and himself, from the scandalous Reflections of Oldmixon, relating to the Publication of Lord Clarendon's History. Paris, 1731, 4to, since reprinted in England.

year: after which, even the healthy and the happy cannot much depend upon life, and will not if they are wise, much desire it. Whenever I go, you will loose a friend who loves and values you extremely, if in my circumstances I can be said to be lost to any one, when dead, more than I am already whilst living. I expected to have heard from you by Mr. Morrice, and wonder a little that I did not; but he owns himself in a fault, for not giving you due notice of his motions. It was not amiss that you forebore writing, on a head wherein I promis'd more than I was able to perform. Disgrac'd men fancy sometimes, that they preserve an influence, where when they endeavour to exert it, they soon see their mistake. I did so, my good friend, and acknowledge it under my hand. You sounded the coast and found out my error, it seems, before I was aware of it; but enough on this subject.

What are they doing in England to the honour of letters; and particularly what are you doing? *Ipse quid audes? Quæ circumvolitas agilis Thyma?* Do you pursue the moral plan you marked out, and seemed sixteen months ago so intent upon? Am I to see it perfected ere I die, and are you to enjoy the reputation of it while you live? or do you rather chuse to leave the marks of your friendship, like the legacies of a will, to be read and enjoyed only by those who survive you? Were I as near you as I have been, I should hope to peep into the manuscript before it was finished. But alas! there is, and will ever probably be a great deal of land and sea between us. How many books have come out of late in your parts, which you think I should be glad to peruse? Name them: the catalogue, I believe, will not cost you much trouble. They must be good one's indeed to challenge any part of my time, now I have so little of it left. I, who squandered whole days heretofore, now husband hours when the glass begins to run low, and care not to mispend them on trifles. At the end of the Lottery of Life, our last minutes, like tickets left in the wheel, rise in their valuation: they are not of so much worth perhaps in themselves as those which preceded, but we are apt to prize them more, and with reason. I do so, my dear friend, and yet think the most precious minutes of my life are well employed, in reading what you write. But this is a satisfaction I cannot much hope for, and therefore must betake myself to others less entertaining. Adieu! dear Sir, and forgive me engaging with one, whom you, I think, have reckoned among the heroes of the Dunciad. It was necessary for me either to accept of his dirty challenge, or to have suffered in the esteem of the world by declining it.

My

My respects to your Mother; I send one of these papers for Dean Swift, if you have an opportunity, and think it worth while to convey it. My Country at this distance seems to me a strange sight; I know not how it appears to you, who are in the midst of the scene, and yourself a part of it; I wish you would tell me. You may write safely to Mr. Morice, by the honest hand that conveys this, and will return into these parts before Christmas; sketch out a rough draught of it, that I may be able to judge whether a return to it be really eligible, or whether I should not, like the Chemist in the bottle, upon hearing Don Quevedo's account of Spain, desire to be corked up again.

After all, I do and must love my Country, with all its faults and blemishes; even that part of the constitution which wounded me unjustly, and itself through my side, shall ever be dear to me. My last wish shall be like that of father Paul, *Esto perpetua!* and when I die at a distance from it, it will be in the same manner as Virgil describes the expiring Peloponnesian,

Sternitur,

et dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos.

Do I still live in the memory of my friends, as they certainly do in mine? I have read a good many of your paper squabbles about me, and am glad to see such free concessions on that head, tho' made with no view of doing me a pleasure, but merely of loading another.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXV.

From the Bishop of ROCHESTER.

On the death of his Daughter.

Montpelier, Nov. 20, 1729.

I Am not yet Master enough of myself, after the late wound I have receiv'd, to open my very heart to you, and am not content with less than that, whenever I converse with you. My thoughts are at present vainly, but pleasingly employed, on what I have lost, and can never recover. I know well I ought, for that reason, to call them off to other subjects, but hitherto I have not been able to do it. By giving them the rein a little, and suffering

them to spend their force, I hope in some time to check and subdue them. *Multis fortunæ vulneribus perculsus, huic uni me impari sensi, et pene succubui.* This is weakness not wisdom, I own; and on that account fitter to be trusted to the bosom of a friend, where I may safely lodge all my infirmities. As soon as my mind is in some measure corrected and calm'd, I will endeavour to follow your advice, and turn it to something of use and moment; if I have still life enough left to do any thing that is worth reading and preserving. In the mean time I shall be pleas'd to hear that you proceed in what you intend, without any such melancholy interruption as I have met with. Your mind is as yet unbroken by age and ill accidents, your knowledge and judgment are at the height: use them in writing somewhat that may teach the present and future times, and if not gain equally the applause of both, may yet raise the envy of the one, and secure the admiration of the other. Employ not your precious moments, and great talents, on little men and little things; but choose a subject every way worthy of you, and handle it as you can, in a manner which nobody else can equal or imitate. As for me, my abilities, if I ever had any, are not what they were: and yet I will endeavour to recollect and employ them.

gelidus tardante senecta

Sanguis hebet, frigentque effœto in corpore vires.

However, I should be ingrateful to this place, if I did not own that I have gained upon the gout in the south of France, much more than I did at Paris, tho' even there I sensibly improved. I believe my cure had been perfected but the earnest desire of meeting one I dearly loved, called me abruptly to Montpellier; where after continuing two months, under the cruel torture of a sad and fruitless expectation, I was forced at last to take a long journey to Toulouse; and even there I had miss'd the person I sought, had she not, with great spirit and courage, ventured all night up the Garonne to see me, which she above all things desired to do before she died. By that means she was brought where I was, between seven and eight in the morning, and liv'd twenty hour's afterwards, which time was not lost on either side, but pass'd in such a manner as gave great satisfaction to both, and such as, on her part, every way became her circumstances and character. For she had her senses to the very last gasp, and exerted them to give me, in those few hours, greater marks of Duty and Love than she had done in all her life-time, tho' she had never been want-

wanting in either. The last words she said to me were the kindest of all; a reflection on the goodness of God, which had allowed us in this manner to meet once more, before we parted for ever. Not many minutes after that, she laid herself on her pillow, in a sleeping posture,

placidaque ibi demum morte quievit.

Judge you, Sir, what I felt, and still feel on this occasion, and spare me the trouble of describing it. At my age, under my infirmities, among utter strangers, how shall I find out proper reliefs and supports? I can have none, but those with which reason and religion furnish me, and those I lay hold on, and grasp as fast as I can. I hope that He, who laid the burthen upon me (for wise and good purposes no doubt) will enable me to bear it in like manner as I have borne others, with some degree of fortitude and firmness.

You see how ready I am to relapse into an argument which I had quitted once before in this letter. I shall probably again commit the same fault, if I continue to write; and therefore I stop short here, and with all sincerity, affection, and esteem, bid you adieu! till we meet either in this world, if God pleases, or else in another.

I am, &c.

L E T T E R S

TO AND FROM

MR. G A Y,

From 1712 to 1732.

L E T T E R I.

Binfield, Nov. 13, 1712.

YOU writ me a very kind Letter some months ago, and told me you were then upon the point of taking a journey into Devonshire. That hindered my answering you, and I have since several times inquired of you, without any satisfaction; for so I call the knowledge of your welfare, or of any thing that concerns you. I past two months in Sussex, and since my return, have been again very ill. I writ to Lintot in hopes of hearing of you, but had no answer to that point. Our friend Mr. Cromwell too has been silent all this year; I believe he has been displeased at some or other of my freedoms*, which I very innocently take, and most with those I think most my friends. But this I know nothing of; perhaps he may have opened to you: and if I know you right, you are of a temper to cement friendships, and not to divide them. I really much love Mr. Cromwell, and have a true affection for yourself, which if I had any interest in the world, or power with those who have, I should not be long without manifesting to you. I desire you will not, either out of modesty, or a vicious distrust of another's value for you (those two

* We see by the Letters to Mr. Cromwell, that Mr. Pope was wont to rally him on his turn for trifling and pedantic criticism. So he lost his two early friends, Cromwell and Wycherly, by his zeal to correct the bad poetry of the one, and the bad taste of the other.

eternal

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eternal foes to merit) imagine that your letters and conversation are not always welcome to me. There is no man more entirely fond of good-nature or ingenuity than myself, and I have seen too much of those qualities in you to be any thing less than

Your, &c.

LETTER II.

Dec. 24, 1712.

IT has been my good fortune within this month past, to hear more things that have pleased me than (I think) almost in all my time beside. But nothing upon my word has been so home-felt a satisfaction as the news you tell me of yourself: and you are not in the least mistaken, when you congratulate me upon your own good success: for I have more people out of whom to be happy, than any ill-natured man can boast of. I may with honesty affirm to you, that, notwithstanding the many inconveniences and disadvantages they commonly talk of in the *Res angusti domi*, I have never found any other, than the inability of giving people of merit the only certain proof of our value for them, in doing them some real service. For after all, if we could but think a little, self love might make us philosophers, and convince us *quantuli indiget Natura!* Ourselves are easily provided for; 'tis nothing but the circumstantial, and the apparatus or equipage of human life, that cost so much the furnishing. Only what a luxurious man wants for horses, and footmen, a good-natured man wants for his friends, or the indigent.

I shall see you this winter with much greater pleasure than I could the last; and, I hope, as much of your time, as your attendance on the Duchess* will allow you to spare to any friend, will not be thought lost upon one who is as much so as any man. I must also put you in mind, tho' you are now secretary to this Lady, that you are likewise secretary to nine other ladies, and are to write sometimes for them too. He who is forced to live wholly upon those Ladies favours, is indeed in as precarious a condition as any He who does what Chaucer says for sustenance; but they are very agreeable companions, like other Ladies, when a man only passes a night or so with them at his leisure, and away. I am

Your, &c.

* Duchess of Monmouth, to whom he was just then made Secretary.

LETTER

LETTER III.

Aug. 23, 1713.

JUST as I received yours, I was set down to write to you with some shame that I had so long deferred it. But I can hardly repent my neglect, when it gives me the knowledge how little you insist upon ceremony, and how much a greater share in your memory I have, than I deserve. I have been near a week in London, where I am like to remain, till I become, by Mr. Jervas's help, *Elegans formarum spectator*. I begin to discover beauties that were till now imperceptible to me. Every corner of an eye, or turn of a nose or ear, the smallest degree of light or shade on a cheek, or in a dimple, have charms to distract me. I no longer look upon Lord Plausible as ridiculous, for admiring a Lady's fine tip of an ear and pretty elbow (as the *Plain Dealer* has it) but am in some danger even from the ugly and disagreeable, since they may have their retired beauties, in one trait or other about them. You may guess in how uneasy a state I am, when every day the performances of others appear more beautiful and excellent, and my own more despicable. I have thrown away three Dr. Swifts, each of which was once my vanity. two Lady Bridgwaters, a Duchess of Montague, besides half a dozen Earls, and one Knight of the garter. I have crucified Christ over again in effigy, and made a Madona as old as her mother St. Anne. Nay, what is yet more miraculous, I have rivall'd St. Luke himself in painting, and as, 'tis said, an angel came and finished his piece, so you would swear, a devil put the last hand to mine, 'tis so begrimed and smutted. However, I comfort myself with a Christian reflection, that I have not broken the commandment, for my pictures are not the likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or in earth below, or in the water under the earth. Neither will any body adore or worship them, except the Indians should have a sight of them, who, they tell us, worship certain idols purely for their ugliness.

I am very much recreated and refreshed with the news of the advancement of the *Fan**, which, I doubt not, will delight the eye and sense of the Fair, as long as that agreeable machine shall play in the hands of posterity. I am glad your fan is mounted so soon, but I would have you

* A Poem of Mr. Gay's, so intitled.

varnish and glaze it at your leisure, and polish the sticks as much as you can. You may then cause it to be borne in the hands of both sexes, no less in Britain than it is in China; where it is ordinary for a Mandarin to fan himself cool after a debate, and a Statesman to hide his face with it when he tells a grave lye.

I am, &c.

LETTER IV.

DEAR MR. GAY,

Sept. 23, 1714.

WELCOME to your native soil! * welcome to your friends! thrice welcome to me! whether returned in glory, blest with court interest, the love and familiarity of the great, and filled with agreeable hopes; or melancholy with dejection, contemplative of the changes of fortune, and doubtful for the future: Whether returned a triumphant Whig, or a desponding Tory, equally all hail! equally beloved and welcome to me! If happy, I am to partake in your elevation: if unhappy you have still a warm corner in my heart, and a retreat at Binfield in the worst of times at your service. If you are a Tory, or thought so by any man, I know it can proceed from nothing but your gratitude to a few people who endeavoured to serve you, and whose politics were never your concern. If you are a Whig, as I rather hope, and as I think, your principles and mine (as brother poets) had ever a bias to the side of liberty, I know you will be an honest man and an inoffensive one. Upon the whole, I know you are incapable of being so much of either party as to be good for nothing. Therefore once more, whatever you are, or in whatever state you are, all hail!

One or two of your old friends complain'd they had heard nothing from you since the Queen's death; I told them no man living lov'd Mr. Gay better than I, yet I had not once written to him in all his voyage. This I thought a convincing proof, how truly one may be a friend to another without telling him so every month. But they had reasons to themselves to allege in your excuse; as men who really value one another, will never want such as make their friends and themselves easy. The late universal concern

* In the beginning of this year Mr. Gay went over to Hanover with the Earl of Clarendon, who was sent thither by Queen Anne. On her death they returned to England; and it was on this occasion that Mr. Pope met him with this friendly welcome.

in public affairs, threw us all into a hurry of spirits: even I, who am more a philosopher than to expect any thing from any Reign, was borne away with the current, and full of the expectation of the Successor. During your journey I knew not whither to aim a letter after you; that was a sort of shooting flying: add to this, the demand Homer had upon me, to write fifty verses a day, besides learned notes, all which are at a conclusion for this year. Rejoice with me, O my Friend, that my labour is over; come and make merry with me in much feasting: We will feed among the lilies (by the lilies I mean the Ladies.) Are not the Rosalindas of Britain as charming as the Blousalindas of the Hague? or have the two great Pastoral poets of our nation renounced love at the same time? for Philips, immortal Philips, hath deserted, yea, and in a rustic manner, kicked his Rosalinda. Dr. Parnell and I have been inseparable ever since you went. We are now at the Bath, where (if you are not, as I heartily hope, better engaged) your coming would be the greatest pleasure to us in the world. Talk not of expences: Homer shall support his children. I beg a line from you directed to the Post-house in Bath. Poor Parnell is in an ill state of health.

Pardon me if I add a word of advice in the poetical way. Write something on the King, or Prince, or Princess. On whatsoever foot you may be with the court, this can do no harm.—I shall never know where to end, and am confounded in the many things I have to say to you, though they all amount but to this, that I am entirely as ever, Your, &c.

LETTER V.

London, Nov. 8, 1717.

I Am extremely glad to find by a Letter of yours to Mr. Fortescue, that you have received one from me; and I beg you to keep, as the greatest of curiosities, that letter of mine which you received, and I never writ.

But the truth is, that we were made here to expect you in a short time, that I was upon the ramble most part of the Summer, and have concluded the season in grief, for the death of my poor father.

I shall not enter into a detail of my concerns and troubles, for two reasons; because I am really afflicted and need no airs of grief, and because they are not the concerns

cerns and troubles of any but myself. I But I think you (without too great a compliment) enough my friend, to be pleased to know he died easily, without a groan, or the sickness of two minutes; in a word, as silently and peacefully as he lived.

Sic mihi contingat vivere, sicque mori!

I am not in the humour to say gay things, nor in the affectation of avoiding them. I can't pretend to entertain either Mr. Pultney or you, as you have done both my Lord Burlington and me, by your letter to Mr. Lowndes*. I am only sorry you have no greater quarrel to Mr. Lowndes, and wish you paid some hundreds a year to the land-tax. That gentleman is lately become an inoffensive person to me too: so that we may join heartily in our addresses to him, and (like true patriots) rejoice in all that good done to the nation and government, to which we contribute nothing ourselves.

I should not forget to acknowledge your letter sent from Aix; you told me then that writing was not good with the waters, and, I find since, you are of my opinion, that 'tis as bad without the waters. But, I fancy, it is not writing but thinking, that is so bad with the waters; and then you might write without any manner of prejudice, if you writ like our brother poets of these days.

The Duchefs, Lord Warwick, Lord Stanhope, Mrs. Bellenden, Mrs. Lepell, and I can't tell who else, had your letters: Dr. Arbuthnot and I expect to be treated like friends. I would send my services to Mr. Pultney, but that he is out of favour at court; and make some compliment to Mrs. Pulteney, if she were not a Whig. My Lord Burlington tells me she has as much out-shined all the French ladies, as she did the English before: I am sorry for it, because it will be detrimental to our holy religion, if heretical women should eclipse those Nuns and orthodox Beauties, in whose eyes alone lie all the hopes we can have, of gaining such fine gentlemen as you to our church.

Yours, &c.

I wish you joy of the birth of the young prince, because he is the only prince we have from whom you have had no expectations and no disappointments.

* A Poem intituled, *To my ingenious and worthy friend W. Lowndes, Esq; Author of that celebrated treatise in Folio, called the LAND-TAX BILL*

LETTER VI.

From Mr. GAY to Mr. F——.

Stanton-Harcourt Aug, 9, 1718.

THE only news that you can expect to have from me here, is news from heaven, for I am quite out of the world, and there is scarce any thing can reach me except the noise of thunder, which undoubtably you have heard too. We have read in old authors of high towers levell'd by it to the ground, while the humble valleys have escap'd; the only thing that is proof against it is the laurel, which, however, I take to be no great security to the brains of modern authors. But to let you see that the contrary to this often happens, I must acquaint you, that the highest and most extravagant heap of towers in the universe, which is in this neighbourhood, stand still undefaced, while a cock of barley in our next field has been consumed to ashes. Would to God that this heap of barley had been all that had perished! for unhappily beneath this little shelter sat two much more constant Lovers than ever were found in romance under the shade of a beech-tree. John Hewet was a well-set man of about five and twenty, Sarah Drew might be rather called comely than beautiful, and was about the same age. They had pass'd through the various labours of the year together, with the greatest satisfaction; if she milk'd, 'twas his morning and evening care to bring the cows to her hand; it was but last fair that he brought her a present of green silk for her straw hat, and the posse on her silver ring was of his chusing. Their love was the talk of the whole neighbourhood; for scandal never affirm'd that they had any other views than the lawful possession of each other in marriage. It was that very morning that he had obtain'd the consent of her parents, and it was but till the next week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps in the intervals of their work they were now talking of the wedding cloaths, and John was suiting several sorts of poppies and field flowers to her complexion, to chuse her a knot for the wedding-day. While they were thus busied (it was on the last of July between two and three in the afternoon) the clouds grew black, and such a storm of lightning and thunder ensued, that all the labourers made the best of their way to what shelter the trees and hedges afforded. Sarah was frighted, and fell down in a swoon, on a heap of barley. John, who never separated from her, sat down by her side, having

raked

taked together two or three heaps, the better to secure her from the storm. Immediately there was heard so loud a crack, as if heaven had split asunder; every one was now solicitous for the safety of his neighbour, and call'd to one another throughout the field; No answer being returned to those who called to our Lovers, they stept to the place where they lay, they perceived the barley all in a smoke, and then spied this faithful pair: John with one arm about Sarah's neck, and the other held over her as to screen her from the lightning. They were struck dead, and stiffen'd in this tender posture. Sarah's left eye-brow was sing'd, and there appeared a black spot on her breast: her lover was all over black, but not the least signs of life were found in either. Attended by their melancholy companions, they were convey'd to the town, and the next day were interr'd in Stanton-Harcourt Church-yard. My Lord Harcourt, at Mr. Pope's and my request, has caused a stone to be placed over them, upon condition that we furnish'd the Epitaph, which is as follows;

When Eastern lovers feed the fun'ral fire,
On the same pile the faithful pair expire:
Here pitying Heav'n that virtue mutual found,
And blasted both, that it might neither wound,
Hearts so sincere th' Almighty saw well pleas'd,
Sent his own lightning, and the victims seiz'd.

But my Lord is apprehensive the country people will not understand this, and Mr. Pope says he'll make one with something of Scripture in it, and with as little of poety as Hopkins and Sternhold *.

Your, &c.

* The Epitaph was this,

Near this place lie the bodies of
JOHN HEWET and MARY DREW,
an industrious young Man
and Virtuous Maid of this Parish;
Who, being at Harvest Work
(with several others)
were in one instant killed by Lightning
the last day of July 1718.

Think not by rigorous Judgment seiz'd,
A Pair so faithful could expire;
Victims so pure Heav'n saw well pleas'd,
And snatch'd them in celestial fire.

Live well, and fear no sudden fate;
When God calls Virtue to the grave,
Alike 'tis Justice soon or late,
Mercy alike to kill or save.

Virtue unmov'd can hear the call,
And face the flash that melts the ball.

LETTER VII.

DEAR GAY.

Sept. 11, 1722.

I Thank you for remembering me ; I would do my best to forget myself, but that, I find, your idea is so closely connected to me, that I must forget both together, or neither. I am sorry I could not have a glimpse either of you, or of the Sun (your father) before you went for Bath : But now it pleases me to see him, and hear of you. Pray put Mr. Congreve in mind that he has one on this side of the world who loves him ; and that there are more men and women in the universe than Mr. Gay and my Lady Duchess. There are ladies in and about Richmond, that pretend to value him and yourself ; and one of them at least may be thought to do it without affectation, namely Mrs. Howard.

Pray consult with Dr. Arbuthnot and Dr. Cheyne, to what exact pitch your belly may be suffer'd to swell, not to outgrow theirs, who are, yet, your betters. Tell Dr. Arbuthnot that even pigeon-pies and hogs puddings are thought dangerous by our governors ; for those that have been sent to the Bishop of Rochester are open'd and prophanely pry'd into at the Tower : 'Tis the first time dead pigeons have been suspected of carrying intelligence. To be serious, you and Mr Congreve and the Doctor will be sensible of my concern and surprize at his commitment, whose welfare is as much my concern as any friend's I have. I think myself a most unfortunate wretch : I no sooner love, and, upon knowledge fix my esteem to any man, but he either dies like Mr. Craggs, or is sent to imprisonment, like the Bishop. God send him as well as I wish him, manifest him to be as innocent as I believe him, and make all his enemies know him as well as I do, that they may think of him as well !

If you apprehend this period to be of any danger in being address'd to you, tell Mr. Congreve or the Doctor, it is writ to them. I am

Your, &c.

LETTER VIII.

July 13, 1722.

I Was very much pleas'd, not to say oblig'd, by your kind letter, which sufficiently warm'd my heart to have answer'd it sooner, had I not been deceiv'd (a way one often

ten is deceived) by hearkening to women; who told me that both Lady Burlington and yourself were immediately to return from Tunbridge, and that my Lord was gone to bring you back. The world furnishes us with too many examples of what you complain of in yours, and I assure you, none of them touch and grieve me so much as what relates to you. I think your sentiments upon it are the very same I should entertain: I wish those we call great men had the same notions, but they are really the most little creatures in the world; and the most interested, in all but one point; which is, that they want judgment* to know their greatest interest, to encourage and chuse honest men for their friends.

I have not once seen the person you complain of, whom I have of late thought to be, as the Apostle admonisheth, one flesh with his wife.

Pray make my sincere compliments to Lord Burlington, whom I have long known to have a stronger bent of mind to be all that is good and honourable, than almost any one of his rank.

I have not forgot yours to Lord Bolingbroke, tho' I hope to have speedily a fuller opportunity, he returning for Flanders and France next month.

Mrs. Howard has writ you something or other in a letter, which, she says, she repents. She has as much good-nature as if she had never seen any ill-nature, and had been bred among lambs and turtle-doves, instead of Princes and court-ladies.

By the end of this week, Mr. Fortescue will pass a few days with me: we shall remember you in our potations, and wish you a fisher with us, on my grass-plat. In the mean time we wish you success as a fisher of women at the Wells, a rejoicer of the comfortless and widow, and a play-fellow of the maiden. I am Your, &c.

LETTER IX.

Sept. 11, 1722.

I Think it obliging in you to desire an account of my health. The truth is, I have never been in a worse state in my life, and find whatever I have try'd as a remedy so ineffectual, that I gave myself intirely over. I wish your health may be set perfectly right by the waters; and be assured, I not only wish that, and every thing else for

* Instead of—that they want judgment, propriety of expression, requires he should have said—there where they want judgment.

you,

you, as common friends wish, but with a zeal not usual among those we call so. I am always glad to hear of, and from you; always glad to see you, whatever accidents or amusements have interven'd to make me do either less than usual. I not only frequently think of you, but constantly do my best to make others do it, by mentioning you to all your acquaintance. I desire you to do the same for me to those you are now with: do me what you think justice in regard to those who are my friends, and if there are any, whom I have unwillingly deserved so little of as to be my enemies, I don't desire you to forfeit their opinion, or your own judgment in any case. Let time convince those who know me not, that I am an inoffensive person; tho' (to say truth) I don't care how little I am indebted to Time, for the world is hardly worth living in, at least to one that is never to have health a week together. I have been made to expect Dr. Arbuthnot in town this fortnight, or else I had written to him. If he, by never writing to me, seems to forget me, I consider I do the same seemingly to him, and yet I don't believe he has a more sincere friend in the world than I am: therefore I will think him mine. I am his, Mr. Congreve's, and Your, &c.

LETTER X.

I Faithfully assure you, in the midst of that melancholy with which I have been so long encompassed, in an hourly expectation almost of my Mother's death; there was no circumstance that rendered it more insupportable to me, than that I could not leave her to see you. Your own present escape from so imminent danger, I pray God may prove less precarious than my poor Mother's can be; whose life at best can be but a short Reprieve or a longer dying. But I fear, even that is more than God will please to grant me, for, these two days past, her most dangerous symptoms are returned upon her; and unless there be a sudden change, I must, in a few days, if not in a few hours, be deprived of her. In the afflicting prospect before me, I know nothing that can so much alleviate it as the view now given me (Heaven grant it may increase!) of your recovery. In the sincerity of my heart, I am excessively concern'd not to be able to pay you, dear Gay, any part of the debt, I very gratefully remember I owe you on a like sad occasion, when you was here comforting me in her last great illness. May your health augment as fast as I fear hers must decline: I believe that would be very fast—may the life that

is added to you be past in good fortune and tranquillity, rather of your own giving to yourself, than from any expectations or trust in others. May you and I live together without wishing more felicity or acquisitions than Friendship can give and receive without obligations to Greatness, God keep you, and three or four more of those I have known as long, that I may have something worth the surviving my Mother. Adieu, dear Gay, and believe me (while you live and while I live) Your, &c.

As I told you in my last letter, I repeat it in this: Do not think of writing to me. The Doctor, Mrs. Howard, and Mrs. Blount give me daily accounts of you.

LETTER XI.

Sunday Night.

I Truly rejoiced to see your hand-writing, though I feared the trouble it might give you. I wish I had not known that you are still so excessively weak. Every day for a week past I had hopes of being able in a day or two more to see you. But my Mother advances not at all, gains no strength, and seems but upon the whole to wait for the next cold day to throw her into a Diarrhoea, that must, if it return, carry her off. This being daily to be feared, makes me not dare to go a day from her, lest that should prove to be her last. God send you a speedy recovery, and such a total one as, at your time of life, may be expected. You need not call the few words I writ to you either kind or good; that was, and is, nothing. But whatever I have in my nature of kindness, I really have for you, and whatever good I could do, I would, among the very first, be glad to do to you. In your circumstance the old Roman farewell is proper, *Vive memor nostri*. Your, &c.

I send you a very kind letter of Mr. Digby, between whom and me two letters have pass'd concerning you.

LETTER XII.

NO words can tell you the great concern I feel for you; I assure you it was not, and is not lessened, by the immediate apprehension I have now every day lain under of loosing my mother. Be assured no duty less than that should have kept me one day from attending your condition: I would come and take a room by you at Hampstead, to be with you daily, were she not still in danger of death. I have constantly had particular accounts of you from the Doctor, which have not ceased to alarm me yet.

God

God preserve your life, and restore your health. I really beg it for my own sake, for I feel I love you more than I thought in health, tho' I always loved you a great deal. If I am so unfortunate as to bury my poor mother, and yet have the good fortune to have my prayers heard for you, I hope we may live most of our remaining days together. If, as I believe, the air of a better clime as the Southern part of France, may be thought useful for your recovery, thither would I go with you infallibly; and it is very probable we might get the Dean with us, who is in that abandoned state already in which I shall shortly be, as to other cares and duties. Dear Gay, be as chearful as your sufferings will permit: God is a better friend than a Court; even any honest man is a better. I promise you my entire friendship in all events, heartily praying for your recovery.

Your, &c.

Do not write, if you are ever so able: the Doctor tells me all.

L E T T E R XIII.

I Am glad to hear of the progress of your recovery, and the oftener I hear it, the better, when it becomes easy to you to give it me. I so well remember the consolation you were to me in my Mother's former illness, that it doubles my concern at this time not to be able to be with you, or you able to be with me. Had I lost her, I would have been no where else but with you during your confinement. I have now past five weeks without once going from home, and without any company but for three or four of the days. Friends rarely stretch their kindness so far as ten miles. My Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Bethel have not forgotten to visit me: the rest (except Mrs. Blount once) were contented to send messages. I never passed so melancholy a time, and now Mr. Congreve's death touches me nearly. It was twenty years and more that I have known him: Every year carries away something dear with it, till we outlive all tenderneſſes, and become wretched individuals again as we began. Adieu! This is my birth-day, and this is my reflection upon it.

With added days if life give nothing new,

But, like a sieve, let ev'ry pleasure thro';

Some Joy still lost, as each vain year runs o'er,

And all we gain, some sad Reflection more!

Is this a birth-day?—'Tis alas too clear,

'Tis but the funeral of the former year.

Your, &c.

LETTER XIV.

To the Honourable Mrs. ———

June 20.

WE cannot omit taking this occasion to congratulate you upon the increate of your family, for your Cōw is this morning very happily delivered of the better sort, I mean a female calf; she is as like her mother as she can stare. All Knights Errants Palfreys were distinguished by lofty names; we see no reason why a Pastoral Lady's sheep and calves should want names of the softer sound; we have therefore given her the name of Cæsar's wife, Calphurnia: imagining, that as Romulus and Remus were suckled by a wolf, this Roman lady was suckled by a cow, from whence she took that name. In order to celebrate this birth-day, we had a cold dinner at Marble-hill *. Mrs. Susan offered us wine upon the occasion, and upon such an occasion we could not refuse it. Our entertainment consisted of flesh and fish, and the lettuce of a Greek Island called Cos. We have some thoughts of dining there to-morrow, to celebrate the day after the birth-day, and on Friday to celebrate the day after that, where we intend to entertain Dean Swift; because we think your hall the most delightful room in the world except that where you are. If it was not for you, we would forswear all courts; and really it is the most mortifying thing in nature, that we can neither get into the court to live with you, nor you get into the country to live with us; so we will take up with what we can get that belongs to you, and make ourselves as happy as we can in your house.

I hope we shall be brought into no worse company, when you all come to Richmond: for whatever our friend Gay may wish as to getting into Court, I disclaim it, and desire to see nothing of the court but yourself, being wholly and solely

Your, etc.

LETTER XV.

July 21.

YOU have the same share in my memory that good things generally have; I always know (whenever I reflect) that you should be in my mind; only I reflect too seldom.

* Mrs. Howard's House.

However, you ought to allow me the indulgence I allow all my friends (and if I did not, they would take it) in consideration that they have other avocations, which may prevent the proofs of their remembering me, though they preserve for me all the friendship and good-will which I deserve from them. In like manner I expect from you, that my past life of twenty years may be set against the omission of (perhaps) one month: and if you complain of this to any other, 'tis you are in the spleen, and not I in the wrong. If you think this letter splenetic, consider I have just received the news of the death of a friend, whom I esteemed almost as many years as you; poor Fenton. He died at Easthamstead, of indolence and inactivity; let it not be your fate, but use exercise. I hope the Duchess * will take care of you in this respect, and either make you gallop after her, or teize you enough at home to serve instead of exercise abroad. Mrs. Howard is so concerned about you, and so angry at me for not writing to you, and at Mrs. Blount for not doing the same, that I am piqu'd with jealousy and envy at you, and hate you as much as if you had a great place at court; which you will confess a proper cause of envy and hatred, in any Poet militant or unpensioned. But to set matters even, I own I love you; and own, I am, as I ever was, and just as I ever shall be,

Your, etc.

LETTER XVI.

DEAR SIR,

Oct. 6, 1727.

I Have many years ago magnify'd, in my own mind, and repeated to you, a ninth Beatitude, added to the eight in the Scripture; "Blessed is he who expects nothing, for he shall never be disappointed." I could find in my heart to congratulate you on this happy dismissal from all Court-dependance; I dare say I shall find you the better and the honestest man for it, many years hence: very probably the healthfuller, and the chearfuller into the bargain. You are happily rid of many cursed ceremonies, as well as of many ill and vicious habits, of which few or no men escape the infection, who are hackney'd and trammell'd in the ways of a court. Princes indeed, and Peers (the lackies of Princes) and Ladies (the fools of Peers) will smile on you the less; but men of worth and real

* Of Queensberry.

friends

friends will look on you the better. There is a thing, the only thing which Kings and Queens cannot give you (for they have it not to give) Liberty, and which is worth all they have; which, as yet, I thank God, Englishmen need not ask from their hands. You will enjoy that, and your own integrity, and the satisfactory consciousness of having *not* merited such graces from courts as are bestowed only on the mean, servile, flattering, interested, and undeserving. The only steps to the favour of the Great are such complacencies, such compliances, such distant decorums, as delude them in their vanities, or engage them in their passions. He is their greatest favourite, who is the falsest: and when a man, by such vile gradations, arrives at the height of grandeur and power, he is then at best but in a circumstance to be hated, and in a condition to be hanged, for serving their ends: so many a Minister has found it!

I believe you did not want advice, in the letter you sent by my Lord Grantham; I presume you writ it not, without: and you could not have better, if I guess right at the person who agreed to your doing it, in respect to any decency you ought to observe: for I take that person to be a perfect judge of decencies and forms. I am not without fears even on that person's account: I think it a bad omen: but what have I to do with Court-omens?—Dear Gay, adieu. I can only add a plain uncourtly speech: While you are no body's servant, you may be any one's friend; and as such I embrace you, in all conditions of life. While I have a shilling, you shall have six-pence, nay eight-pence, if I can contrive to live upon a groat. I am faithfully
Your, etc.

LETTER XVII.

From Mr. GAY to Mr. POPE.

Aug. 2, 1728.

I WAS two or three weeks ago that I writ you a letter; I might indeed have done it sooner; I thought of you every post-day upon that account, and every other day upon some account or other. I must beg you to give Mrs. B. my sincere thanks for her kind way of thinking of me, which I have heard of more than once from our friend at court, who seem'd in the letter she writ to be in high health

and spirits. Considering the multiplicity of pleasures and delights that one is over-run with in those places, I wonder how any body hath health and spirits enough to support them : I am heartily glad she has, and whenever I hear so, I find it contributes to mine. You see I am not free from dependance, tho' I have less attendance than I had formerly : for a great deal of my own welfare still depends upon hers. Is the widow's house to be dispos'd of yet ? I have not given up my pretensions to the Dean ; if it was to be parted with, I wish one of us had it ; I hope you wish so too, and that Mrs. Blount and Mrs. Howard wish the same, and for the very same reason that I wish it. All I could hear of you of late hath been by advertisements in news-papers, by which one would think the race of Curles was multiplied ; and, by the indignation such fellows show against you, that you have more merit than any body alive could have. Homer himself hath not been worse us'd by the French. I am to tell you that the Duchess makes you her compliments, and is always inclin'd to like any thing you do ; that Mr. Congreve admires, with me, your fortitude : and loves, not envies, your performance, for we are not Dunces.

Adieu.

LETTER XVIII.

April 18, 1730.

IF my friendship were as effectual as it is sincere, you would be one of those people who would be vastly advantaged and enrich'd by it. I ever honour'd those Popes who were most famous for Nepotism ; 'tis a sign that the old fellows loved Somebody, which is not usual in such advanced years. And I now honour Sir Robert Walpole for his extensive bounty and goodness to his private friends and relations. But it vexes me to the heart when I reflect, that my friendship is so much less effectual than theirs ; nay so utterly useless that it cannot give you any thing, not even a dinner at this distance, nor help the General whom I greatly love, to catch one fish. My only consolation is to think you happier than myself, and to begin to envy you, which is next to hating you (an excellent remedy for love.) How comes it that Providence has been so unkind to me (who am a greater object of compassion than any fat man alive) that I am forced to drink wine, while you riot in water, prepared with oranges by the hand
of

of the Duchess of Queensberry? that I am condemned to live by a highway side, like an old Patriarch, receiving all guests, where my portico (as Virgil has it)

Mane salutantum totis vomit aedibus undam,

while you are wrapt in the Idalian Groves, sprinkled with rose-water, and live in burrage, balm, and burnet up to the chin, with the Duchess of Queensberry; that I am doom'd to the drudgery of dining at court with the ladies in waiting at Windsor, while you are happily banish'd with the Duchess of Queensberry? So partial is Fortune in her dispensations! for I deserved ten times more to be banish'd than you, and I know some Ladies who merit it better than even her Grace. After this I must not name any, who dare do so much for you as to send you their services. But one there is, who exhorts me often to write to you, I suppose, to prevent or excuse her not doing it herself; she seems (for that is all I'll say for a courtier) to wish you mighty well. Another, who is no courtier, frequently mentions you, and does certainly wish you well.—I fancy, after all, they both do so.

I writ to Mr. Fortescue, and told him the pains you took to see him. The Dean is well; I have had many accounts of him from Irish evidence, but only two letters these four months, in both which you are mentioned kindly: he is in the north of Ireland, doing I know not what, with I know not whom. Mr. Cleland always speaks of you: he is at Tunbridge, wondering at the superior carnivorousness of our friend: he plays now with the old Duchess, nay dines with her, after she has won all his money. Other news I know not, but that Counsellor Bickford has hurt himself, and has the strongest walking-staff I ever saw. He intends speedily to make you a visit with it at Amesbury. I am my Lord Duke's, my Lady Duchess's, Mr. Dormer's, General Dormer's, and Your, etc.

LETTER XIX.

Sept. 11, 1730.

I May with great truth return your speech, that I think of you daily; oftner indeed than is consistent with the character of a reasonable man, who is rather to make himself easy with the things and men that are about him than
uneasy

uneasy for those which he wants. And you, whose absence is in a manner perpetual to me, ought rather to be remembered as a good man gone, than breathed after as one living. You are taken from us here, to be laid up in a more blessed state with spirits of a higher kind: such I reckon his Grace and her Grace, since their banishment from an earthly court to a heavenly one, in each other and their friends; for, I conclude, none but true friends, will consort or associate with them afterwards. I can't but look upon myself (so unworthy as a man of Twitnam seems, to be rank'd with such rectify'd and sublimated beings as you) as a separated spirit too from Courts and courtly fopperies. But, I own, not altogether so divested of terrene matter, nor altogether so spiritualized, as to be worthy admission to your depths of retirement and contentment. I am tugg'd back to the world and its regards too often; and no wonder, when my retreat is but ten miles from the capital. I am within ear-shot of reports, within the vortex of lies and censures. I hear sometimes of the lampooners of beauty, the calumniators of virtue, the jokers at reason and religion. I presume these are creatures and things as unknown to you, as we of this dirty orb are to the inhabitants of the planet Jupiter; except a few fervent prayers reach you on the wings of the post, from two or three of your zealous votaries at this distance: as one Mrs. H. who lifts up her heart now and then to you, from the midst of the Colluvies and sink of human greatness at W—r; one Mrs. B. that fancies you may remember her while you liv'd in your mortal and too transitory state at Peterham; one Lord B. who admir'd the Duchess before she grew a Goddess; and a few others.

To descend now to tell you what are our wants, our complaints, and our miseries here; I must seriously say, the loss of any one good woman is too great to be borne easily: and poor Mrs. Rollinson, tho' a private woman, was such. Her husband is gone into Oxfordshire very melancholy, and thence to the Bath, to live on, for such is our fate, and duty. Adieu. Write to me as often as you will, and (to encourage you) I will write as seldom as if you did not. Believe me

Your, etc,

LETTER

LETTER XX.

DEAR SIR,

Octob. 1, 1730.

I Am something like the sun at this season, withdrawing from the world, but meaning it mighty well, and resolving to shine whenever I can again. But I fear the clouds of a long winter will overcome me to such a degree, that any body will take a farthing candle for a better guide, and more serviceable companion. My friends may remember my brighter days, but will think (like the Irishman) that the moon is a better thing when once I am gone. I don't say this with any allusion to my poetical capacity as a son of Apollo, but in my companionable one (if you'll suffer me to use a phrase of the Earl of Clarendon's), for I shall see or be seen of few of you this winter. I am grown too faint to do any good, or to give any pleasure. I not only, as Dryden finely says, feel my notes decay as a poet, but feel my spirits flag as a companion, and shall return again to where I first began, my books. I have been putting my library in order, and enlarging the chimney in it, with equal intention to warm my mind and body (if I can) to some life. A friend (a woman-friend, God help me!) with whom I have spent three or four hours a day these fifteen years, advised me to pass more time in my studies: I reflected, she must have found some reason for this admonition, and concluded she would complete all her kindnesses to me by returning me to the employment I am fittest for; conversation with the dead, the old, and the worm-eaten.

Judge therefore if I might not treat you as a beatify'd spirit, comparing your life with my stupid state. For as to my living at Windsor with the ladies, etc. it is all a dream; I was there but two nights, and all the day out of that company. I shall certainly make as little court to others as they do to me; and that will be none at all. My fair-weather friends of the summer are going away for London, and I shall see them and the butterflies together, if I live till next year; which I would not desire to do, if it were only for their sakes. But we that are writers, ought to love posterity, that posterity may love us; and I would willingly live to see the children of the present race, merely in hope they may be a little wiser than their Parents.

I am, etc.

LETTER

LETTER XXI.

IT is true that I write to you very seldom, and have no pretence of writing which satisfies me, because I have nothing to say that can give you much pleasure: only merely that I am in being, which in truth is of little consequence to one from whose conversation I am cut off by such accidents or engagements as separate us. I continue, and ever shall, to wish you all good and happiness: I wish that some lucky event might set you in a state of ease and independency all at once; and that I might live to see you as happy as this silly world and fortune can make any one. Are we never to live together more, as once we did? I find my life ebbing apace, and my affections strengthening as my age increases; not that I am worse, but better, in my health than last winter; but my mind finds no amendment nor improvement, nor support to lean upon, from those about me: and so I find myself leaving the world, as fast as it leaves me. Companions I have enough, friends few, and those too warm in the concerns of the world, for me to bear pace with; or else so divided from me, that they are but like the dead whose remembrance I hold in honour. Nature, temper, and habit from my youth made me have but one strong desire; all other ambitions, my person, education, constitution, religion, etc. conspired to remove far from me. That desire was to fix and preserve a few lasting dependable friendships: and the accidents which have disappointed me in it, have put a period to all my aims. So I am sunk into an idleness, which makes me neither care nor labour to be noticed by the rest of mankind; I purpose no rewards to myself, and why should I take any sort of pains? here I sit and sleep, and probably here I shall sleep till I sleep for ever, like the old man of Verona. I hear of what passes in the busy world with so little attention, that I forget it the next day: and as to the learned world there is nothing passes in it. I have no more to add, but that I am with the same truth as ever,
 Your, etc.

LETTER XXII.

Oct. 23, 1730.

YOUR letter is a very kind one, but I can't say so pleasing to me as many of yours have been, thro' the account you give of the dejection of your spirits. I wish the
 too

too constant use of water does not contribute to it ; I find Dr. Arbuthnot and another very knowing physician of that opinion. I also wish you were not so totally immersed in the country ; I hope your return to town will be a prevalent remedy against the evil of too much recollection. I wish it partly for my own sake. We have lived little together of late, and we want to be physicians for one another. It is a remedy that agreed very well with us both for many years, and I fancy our constitutions would mend upon the old medicine of *Studiorum similitudo*, etc. I believe we both of us want whetting ; there are several here who will do you that good office, merely for the love of wit, which seems to be bidding the town a long and last adieu. I can tell you of not one thing worth reading, or seeing ; the whole age seems resolved to justify the Dunciad, and it may stand for a public Epitaph or monumental Inscription like that at Thermopylae, on a *whole people perish'd* ! There may indeed be a Wooden image or two of Poetry set up, to preserve the memory that there once were bards in Britain ; and (like the Giants at Guildhall) shew the bulk and bad taste of our ancestors : At present the poor Laureat * and Stephen Duck serve for this purpose ; a drunken sot of a *Parson* holds forth the emblem of *Inspiration*, and an honest industrious *Thresher* not unaptly represents *Pains* and *Labour*. I hope this Phænomenon of Wiltshire has appeared at Amesbury, or the Dukes will be thought insensible to all bright qualities and exalted geniuses, in court and country alike. But he is a harmless man, and therefore I am glad.

This is all the news talk'd of at court, but it will please you better to hear that Mrs. Howard talks of you, though not in the same breath with the *Thresher*, as they do of me. By the way, have you seen or convers'd with Mr. Chubb, who is a wonderful Phænomenon of Wiltshire ? I have read thro' his whole volume † with admiration of the writer ; tho' not always with approbation of the doctrine. I have past just three days in London in four months, two at Windsor, half a one at Richmond, and have not taken one excursion into any other country. Judge now

* Eusden.

† This was his quarto Volume, written before he had given any signs of those extravagances, which have since rendered him so famous. As the Court set up Mr. Duck for the rival of Mr. Pope, the City at the same time considered *Chubb*, as one who would eclipse Locke. The modesty of the court Poet kept him sober in a very intoxicating situation, while the vanity of this new-fangled Philosopher assisted his sage admirers in turning his head.

whether I can live in my library. Adieu. Live mindful of one of your first friends, who will be so till the last. Mrs. Blount deserves your remembrance, for she never forgets you, and wants nothing of being a friend *.

I beg the Duke's and her Grace's acceptance of my services: the contentment you express in their company pleases me, tho' it be the bar to my own, in dividing you from us. I am ever very truly

Your, etc.

LETTER XXIII.

Oct. 2, 1732.

SIR Clem. Cotterel tells me you will shortly come to town. We begin to want comfort in a few friends about us, while the winds whistle, and the waters roar. The sun gives us a parting look, but 'tis a cold one; we are ready to change those distant favours of a lofty beauty, for a gross material fire that warms and comforts more. I wish you could be here till your family come to town; you'll live more innocently, and kill fewer harmless creatures, nay none, except by your proper deputy, the butcher. It is fit for conscience sake, that you should come to town, and that the Duchefs should stay in the country, where no innocents of another species may suffer by her. I hope she never goes to church: the Duke should lock you both up, and less harm would be done. I advise you to make man your game, hunt and beat about here for coxcombs, and truss up Rogues in Satire: I fancy they'll turn to a good account, if you can produce them fresh, or make them keep: and their relations will come, and buy their bodies of you.

The death of Wilks leaves Cibber without a colleague, absolute and perpetual dictator of the stage, tho' indeed while he lived he was but as Bibulus to Cæsar. However, ambition finds something to be gratify'd with in a mere name; or else, God have mercy upon poor ambition! Here is a dead vacation at present, no politics at court, no trade in town, nothing stirring but poetry. Every man, and every boy, is writing verses on the Royal Hermitage: I hear the Queen is at a loss which to prefer; but

* Alluding to those lines in the Epist. on the characters of Women.

"With ev'ry pleasing, every prudent part,

"Say what can *Cleo* want?—She wants a heart."

for my own part, I like none so well as Mr. Poyntz's in Latin. You would oblige my Lady Suffolk if you tried your Muse on this occasion. I am sure I would do as much for the Duchess of Queensberry, if she desired it. Several of your friends assure me it is expected from you: one should not bear in mind, all one's life, any little indignity one receives from a Court; and therefore I am in hopes, neither her Grace will hinder you, nor you decline it.

The volume of Miscellanies is just publish'd, which concludes all our fooleries of that kind. All your friends remember you, and, I assure you, no one more than

Your, etc.

LETTER XXIV.

From Mr. GAY to Mr. POPE.

Oct. 7, 1732.

I Am at last returned from my Somersetshire expedition, but since my return I cannot so much boast of my health as before I went, for I am frequently out of order with my colical complaints, so as to make me uneasy and dispirited, tho' not to any violent degree. The reception we met with, and the little excursions we made were every way agreeable. I think the country abounds with beautiful prospects. Sir William Wyndham is at present amusing himself with some real improvements, and a great many visionary castles. We were often entertained with sea-views and sea-fish, and were at some places in the neighbourhood, among which I was mightily pleased with Dunstar-Castle near Minehead. It stands upon a great eminence, and hath a prospect of that town, with an extensive view of the Bristol Channel, in which are seen two small islands call'd the Steep Holmes and Flat Holmes, and on t'other side we could plainly distinguish the divisions of fields on the Welch coast. All this journey I perform'd on horseback, and am very much disappointed that at present I feel myself so little the better for it. I have indeed followed riding and exercise for three months successively, and really think I was as well without it; so that I begin to fear the illness I have so long and so often complain'd of, is inherent in my constitution, and that I have nothing for it but patience*.

* Mr. Gay died the November following at the Duke of Queensberry's house in London, aged 46 years.

As to your advice about writing Panegyric, 'tis what I have not frequently done. I have indeed done it sometimes against my judgment and inclinations, and I heartily repent of it. And at present, as I have no desire of reward, and see no just reason of praise, I think I had better let it alone. There are flatterers good enough to be found, and I would not interfere in any Gentleman's profession. I have seen no verses on these sublime occasions; so that I have no emulation: Let the patrons enjoy the authors, and the authors their patrons, for I know myself unworthy.

I am, etc.

LETTER XXV.

Mr. CLELAND to Mr. GAY *.

Decemb. 16, 1731.

I Am astonish'd at the complaints occasioned by a late Epistle to the Earl of Burlington; and should be afflicted were there the least just ground for them. Had the writer attacked Vice, at a time when it is not only tolerated but triumphant, and so far from being conceal'd as a Defect, that it is proclaimed with ostentation as a Merit; I should have been apprehensive of the consequence: Had he satirized Gamesters of a hundred thousand pounds fortune, acquir'd by such methods as are in daily practice, and almost universally encouraged; had he over warmly defended the Religion of his country against such books as come from every press, are publicly vended in every shop, and greedily bought by almost every rank of men: or had he called our excellent weekly writers by the same names which they openly bestow on the greatest men in the Ministry, and out of the Ministry, for which they are all unpunished, and most rewarded: in any of these cases, indeed, I might have judged him too presumptuous, and perhaps have trembled for his rashness.

I could not but hope better for this small and modest Epistle, which attacks no one Vice whatsoever; which deals only in Folly, and not Folly in general, but a single species of it; that only branch, for the opposite excellency of which, the Noble Lord to whom it is written must necessarily be celebrated. I fancied it might escape censure,

* This was written by the same hand that wrote the *Letter to the Publisher*, prefixed to the *Dunciad*.

especially

especially seeing how tenderly these follies are treated, and really less accused than apologized for.

*Yet hence the Poor are cloath'd, the Hungry fed,
Health to himself, and to his Infants Bread
The Lab'rer bears.*

Is this such a crime, that to impute it to a man must be a grievous offence? 'Tis an innocent Folly, and much more beneficent than the want of it; for ill Taste employs more hands, and diffuses expence more than a good one. Is it a moral defect? No, it is but a natural one; a want of taste. It is what the best good man living may be liable to. The worthiest Peer may live exemplarily in an ill-favour'd house, and the best reputed citizen be pleased with a vile garden. I thought (I say) the author had the common liberty to observe a defect, and to compliment a friend for a quality that distinguishes him: which I know not how any quality should do, if we were not to remark that it was wanting in others.

But, they say, the satire is personal. I thought it could not be so, because all it's reflections are on things. His reflections are not on the man, but his house, garden, etc. Nay, he respects (as one may say) the Persons of the Gladiator, the Nile, and the Triton; he is only sorry to see them (as he might be to see any of his friends) ridiculous by being in the wrong place, and in bad company. Some fancy, that to say, a thing is Personal, is the same as to say, it is unjust, not considering, that nothing can be just that is not personal. I am afraid that "all writings and discourses as touch no man, will mend no man." The good-natured, indeed, are apt to be alarmed at any thing like satire; and the guilty readily concur with the weak for a plain reason, because the vicious look upon folly as their frontier:

Jam proximus ardet
Ucalegon.

No wonder those who know ridicule belongs to them, find an inward consolation in removing it from themselves as far as they can; and it is never so far, as when they can get it fixed in their best characters. No wonder those who are Food for Satirists should rail at them as creatures of prey; every beast born for our use would be ready to call a man so.

I know no remedy, unless people in our age would as
little

little frequent the theatres, as they begin to do the churches; unless comedy were forsaken, satire silent, and every man left to do what seems good in his own eyes, as if there were no King, no Priest, no Poet, in Israel.

But I find myself obliged to touch a point, on which I must be more serious; it well deserves I should: I mean the malicious application of the character of Timon, which, I will boldly say, they would impute to the person most different in the world from a Man-hater, to the person whose taste and encouragement of wit have often been shewn in the rightest place. The author of that epistle must certainly think so, if he has the same opinion of his own merit as authors generally have; for he has been distinguished by this very person.

Why, in God's name, must a Portrait, apparently collected from twenty different men, be applied to one only? Has it his eye? no, it is very unlike. Has it his nose or mouth? no, they are totally differing. What then, I beseech you? Why, it has the mole on his chin. Very well; but must the picture therefore be his, and has no other man that blemish?

Could there be a more melancholy instance how much the taste of the public is vitiated, and turns the most salutary and seasonable physick into poison, than if amidst the blaze of a thousand bright qualities in a great man, they should only remark there is a shadow about him; as what eminence is without? I am confident the author was incapable of imputing any such to one, whose whole life (to use his own expression in print of him) is a *continued series of good and generous actions*.

I know no man who would be more concerned, if he gave the least pain of offence to any innocent person; and none who would be less concerned, if the satire were challenged by any one at whom he would really aim at. If ever that happens, I dare engage, he will own it, with all the freedom of one whose censures are just, and who sets his name to them.

LETTER XXVI.

To the Earl of BURLINGTON.

My LORD,

March 7, 1731.

THE clamour rais'd about my Epistle to you, could not give me so much pain, as I receiv'd pleasure in seeing the general zeal of the world in the cause of a Great man who is beneficent, and the particular warmth of your Lordship in that of a private man who is innocent.

It was not the Poem that deserv'd this from you; for as I had the honour to be your Friend, I could not treat you quite like a Poet; but sure the writer deserved more candour, even from those who knew him not, than to promote a report which, in regard to that noble person, was impertinent, in regard to me, villainous. Yet I had no great cause to wonder, that a character belonging to twenty should be applied to one; since, by that means nineteen would escape the ridicule.

I was too well content with my knowledge of that noble person's opinion in this affair, to trouble the public about it. But since Malice and Mistake are so long a dying, I have taken the opportunity of a third edition to declare his belief, not only of my innocence, but of their malignity; of the former of which my own heart is as conscious; as, I fear, some of theirs must be of the latter. His humanity feels a concern for the injury done to me, while his greatness of mind can bear with indifference the insult offered to himself*.

However, my Lord, I own that critics of this sort can intimidate me, nay half incline me to write no more: That would be making the Town a compliment which, I think, it deserves; and which some, I am sure, would take very kindly. This way of Satire is dangerous, as long as slander rais'd by fools of the lowest rank, can find any countenance from those of a higher. Even from the conduct shewn on this occasion, I have learnt there are some who would rather be wicked than ridiculous; and therefore it may be safer to attack Vices than Follies. I will therefore leave my betters in the quiet possession of their Idols, their Groves and their High-places; and change my subject from their pride to their meanness,

* Alludes to the Letter the Duke of Ch* wrote to Mr. Pope on this occasion.

from

from their vanities to their miseries; and as the only certain way to avoid misconstructions, to lessen offence, and not to multiply ill-natured applications, I may probably, in my next, make use of real names instead of fictitious ones.

I am,

My Lord,

Your most affectionate, etc.

LETTER XXVII*.

Cirencester.

IT is a true saying that misfortunes alone prove one's friendships: they show us not only that of other people for us, but our own for them. We hardly know ourselves any otherwise. I feel my being forced to this Bath-journey as a misfortune; and to follow my own welfare preferably to those I love, is indeed a new thing to me: my health has not usually got the better of my tenderneſſes and affections. I ſet out with a heavy heart, wiſhing I had done this thing the laſt ſeaſon; for every day I deſer it, the more I am in danger of that accident which I dread the moſt, my Mother's death (eſpecially ſhould it happen while I am away.) And another Reflection pains me, that I have never, ſince I knew you, been ſo long ſeparated from you, as I now muſt be. Methinks we live to be more and more ſtrangers, and every year teaches you to live without me: This abſence may, I fear, make my return leſs welcome and leſs wanted to you, than once it ſeem'd, even after but a fortnight. Time ought not in reaſon to diminifh friendſhip, when it confirms the truth of it by experience.

The journey has a good deal diſorder'd me, notwithſtanding my reſting-place at Lord Bathurſt's. My Lord is too much for me, he walks, and is in ſpirits all day long: I rejoice to ſee him ſo. It is a right diſtinction, that I am happier in ſeeing my friends ſo many degrees above me, be it in fortune, health, or pleaſures, than I can be in ſharing either with them: for in theſe ſort of enjoyments I cannot keep pace with them, any more than I can walk with a ſtronger man. I wonder to find I am a companion for none but old men, and forget that I am not a young fellow myſelf. The worſt is that reading and writing, which I have ſtill the greateſt reliſh for, are growing painful to my

• To Mrs. B.

eyes.

eyes. But if I can preserve the good opinion of one or two friends, to such a degree as to have their indulgence to my weaknesses, I will not complain of life: And if I could live to see you consult your ease and quiet, by becoming independent on those who will never help you to either, I doubt not of finding the latter part of my life pleasanter than the former, or present. My uneasinesses of body I can bear; my chief uneasiness of mind is in your regard. You have a temper that would make you *easy* and *beloved* (which is all the happiness one needs to wish in this world) and content with moderate things. All your point is not to lose that temper by sacrificing yourself to others, out of a mistaken tenderness, which hurts you, and profits not them. And this you must do soon, or it will be too late: Habit will make it as hard for you to live independent, as for L—— to live out of a Court.

You must excuse me for observing what I think any defect in you; you grow too indolent, and give things up too easily: which would be otherwise, when you found and felt yourself your own: Spirits would come in, as ill-usage went out. While you live under a kind of perpetual dejection and oppression, nothing at all belongs to you, not your own *Humour*, nor your own *Sense*.

You can't conceive how much you would find resolution rise, and cheerfulness grow upon you, if you'd once try to live independent for two or three months. I never think tenderly of you but this comes across me, and therefore excuse my repeating it, for whenever I do not, I dissemble half that I think of you: Adieu, pray write, and be particular about your health.

LETTER XXVIII*.

YOUR letter dated at nine o'clock on Tuesday (night as I suppose) has sunk me quite. Yesterday I hoped; and yesterday I sent you a line or two for our poor Friend Gay, inclos'd in a few words to you; about twelve or one o'clock you should have had it. I am troubled about that, tho' the present cause of our trouble be so much greater†. Indeed I want a friend, to help me to bear it better. We want each other. I bear a hearty share with Mrs. Howard,

* To the same.

† Mr. Gay's death, which happen'd in Nov. 1732, at the Duke of Queensberry's house in London, aged 46.

who has lost a man of a most honest heart; so honest an one, that I wish her Master had none less honest about him. The world after all is a little pitiful thing; not performing any one promise it makes us, for the future, and every day taking away and annulling the joys of the past. Let us comfort one another, and, if possible, study to add as much more friendship to each other, as death has deprived us of in him. I promise you more and more of mine, which will be the way to deserve more and more of yours.

I purposely avoid saying more. The subject is beyond writing upon, beyond cure or ease by reason or reflection, beyond all but one thought, that is the will of God.

So will the death of my mother be! which now I tremble at, now resign to, now bring close to me, now set farther off: Every day alters, turns me about, and confuses my whole frame of mind. Her dangerous distemper is again return'd, her fever coming onward again, tho' less in pain; for which last however I thank God.

I am unfeignedly tired of the world, and receive nothing to be called a pleasure in it, equivalent to counter-vail either the death of one I have so long lived with, or of one I have so long lived for. I have nothing left but to turn my thoughts to one comfort; the last we usually think of, tho' the only one we should in wisdom depend upon, in such a disappointing place as this. I sit in her room, and she is always present before me, but when I sleep. I wonder I am so well: I have shed many tears, but now I weep at nothing. I would above all things see you, and think it would comfort you to see me so equal-temper'd and so quiet. But pray dine here; you may, and she know nothing of it, for she dozes much, and we tell her of no earthly thing, lest it run in her mind, which often trifles have done. If Mr. Bethell had time, I wish he were your companion hither. Be as much as you can with each other: Be assur'd I love you both, and be farther assur'd, that friendship will increase as I live on,

LETTER

LETTER XXIX.

TO HUGH BETHELL, Esq.

July 12, 1723.

I Assure you unfeignedly any memorial of your goodness and friendliness is most welcome to me, who know those tenders of affection from you are not like the common traffic of compliments and professions, which most people only give that they may receive; and is at best a commerce of Vanity, if not of Falsehood. I am happy in not immediately wanting the sort of good offices you offer: but if I did want them, I should not think myself unhappy in receiving them at your hands: this really is some compliment, for I would rather most men did me a small injury, than a kindness. I know your humanity, and allow me to say, I love and value you for it: 'Tis a much better ground of love and value, than all the qualities I see the world so fond of: They generally admire in the wrong place, and generally most admire the things they don't comprehend, or the things they can never be the better for. Very few can receive pleasure or advantage from wit which they seldom taste, or learning which they seldom understand: much less from the quality, high birth, or shining circumstances of those to whom they profess esteem, and who will always remember how much they are their Inferiors. But humanity and sociable virtues are what every creature wants every day, and still wants more the longer he lives, and most the very moment he dies. It is ill travelling either in a ditch or on a terras; we should walk in the common way, where others are continually passing on the same level, to make the journey of life supportable by bearing one another company in the same circumstances.—Let me know how I may convey over the Odysseys for your amusement in your journey, that you may compare your own travels with those of Ulysses; I am sure yours are undertaken upon a more disinterested, and therefore a more heroic motive. Far be the omen from you, of returning as he did, alone, without saving a friend.

There is lately printed a book * wherein all human virtue is reduced to one test, that of Truth, and branch'd out

* Mr. Wollaston's excellent book of *the Religion of Nature delineated*. The Queen was fond of it, and that made the reading, and the talking of it fashionable.

in every instance of our duty to God and man. If you have not seen it, you must, and I will send it together with the *Odyssey*. The very women read it, and pretend to be charmed with that beauty which they generally think the least of. They make as much ado about *truth*, since this book appear'd, as they did about *health* when Dr. Cheyne's came out: and will doubtless be as constant in the pursuit of one, as of the other. Adieu.

LETTER XXX.

To the same.

Aug. 9, 1726.

I Never am unmindful of those I think so well of as yourself; their number is not so great as to confound one's memory. Nor ought you to decline writing to me, upon an imagination, that I am much employed by other people. For though my house is like the house of a Patriarch of old, standing by the highway-side and receiving all travellers, nevertheless I seldom go to bed without the reflection, that one's chief business is to be really at home: and I agree with you in your opinion of company, amusements, and all the silly things which mankind would fain make pleasures of, when in truth they are labour and sorrow.

I condole with you on the death of your Relation, the E. of C. as on the fate of a mortal man: Esteem I never had for him, but concern and humanity I had: the latter was due to the infirmity of his last period, tho' the former was not due to the triumphant and vain part of his course. He certainly knew himself best at last, and knew best the little value of others, whose neglect of him, whom they so grossly follow'd and flatter'd in the former scene of his life, shew'd him as worthless as they could imagine him to be, were he all that his worst enemies believ'd of him: For my own part, I am sorry for his death, and wish he had lived long enough to see so much of the faithlessness of the world, as to have been above the mad ambition of governing such wretches as he must have found it to be compos'd of.

Tho' you could have no great value for this Great man, yet acquaintance itself, the custom of seeing the face, or entering under the roof, of one that walks along with us in the common way of the world, is enough to create a wish

with at least for his being above ground, and a degree of uneasiness at his removal. 'Tis the loss of an object familiar to us: I should hardly care to have an old post pull'd up, that I remember'd ever since I was a child. And add to this the reflection (in the case of such as were not the best of their Species) what their condition in another life may be, it is yet a more important motive for our concern and compassion. To say the truth, either in the case of death or life, almost every body and every thing is a cause or object for humanity, even prosperity itself, and health itself; so many weak pitiful incidentals attend on them.

I am sorry any relation of yours is ill, whoever it be, for you don't name the person. But I conclude it is one of those to whose houses, you tell me, you are going, for I know no invitation with you is so strong as when any one is in distress, or in want of your assistance: The strongest proof in the world of this, was your attendance on the late Earl.

I have been very melancholy for the loss of Mr. Blount. Whoever has any portion of good-nature will suffer on these occasions; but a good mind rewards its own sufferings. I hope to trouble you as little as possible, if it be my fate to go before you. I am of old Ennius's mind, *Nemo me decoret lachrymis*—I am but a *Lodger* here: this is not an abiding city, I am only to stay out my lease: for what has Perpetuity and mortal man to do with each other? But I could be glad you would take up with an Inn at Twittenham, as long as I am Host of it: if not, I would take up freely with any Inn of yours.—Adieu, dear Sir: Let us while away this life: and (if we can) meet in another.

L E T T E R XXXI.

To the same.

June 24, 1727.

YOU are too humane and considerate (things few people can be charged with.) Do not say you will not expect letters from me; upon my word I can no more forbear writing sometimes to you, than thinking of you. I know the world too well, not to value you who are an example of acting, living, and thinking, above it, and contrary to it.

I thank God for my Mother's unexpected recovery,
tho'

tho' my hope can rise no higher than from reprieve to reprieve, the small addition of a few days to the many she has already seen. Yet so short and transitory as this light is, it is all I have to warm or shine upon me; and when it is out, there is nothing else that will live for me, or consume itself in my service. But I would have you think this is not the chief motive of my concern about her: Gratitude is a cheap virtue, one may pay it very punctually, for it costs us nothing, but our memory of the good done. And I owe her more good, than ever I can pay, or she at this age receive, if I could. I do not think the tranquillity of the mind ought to be disturbed for many things in this world: but those offices that are necessary duties either to our friends or ourselves, will hardly prove any breach of it; and as much as they take away from our indolence and ease of body, will contribute to our peace and quiet of mind by the content they give. They often afford the highest pleasure; and those who do not feel that, will hardly ever find another to match it, let them love themselves ever so dearly. At the same time it must be own'd, one meets with cruel disappointments in seeing so often the best endeavours ineffectual to make others happy, and very often, (what is most cruel of all) thro' their own means*. But still I affirm, those very disappointments of a virtuous man are greater pleasures than the utmost gratifications and successes of a mere self-lover.

The great and sudden event which has just now happened §, puts the whole world (I mean this whole world) into a new state: The only use I have, shall, or wish to make of it, is to observe the disparity of men from themselves in a week's time; the desultory leaping and catching of new motions, new modes, new measures: and that strange spirit and life, with which men broken and disappointed resume their hopes, their sollicitations, their ambitions! It would be worth your while as a Philosopher, to be busy in these observations, and to come hither to see the fury and bustle of the Bees this hot season, without coming so near as to be stung by them.

Your, etc.

* See Letter xxvii, from Cirencester.

§ The death of K. George the First, which happened the 11th of June, 1727.

LETTER XXXII.

To the same

June 17, 1728.

AFTER the publishing of my Boyish Letters to Mr. Cromwell, you will not wonder if I should forswear writing a letter again while I live; since I do not correspond with a friend upon the terms of any other free subject of this kingdom. But to you I can never be silent or reserved; and, I am sure, my opinion of your heart is such, that I could open mine to you in no manner which I could fear the whole world should know. I could publish my own heart too, I will venture to say, for any mischief or malice there is in it: but a little too much folly or weakness might, (I fear) appear, to make such a spectacle either instructive or agreeable to others.

I am reduced to beg of all my acquaintance to secure me from the like usage for the future, by returning me any letters of mine which they may have preserved; that I may not be hurt, after my death, by that which was the happiness of my life, their partiality and affection to me.

I have nothing of myself to tell you, only that I have had but indifferent health. I have not made a visit to London: Curiosity and the love of Dissipation die apace in me. I am not glad nor sorry for it, but I am very sorry for those who have nothing else to live on.

I have read much, but writ no more. I have small hopes of doing good, no vanity in writing, and little ambition to please a world not very candid or deserving. If I can preserve the good opinion of a few friends, it is all I can expect, considering how little good I can do even to them to merit it. Few people have your candour, or are so willing to think well of another from whom they receive no benefit, and gratify no vanity. But of all the soft sensations, the greatest pleasure is to give and receive mutual Trust. It is by Belief and firm Hope, that men are made happy in this life, as well as in the other. My confidence in your good opinion, and dependance upon that of one or two more, is the chief cordial drop I taste, amidst the Insipid, the Disagreeable, the Cloying, or the Dead-sweet, which are the common draughts of life. Some pleasures are too pert, as well as others too flat, to be relish'd long: and vivacity in some cases is worse than dulness. Therefore indeed for many years I have not chosen my companions for any of the qualities in fashion, but almost entirely for that which is most out-of-fashion, sincerity. Before
I am

I am aware of it, I am making your panegyric, and perhaps my own too, for next to possessing the best of qualities is the esteeming and distinguishing those who possess it. I truly love and value you, and so I stop short.

LETTER XXXIII.

To the Earl of PETERBOROW.

MY LORD,

Aug. 24, 1728.

I Presume you may before this time be returned, from the contemplation of many Beauties, animal and vegetable, in Gardens; and possibly some rational, in Ladies; to the better enjoyment of your own at Bevis-Mount. I hope, and believe, all you have seen will only contribute to it. I am not so fond of making compliments to Ladies as I was twenty years ago, or I would say there are some very reasonable, and one in particular there. I think you happy, my Lord, in being at least half the year almost as much your own master as I am mine the whole year: and with all the disadvantageous incumbrances of quality, parts, and honour, as mere a gardener, loiterer, and labourer, as he who never had Titles, or from whom they are taken. I have an eye in the last of these glorious appellations to the style of a Lord degraded or attainted: methinks they give him a better title than they deprive him of, in calling him Labourer: *Agricultura*, says Tully, *proxima Sapientiae*, which is more than can be said by most modern Nobility, of Grace or Right Honourable, which are often *proxima Stultitiae*. The Great Turk, you know, is often a Gardener, or of a meaner trade: and are there not (my Lord) some circumstances in which you would resemble the Great Turk? The two Paradises are not ill connected, of Gardens and Gallantry; and some there are (not to name my Lord B.) who pretend they are both to be had, even in this life, without turning Muffelmen.

We have as little politics here within a few miles of the Court (nay perhaps at the Court) as you at Southampton; and our Ministers, I dare say, have less to do. Our weekly histories are only full of the feasts given to the Queen and Royal Family by their servants, and the long and laborious walks her Majesty takes every morning. Yet if the graver Historians hereafter shall be silent of this year's

year's events, the amorous and anecdotal may make posterity some amends, by being furnished with the gallantries of the Great at home; and 'tis some comfort, that if the Men of the next age do not read of us, the Women may.

From the time you have been absent, I've not been to wait on a certain great man, thro' modesty, thro' idleness, and thro' respect. But for my comfort I fancy, that any great man will as soon forget one that does him no harm, as he can one that has done him any good. Believe me, my Lord, yours.

L E T T E R XXXIV.

From the Earl of PETERBOROW.

I Must confess that in going to Lord Cobham's, I was not led by curiosity. I went thither to see what I had seen, and what I was sure to like.

I had the idea of those gardens so fix'd in my imagination by many descriptions, that nothing surprized me; Immensity and Van Brugh appear in the whole, and in every part. Your joining in your letter animal and vegetable beauty, makes me use this expression: I confess the stately Sacharissa at Stow, but am content with my little Amoret.

I thought you indeed more knowing upon the subject, and wonder at your mistake; why will you imagine women insensible to Praise, much less to yours? I have seen them more than once turn from their Lover to their Flatterer. I am sure the Farmeress at Bevis in her highest mortifications, in the middle of her Lent*, would feel emotions of vanity, if she knew you gave her the character of a reasonable woman.

You have been guilty again of another mistake, which hinder'd me shewing your letter to a friend: when you join two ladies in the same compliment, tho' you gave to both the beauty of Venus, and the wit of Minerva, you would please neither.

If you had put me into the Dunciad, I could not have been more disposed to criticise your letter. What, Sir, do you bring it in as a reproach, or as a thing uncommon to a Court, to be without politics? With politics indeed the Richlieu's and such folks have brought about great things in former days; but what are they, Sir, who, without policy, in our times, can make ten Treaties in a year, and secure everlasting Peace?

* The Countess of Peterborow, a Roman-catholic.

I can no longer disagree with you, tho' in jest. Oh how heartily I join with you in your contempt for Excellency and Grace, and in your esteem of that most noble title, Loiterer. If I were a man of many plums, and a good heathen, I would dedicate a Temple to Laziness: No man sure could blame my choice of such a Deity, who considers that when I have been fool enough to take pains, I always met with some wise man able to undo my labours.

Your, etc.

LETTER XXXV.

YOU were in a very polemic humour when you did me the honour to answer my last. I always understood, like a true controvertist, that to answer is only to cavil and quarrel: however, I forgive you; you did it (as all Polemics do) to shew your parts. Else was it not very vexatious, to deny me to commend two women at a time? It is true, my Lord, you know women as well as men: but since you certainly love them better, why are you so uncharitable in your opinion of them? Surely one Lady may allow another to have the thing she herself least values, Reason, when Beauty is uncontested. Venus herself could allow Minerva to be Goddess of Wit, when Paris gave her the apple (as the fool herself thought) on a better account. I do say, that Lady P* is a reasonable woman; and I think, she will not take it amiss, if I should insist upon esteeming her, instead of Toasting her, like a silly thing I could name, who is the Venus of these days. I see you had forgot my letter, or would not let her know how much I thought of her in this reasonable way: but I have been kinder to you, and have shewn your letter to one who will take it candidly.

But for God's sake, what have you said about Politicians? you made me a great compliment in the trust you reposed in my prudence, or what mischief might not I have done you with some that affect that denomination? Your Lordship might as safely have spoken of Heroes. What a bluster would the God of the winds have made, had one that we know puff'd against Æolus, or (like Xerxes) whipp'd the seas? They had dialogued it in the language of the Rehearsal,

I'll give him flash for flash—

I'll give him dash for dash—

But

But all now is safe ; the Poets are preparing songs of joy, and Halcyon-days are the word.

I hope, my Lord, it will not be long before your dutiful affection brings you to town. I fear it will a little raise your envy to find all the Muses employed in celebrating a Royal work *, which your own partiality will think inferior to Bevis-Mount. But if you have any inclination to be even with them, you need but put three or four Wits into any hole in your Garden, and they will out-rhyme all Eaton and Westminster. I think, Swift, Gay, and I could undertake it, if you don't think our Heads too expensive : but the same hand that did the others, will do them as cheap. If all else should fail, you are sure at least of the head, hand, and heart of your servant.

Why should you fear any disagreeable news to reach us at Mount Bevis ? Do as I do even within ten miles of London, let no news whatever come near you. As to public affairs we never knew a deader season : 'tis all silent, deep tranquillity. Indeed, they say, 'tis sometimes so just before an Earthquake. But whatever happens, cannot we observe the wise neutrality of the Dutch, and let all about us fall by the ears ? Or if you, my Lord, should be prick'd on by any old fashion'd notions of Honour and Romance, and think it necessary for the General of the Marines to be in action, when our Fleets are in motion ; meet them at Spithead, and take me along with you. I decline no danger where the glory of Great Britain is concern'd ; and will contribute to empty the largest bowl of punch that shall be rigg'd on such an occasion. Adieu, my Lord, and may as many Years attend you, as may be happy and honourable !

LETTER XXXVI.

From the Earl of PETERBOROW.

YOU must receive my letters with a just impartiality, and give grains of allowance for a gloomy or rainy day ; I sink grievously with the weather-gla's, and am quite spiritless when oppress'd with the thoughts of a Birthday or a Return.

Dutiful affection was bringing me to town, but undutiful laziness, and being much out of order, keep me in the

* The Hermitage.

country; however, if alive, I must make my appearance at the Birth-day. Where you shewed one letter you may shew the other; she that never was wanting in any good office in her power, will make a proper excuse, where a sin of Omission, I fear, is not reckoned as a venial sin.

I consent you shall call me polemic, or associate me to any sect or Corporation, provided you do not join me to the Charitable Rogues, or to the Pacific Politicians of the present age. I have read over * Barkley in vain, and find, after a stroke given on the left, I cannot offer the right cheek for another blow: all I can bring myself to, is to bear mortification from the fair sex with patience.

You seem to think it vexatious that I shall allow you but one woman at a time, either to praise, or love. If I dispute with you upon this point, I doubt every jury will give a verdict against me. So, Sir, with a Mahometan indulgence, I allow you pluralities, the favourite privilege of our church.

I find you do not mend upon correction; again I tell you, you must not think of women in a reasonable way: you know we always make Goddeses of those we adore upon earth; and do not all the good men tell us, we must lay aside Reason in what relates to the Deity?

'Tis well the Poets are preparing songs of joy: 'tis well to lay in antidotes of soft rhyme, against the rough prose they may chance to meet with at Westminster. I should have been glad of any thing of Swift's: pray when you write to him next, tell him I expect him with impatience, in a place as odd, and as much out of the way as himself.

Yours.

LETTER XXXVII.

From the same.

WHenever you apply as a good Papist to your female Mediatrix, you are sure of success; but there is not a full assurance of your entire submission to Mother-church, and that abates a little of your authority. However, if you will accept of country-letters, she will correspond from the hay-cock, and I will write to you upon the side of my wheelbarrow: surely such letters might escape examination.

* Barkley's Apology for the Quakers.

Your

FROM SEVERAL PERSONS. 213

Your idea of the Golden Age is, that every shepherd might pipe where he pleased. As I have lived longer, I am more moderate in my wishes, and would be content with the liberty of not piping where I am not pleased.

Oh how I wish, to myself and my friends, a freedom which Fate seldom allows, and which we often refuse ourselves! why is our Shepherdess * in voluntary slavery? why must our Dean submit to the Colour of his coat, and live absent from us? and why are you confined to what you cannot relieve?

I seldom venture to give accounts of my journeys beforehand, because I take resolutions of going to London, and keep them no better than quarrelling lovers do theirs. But the devil will drive me thither about the middle of next month, and I will call upon you, to be sprinkled with holy water, before I enter the place of Corruption.

Your, etc.

L E T T E R XXXVIII.

From the same.

I Am under the greatest impatience to see Dr. Swift at Bevis-Mount, and must signify my mind to him by another hand, it not being permitted me to hold correspondence with the said Dean, for no letter of mine can come to his hands.

And whereas it is apparent, in this Protestant land, most especially under the care of divine providence, that nothing can succeed or come to a happy issue but by Bribery; therefore let me know what he expects to comply with my desires, and it shall be remitted unto him.

For tho' I would not corrupt any man for the whole world, yet a benevolence may be given without any offence to conscience; every one must confess, that gratification and corruption are two distinct terms; nay at worst many good men hold, that for a good end, some very naughty measures may be made use of.

But, Sir, I must give you some good news in relation to myself, because, I know, you wish me well; I am cur'd of some diseases in my old age, which tormented me very much in my youth.

I was possessed with violent and uneasy passions, such as

* Mrs. H.

a peevish concern for Truth, and a saucy love for my Country.

When a Christian Priest preached against the Spirit of the Gospel, when an English Judge determined against Magna Charta, when the Minister acted against Common Sense, I used to fret.

Now, Sir, let what will happen, I keep myself in temper: As I have no flattering hopes, so I banish all useless fears; but as to the things of this world, I find myself in a condition beyond expectation; it being evident from a late Parliamentary inquiry, that I have as much ready money, as much in the funds, and as great a personal estate, as Sir Robert S-t-t-n.

If the Translator of Homer find fault with this unheroic disposition, or (what I more fear) if the Draper of Ireland accuse the Englishman of want of spirit: I silence you both with one line out of your own Horace, *Quid te exempta juvat spinis e pluribus una?* For I take the whole to be so corrupted, that a cure in any part would be of little avail.

Your, etc.

LETTER XXXIX.

Dr. SWIFT to the Earl of PETERBOROW.

MY LORD,

I Never knew or heard of any person so volatile and so fix'd as your Lordship: You, while your imagination is carrying you thro' every corner of the world, where you have or have not been, can at the same time remember to do offices of favour and kindness to the meanest of your friends; and in all the scenes you have passed, have not been able to attain that one quality peculiar to a great man, of forgetting every thing but injuries. Of this I am a living witness against you; for being the most insignificant of all your old humble servants, you were so cruel as never to give me time to ask a favour, but prevented me, in doing whatever you thought I desired, or could be for my credit or advantage.

I have often admired at the capriciousness of Fortune in regard to your Lordship. She hath forced Courts to act against their oldest and most constant maxims; to make you a General because you had courage and conduct; an Ambassador, because you had wisdom and knowledge in the interests of Europe; and an Admiral on account of your skill

skill in maritime affairs : whereas, according to the usual method of Court-proceedings, I should have been at the head of the Army, and you of the Church, or rather a Curate under the Dean of St. Patrick's.

The Archbishop of Dublin laments that he did not see your Lordship till he was just upon the point of leaving the Bath : I pray God you may have found success in that journey, else I shall continue to think there is a fatality in all your Lordship's undertakings, which only terminate in your own honour, and the good of the public, without the least advantage to your health or fortune.

I remember Lord Oxford's Ministry us'd to tell me, that not knowing where to write to you, they were forced to write at you. It is so with me, for you are in one thing an Evangelic man, that you know not where to lay your head, and, I think, you have no house. Pray, my Lord, write to me, that I may have the pleasure, in this scoundrel country, of going about, and shewing my depending Parsons a letter from the Earl of Peterborow.

I am, etc.

LETTER XL.

To * * * * †.

Sept. 13.

I Believe you are by this time immers'd in your vast Wood ; and one may address to you as to a very abstracted person, like Alexander Selkirk, or the * Self-taught Philosopher. I should be very curious to know what sort of contemplations employ you. I remember the latter of those I mentioned, gave himself up to a devout exercise of making his head giddy with various circumrotations, to imitate the motions of the celestial bodies. I don't think it at all impossible that Mr. L * may be far advanced in that exercise, by frequent turns towards the several aspects of the heavens, to which you may have been pleas'd to direct him in search of prospects and new avenues. He will be tractable in time as birds are tamed by being whirl'd about ; and doubtless come not to despise the meanest shrubs or coppice-wood, though natually he seems more inclined to admire God, in his greater works, the tall timber : for as Virgil has it, *Non omnes arbuscula juvant, humilesque myricae.*

† Lord Bathurst.

* The title of an Arabic Treatise of the Life of Hai Ebn Yocktan.

I wish

I wish myself with you both, whether you are in peace or at war, in violent argumentation or smooth consent, over Gazettes in the morning, or over Plans in the evening. In that last article, I am of opinion your Lordship has a loss of me; for generally after the debate of a whole day, we acquiesced at night in the best conclusion of which human Reason seems capable in all great matters, to fall fast asleep! And so we ended, unless immediate Revelation (which ever must overcome human reason) suggested some new lights to us, by a vision in bed. But laying aside Theory, I am told, you are going directly to Practice. Alas, what a Fall will that be? A new Building is like a new Church; when once it is set up, you must maintain it in all the forms, and with all the inconveniences; then cease the pleasant luminous days of inspiration, and there is an end of miracles at once!

That this Letter may be all of a piece, I'll fill the rest with an account of a consultation lately held in my neighbourhood about designing a princely garden. Several Critics were of several opinions: One declared he would not have too much Art in it; for my notion (said he) of gardening is, that it is only sweeping nature*: Another told them that Gravel walks were not of a good taste, for all the finest abroad were of loose sand: A third advis'd peremptorily there should not be one Lyme-tree in the whole plantation: A fourth made the same exclusive clause extend to Horse-chestnuts, which he affirmed not to be Trees, but Weeds: Dutch Elms were condemned by a fifth; and thus about half the trees were proscribed, contrary to the Paradise of God's own planting, which is expressly said to be planted with *all trees*. There were some who could not bear Ever-greens, and call'd them Never-greens; some, who were angry at them only when cut into shapes, and gave the modern Gardeners the name of Ever-green Taylors; some, who had no dislike to Cones and Cubes, but would have them cut in Forest-trees; and some who were in a passion against any thing in shape, even against clipt hedges, which they call green walls. These (my Lord) are our Men of Taste, who pretend to prove it by tasting little or nothing. Sure such a Taste is like such a stomach, not a good one but a weak one. We have the same sort of Critics in poetry: one is fond of nothing but Heroics, another cannot relish Tragedies; another hates Pastorals, all little wits delight in Epigrams;

* An Expression of Sir T. H.

Will you give me leave to add, there are the same in Divinity; where many leading Critics are for rooting up more than they plant, and would leave the Lord's Vineyard either very thinly furnished, or very oddly trimm'd.

I have lately been with my Lord **, who is a zealous, yet a charitable Planter, and has so bad a Taste, as to like all that is good. He hath a disposition to wait on you in his way to the Bath, and if he can go and return to London in eight or ten days, I am not without a hope of seeing your Lordship with the delight I always see you. Every where I think of you, and every where I wish for you. I am, etc.

LETTER XLI.

To Mr. C——.

Sept. 2, 1732.

I Assure you I am glad of your letter, and have long wanted nothing but the permission you now give me, to be plain and unreserved upon this head. I wrote to you concerning it long since; but a friend of yours and mine was of opinion, it was taking too much upon me, and more than I could be entitled to by the mere merit of long acquaintance, and good will. I have not a thing in my heart relating to any friend, which I would not, in my own nature, declare to all mankind. The truth is what you guess; I could not esteem your conduct, to an object of misery so near you as Mrs. ———, and I have often hinted it to yourself: The Truth is, I cannot yet esteem it for any reason I am able to see. But this I promise, I acquit you as far as your own mind acquits you. I have now no further cause of complaint, for the unhappy Lady gives me now no further pain: she is no longer an object either of yours or my compassion; the hardships done her, are lodg'd in the hands of God, nor has any man more to do in them, except the persons concern'd in occasioning them.

As for the interruption of our Correspondence, I am sorry you seem to put the Test of my friendship upon that, because it is what I am disqualified from toward my other acquaintance, with whom I cannot hold any frequent commerce. I'll name you the obstacles which I can't surmount: want of health, want of time, want of good eyes: and one yet stronger than them all, I write not upon the terms of other

men. For however glad I might be, of expressing my respect, opening my mind, or venting my concerns, to my private friends; I hardly dare while there are Curls in the World. If you please to reflect either on the impertinence of weak admirers, the malice of low enemies, the avarice of mercenary booksellers, or the silly curiosity of people in general; you'll confess I have small reason to indulge correspondences: in which too I want materials, as I live altogether out of town, and have abstracted my mind (I hope) to better things than common news. I wish my friends would send me back those forfeitures of my discretion, commit to my justice what I trusted only to their indulgence, and return me at the year's end, those trifling letters, which can be to them but a day's amusement, but to me may prove a discredit as lasting and extensive, as the aforesaid weak admirers, mean enemies, mercenary scriblers, or curious simpletons, can make it.

I come now to a particular you complain of, my not answering your question about some Party-papers, and their authors. This indeed I could not tell you, because I never was, or will be privy to such papers: And if by accident, thro' my acquaintance with any of the writers, I had known a thing they conceal'd; I should certainly never be the reporter of it.

For my waiting on you at your country-house, I have often wish'd it; it was my compliance to a superior duty that hinder'd me, and one which you are too good a Christian to wish I should have broken, having never ventur'd to leave my mother (at her great age) for more than a week, which is too little for such a journey.

Upon the whole, I must acquit myself of any act or thought, in prejudice to the regard I owe you, as so long and obliging an acquaintance and correspondent. I am sure I have all the good wishes for yourself and your family, that become a friend: There is no accident that can happen to your advantage, and no action that can redound to your credit, which I should not be ready to extol, or to rejoice in. And therefore I beg you to be assured, I am in disposition and will, tho' not so much as I would be in testimonies or writing,

Yours, etc.

LETTER

LETTER XLII.

To Mr. RICHARDSON.

Jan. 13, 1732.

I Have at last got my mother so well, as to allow myself to be absent from her for three days. As Sunday is one of them, I do not know whether I may propose to you to employ it in the manner you mentioned to me once. Sir Godfrey call'd employing the pencil the prayer of a painter, and affirmed it to be his proper way of serving God, by the talent he gave him. I am sure, in this instance, it is serving your friend; and, you know, we are allowed to do that (nay even to help a neighbour's ox or ass) on the Sabbath: which tho' it may seem a general precept, yet in one sense particularly applies to you, who have help'd many a human ox, and many a human ass to the likeness of man, not to say God.

Believe me, dear Sir, with all good wishes for yourself and your family (the happiness of which ties I know by experience, and have learn'd to value from the late danger of losing the best of mine)

Your, etc.

LETTER XLIII.

To the same.

Twickenham, June 10, 1733.

AS I know, you and I mutually desire to see one another, I hoped that this day our wishes would have met, and brought you hither. And this for the very reason which possibly might hinder your coming, that my poor Mother is dead*. I thank God her death was easy, as her life was innocent; and as it cost her not a groan, or even a sigh, there is yet upon her countenance such an expression of Tranquillity, nay, almost of Pleasure, that it is even amiable to behold it. It would afford the finest Image of a Saint expir'd, that ever Painting drew; and it would be the greatest obligation which even that obliging Art could ever bestow on a friend, if you could come and sketch it for me. I am sure, if there be no very prevalent obstacle,

* Mrs. Pope died the 7th of June, 1733, aged 93.

you will leave any common business to do this: and I hope to see you this evening as late as you will, or to-morrow morning as early, before this winter-flower is faded. I will defer her interment till to-morrow night. I know you love me, or I could not have written this—I could not (at this time) have written at all—Adieu! May you die as happily!

Your, etc.

LETTER XLIV.

To the same.

IT is hardly possible to tell you the joy your pencil gave me, in giving me another friend, so much the same! and which (alas for mortality!) will out-last the other. Posterity will, thro' your means, see the man whom it will for ages honour*, vindicate, and applaud, when envy is no more, and when (as I have already said in the Essay to which you are so partial)

The sons shall blush their fathers were his foes.

That Essay has many faults, but the poem you sent me has but one, and that I can easily forgive. Yet I would not have it printed for the world, and yet I would not have it kept unprinted neither—but all in good time. I'm glad you publish your Milton. B—ly will be angry at you, and at me too shortly for what I could not help, a Satyrical Poem on Verbal Criticism by Mr. Mallet, which he has inscribed to me, but the Poem itself is good (another cause of anger to any Critic.) As for myself, I resolve to go on in my quiet, calm, moral course, taking no sort of notice of man's anger, or woman's scandal, with Virtue in my eyes, and Truth upon my tongue. Adieu.

LETTER XLV.

To Mr. BETHEL.

Aug. 9, 1733.

YOU might well think me negligent or forgetful of you, if true friendship and sincere esteem were to be measured by common forms and compliments. The truth is,

* Lord Bolingbroke.

I could

FROM SEVERAL PERSONS. 221

I could not write then, without saying something of my own condition, and of my loss of so old and so deserving a parent, which really would have troubled you; or I must have kept a silence upon that head, which would not have suited that freedom and sincere opening of the heart which is due to you from me. I am now pretty well; but my home is uneasy to me still, and I am therefore wandering about all this summer. I was but four days at Twickenham since the occasion that made it so melancholy. I have been a fortnight in Essex, and am now at Dawley (whose master is your servant) and going to Cirencester to Lord Bathurst. I shall also see Southampton with Lord Peterborough. The Court and Twit'nam I shall forsake together. I wish I did not leave our friend †, who deserves more quiet, and more health and happiness, than can be found in such a family. The rest of my acquaintance are tolerably happy in their various ways of life, whether court, country, or town; and Mr. Cleland is as well in the Park, as if he were in Paradise. I heartily hope, Yorkshire is the same to you; and that no evil, moral or physical, may come near you.

I have now but too much melancholy leisure, and no other care but to finish my Essay on Man: there will be in it one line that may offend you (I fear) and yet I will not alter or omit it, unless you come to town and prevent me before I print it, which will be in a fortnight in all probability. In plain truth, I will not deny myself the greatest pleasure I am capable of receiving, because another may have the modesty not to share it. It is all a poor poet can do, to bear testimony to the virtue he cannot reach: besides, that, in this age, I see too few good Examples not to lay hold on any I can find. You see what an interested man I am. Adieu.

LETTER XLVI.

To ——— †.

Sept. 7, 1733.

YOU cannot think how melancholy this place makes me; every part of this wood puts into my mind poor Mr. Gay, with whom I past once a great deal of pleasant time in it, and another friend who is near dead, and quite lost to us, Dr. Swift. I really can find no enjoyment in

† Mrs. B.

the

the place; the same sort of uneasiness as I find at Twit'-nam, whenever I pass near my Mother's room.

I've not yet writ to Mrs. *. I think I should, but have nothing to say that will answer the character they consider me in, as a Wit; besides, my eyes grow very bad (whatever is the cause of it) I'll put them out for nobody but a friend; and, I protest, it brings tears into them almost to write to you, when I think of your state and mine. I long to write to Swift, but cannot. The greatest pain I know, is to say things so very short of one's meaning, when the heart is full.

I feel the going out of life fast enough, to have little appetite left to make compliments, at best useless, and for the most part unfelt speeches. 'Tis but in a very narrow circle that Friendship walks in this world, and I care not to trade out of it more than I needs must; knowing well, it is but to two or three (if quite so many) that any man's welfare or memory can be of consequence: The rest, I believe, I may forget, and be pretty certain they are already even, if not before-hand with me.

Life, after the first warm heats are over, is all downhill: and one almost wishes the journey's end, provided we were sure but to lie down easy, whenever the Night shall overtake us.

I dream'd all last night of —. She has dwelt (a little more than perhaps is right) upon my spirits: I saw a very deserving gentleman in my travels, who has formerly, I have heard, had much the same misfortune: and (with all his good breeding and sense) still bears a cloud and melancholy cast, that never can quite clear up, in all his behaviour and conversation. I know another, who, I believe, could promise, and easily keep his word, never to laugh in his life. But one must do one's best, not to be used by the world as that poor lady was by her sister; and not seem too good, for fear of being thought affected, or whimsical.

It is a real truth, that to the last of my moments, the thought of you and the best of my wishes for you, will attend you, told or untold: I could wish you had once the constancy and resolution to act for yourself, whether before or after I leave you (the only way I ever shall leave you) you must determine; but reflect that the first would make me, as well as yourself, happier; the latter could make you only so. Adieu,

LETTER

LETTER XLVII.

From Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

Hampstead, July, 17, 1734.

I Little doubt of your kind concern for me, nor of that of the Lady you mention. I have nothing to repay my friends with at present, but prayers and good wishes. I have the satisfaction to find that I am as officiously serv'd by my friends, as he that has thousands to leave in legacies; besides the assurance of their sincerity. God Almighty has made my bodily distress as easy as a thing of that nature can be. I have found some relief, at least some times, from the air of this place. My nights are bad, but many poor creatures have worse.

As for you, my good friend, I think, since our first acquaintance, there have not been any of those little suspicions or jealousies that often affect the sincerest friendships; I am sure not on my side. I must be so sincere as to own, that though I could not help valuing you for those Talents which the world prizes, yet they were not the foundation of my friendships; they were quite of another sort; nor shall I at present offend you by enumerating them: And I make it my Last Request, that you will continue that Noble Disdain and Abhorrence of Vice, which you seem naturally endued with; but still with a due regard to your own safety; and study more to reform than chastise, tho' the one cannot be effected without the other.

Lord Bathurst I have always honour'd, for every good quality that a person of his rank ought to have: Pray, give my respects and kindest wishes to the family. My venison stomach is gone, but I have those about me, and often with me, who will be very glad of his present. If it is left at my house, it will be transmitted safe to me.

A recovery in my case, and at my age, is impossible; the kindest wish of my friends is Euthanasia. Living or dying, I shall always be

Yours, etc.

LETTER XLVIII.

To Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

July 26, 1734.

I Thank you for your letter, which has all those genuine marks of a good mind by which I have ever distinguish'd
yours,

yours, and for which I have so long loved you. Our friendship has been constant; because it was grounded on good principles, and therefore not only uninterrupted by any Distrust, but by any Vanity, much less any Interest.

What you recommend to me with the solemnity of a Last Request, shall have its due weight with me. That disdain and indignation against Vice, is (I thank God) the only disdain and indignation I have: It is sincere, and it will be a lasting one. But sure it is as impossible to have a just abhorrence of Vice, without hating the Vicious, as to bear a true love for Virtue, without loving the Good. To reform and not to chastise, I am afraid, is impossible; and that the best Precepts, as well as the best Laws, would prove of small use, if there were no Examples to enforce them. To attack Vices in the abstract, without touching Persons, may be safe fighting indeed, but it is fighting with Shadows. General propositions are obscure, misty, and uncertain, compar'd with plain, full, and home examples: Precepts only apply to our Reason, which in most men is but weak: Examples are pictures, and strike the Senses, may raise the Passions, and call in those (the strongest and most general of all motives) to the aid of reformation. Every vicious man makes the case his own; and that is the only way by which such men can be affected, much less deterr'd. So that to chastise is to reform. The only sign by which I found my writings ever did any good, or had any weight, has been that they raised the anger of bad men. And my greatest comfort, and encouragement to proceed, has been to see, that those who have no shame, and no fear of any thing else, have appear'd touch'd by my Satires.

As to your kind concern for my Safety, I can guess what occasions it at this time. Some Characters * I have drawn are such, that if there be any who deserve them, 'tis evidently a service to mankind to point those men out; yet such as, if all the world gave them, none, I think, will own they take to themselves. But if they should, those of whom all the world think in such a manner, must be men I cannot fear. Such in particular as have the meanness to do mischiefs in the dark, have seldom the courage to justify them in the face of day; the talents that make a Cheat or Whisperer, are not the same that qualify a man for an Insulter; and as to private villainy, it is not

* The Character of Sporus in the Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot.

so safe to join in an Assassination, as in a Libel *. I will consult my safety so far as I think becomes a prudent man : but not so far as to omit any thing which I think becomes an honest one. As to personal attacks beyond the law, every man is liable to them : as for danger within the law, I am not guilty enough to fear any. For the good opinion of all the world, I know, it is not to be had : for that of worthy men, I hope, I shall not forfeit it : for that of the Great, or those in power, I may wish I had it ; but if thro' misrepresentations (too common about persons in that station) I have it not, I shall be sorry, but not miserable in the want of it.

It is certain, much freer Satirists than I, have enjoy'd the encouragement and protection of the Princes under whom they lived. Augustus and Mæcenas made Horace their companion, though he had been in arms on the side of Brutus ; and allow me to remark, it was out of the suffering Party too, that they favour'd and distinguish'd Virgil. You will not suspect me of comparing myself with Virgil and Horace, nor even with another Court-favourite, Boileau †. I have always been too modest to imagine my Panegyrics were Incense worthy of a Court ; and that, I hope, will be thought the true reason why I have never offer'd any. I would only have observ'd, that it was under the greatest Princes and best Ministers, that moral Satirists were most encouraged ; and that then Poets exercised the same jurisdiction over the Follies, as Historians did over the Vices of men. It may also be worth considering, whether Augustus himself makes the greater figure in the writings of the former, or of the latter ? and whether Nero and Domitian do not appear as ridiculous for their false Taste and Affectation in Persius and Juvenal, as odious for their bad Government in Tacitus and Suetonius ? In the first of these reigns it was, that Horace was protected and caress'd ; and in the latter that Lucan was put to death, and Juvenal banish'd.

I would not have said so much, but to shew you my whole heart on this subject ; and to convince you, I am deliberately bent to perform that Request which you make your last to me, and to perform it with Temper, Justice, and Resolution. As your Approbation (being the Testimony of a sound head and an honest heart) does greatly confirm me herein, I wish you may live to see the effect it may hereafter have upon me, in something more deserving

* See the following Letter to a Noble Lord.

† See Letter vii. to Mr. Warburton.

of that approbation. But if it be the Will of God, (which I know, will also be yours) that we must separate, I hope it will be better for You than it can be for me. You are fitter to live, or to die, than any man I know. Adieu, my dear friend! and may God preserve your life easy, or make your death happy*.

* This excellent person died Feb. 27, 1734-5.

[We find by Letter xix. to Dr. Atterbury, that the Duchess of Buckinghamshire would have had Mr. Pope to draw her husband's Character. But though he refused this office, yet in his *Epistle on the Characters of Women*, these lines,

*To heirs unknown descends th' unguarded store,
Or wanders, heav'n-directed, to the poor,*

are supposed to mark her out in such a manner as not to be mistaken for another; and having said of himself, that *he beld a lie in prose and verse to be the same*: All this together gave a handle to his enemies, since his death, to publish the following Paper (intituled *The Character of Katharine*, etc.) as written by him. To which (in vindication of the deceased Poet) we have subjoined a Letter to a friend, that will let the reader fully into the history of the *writing and publication* of this extraordinary CHARACTER.]

The CHARACTER of KATHARINE, late Duchess of Buckinghamshire and Normanby.

By the late Mr. POPE.

SHE was the daughter of James the Second, and of the Countess of Dorchester, who inherited the Integrity and Virtue of her father with happier fortune. She was married first to James Earl of Anglesey; and secondly, to John Sheffield Duke of Buckinghamshire and Normanby; with the former she exercised the virtues of *Patience* and *Suffering*, as long as there was any hopes of doing good by either; with the latter all other *conjugal-virtues*. The man of finest sense and sharpest discernment, she had the happiness to please; and in that, found her only pleasure. When he died, it seemed as if his spirit was only breathed into her, to fulfil what he had begun, to perform what he had concerted, and to preserve and watch over what he had left, *his only son*; in the care of whose health, the forming of whose mind, and the improvement of whose fortune, she acted with the conduct and sense of the Father, soften'd, but not overcome, with the tenderness of the Mother. Her Understanding was such as must have made a figure, had it been in a man; but the modesty of her sex threw a veil over its lustre, which nevertheless suppress'd only the expression, not the exertion of it; for her sense was not superior to her Resolution, which, when once she was in the right, preserv'd her from making it only a transition to the wrong, the frequent weakness even of the best women. She often followed wise counsel, but sometimes went before it, always with success. She was possessed of a spirit which assisted her to get the better of those accidents which admitted of any redress, and enabled her to support outwardly, with decency and dignity, those which admitted

of none ; yet melted inwardly, through almost her whole life, at a succession of melancholy and affecting objects, the loss of all her Children, the misfortunes of *Relations and Friends*, public and private, and the death of those who were dearest to her. Her heart was as compassionate as it was great : her Affections warm even to solicitude : her Friendship not violent or jealous, but rational and persevering : her Gratitude equal and constant to the living ; to the dead boundless and heroical. What person soever she found worthy of her esteem, she would not give up for any power on earth ; and the greatest on earth whom she could not esteem, obtain'd from her no farther tribute than Decency. Her Good-will was wholly directed by merit, not by accident ; not measured by the regard they profess'd for her own desert, but by her idea of theirs : And as there was no merit which she was not able to imitate, there was none which she could envy : therefore her Conversation was as free from detraction as her Opinions from prejudice or prepossession. As her Thoughts were her own, so were her Words ; and she was as sincere in uttering her judgment, as impartial in forming it. She was a safe Companion, many were serv'd, none ever suffer'd by her acquaintance : inoffensive, when unprovoked ; when provoked, not stupid : but the moment her enemy ceased to be hurtful, she could cease to act as an enemy. She was therefore not a bitter but consistent enemy : (tho' indeed, when forced to be so, the more a finish'd one for having been long a making.) And her proceeding with ill people was more in a calm and steady course, like Justice, than in quick and passionate onsets, like Revenge. As for those of whom she only thought ill, she considered them not so much as once to wish them ill ; of such, her Contempt was great enough to put a stop to all other passions that could hurt them. Her Love and Aversion, her Gratitude and Resentment, her Esteem and Neglect, were equally open and strong, and alterable only from the alteration of the persons who created them. Her Mind was too noble to be insincere, and her Heart too honest to stand in need of it ; so that she never found cause to repent her conduct either to a friend or an enemy. There remains only to speak of her Person, which was most amiably majestic ; the nicest eye could find no fault in the lineaments of her Face or proportion of her Body ; it was such, as pleas'd wherever she had a desire it should ; yet she never envied that of any other, which might better please in general : In the same manner, as being content that her merits were esteemed

esteemed where she desired they should, she never depreciated those of any other that were esteemed or preferred elsewhere. For she aimed not at a general love or a general esteem where she was not known; it was enough to be possess'd of both wherever she was. Having lived to the age of Sixty-two years; not courting Regard, but receiving it from all who knew her; not loving Business, but discharging it fully, wheresoever duty or friendship engaged her in it; not following Greatness, but not declining to pay respect, as far as was due from independency and disinterest; having honourably absolv'd all the parts of life, she forsook this World, where she had left no act of duty or virtue undone, for that where alone such acts are rewarded, on the 13th Day of March 1742-3*.

Mr. POPE to JAMES MOYSER of Beverly, Esq.

DEAR SIR,

Bath, July 11, 1743.

I Am always glad to hear of you, and where I can, I always inquire of you. But why have you omitted to tell me one word of your own health? The account of our Friend's † is truly melancholy, added to the circumstance of his being detained (I fear, without much hope) in a foreign country, from the comfort of seeing (what a good man most desires and best deserves to see to the last hour) his Friends about him. The public news ‡ indeed gives every Englishman a reasonable joy, and I truly feel it with you, as a national joy, not a party one; nay as a general joy, to all nations where bloodshed and misery must have been introduced, had the ambition and perfidy of — prevail'd.

I come now to answer your friend's question. The whole of what he has heard of my writing the Character of the old § Duke of Buckingham is untrue. I do not remember ever to have seen it in MS. nor have I ever seen the pedigree he mentions, otherwise than after the Duchess had printed it with the Will, and sent one to me, as, I suppose, she did to all her acquaintance. I do not wonder it should be reported I writ that Character, after a story which I will tell you in your ear, and to yourself

* "The above Character was written by Mr. Pope some years before her Grace's Death." So the printed Edition.

† Mr. Bethel.

‡ The Victory at Dettingen.

§ He says *the old Duke*, because he wrote a very fine Epitaph for the Son.

only.

only. There was another *Character written of her Grace* by herself (with what help, I know not) but she shewed it me in her blots, and pressed me, by all the adjurations of Friendship, to give her my sincere opinion of it. I acted honestly and did so. She seemed to take it patiently, and upon many exceptions which I made, engaged me to take the whole, and to select out of it just as much as I judged might stand, and return her the Copy. I did so. Immediately she picked a quarrel with me, and we never saw each other in five or six years. In the mean time she shewed this Character (as much as was extracted of it in my hand-writing) as a Composition of my own in her praise. And very probably it is *now in the hands of Lord Harvey*. Dear Sir, I sincerely wish you, and your whole family (whose welfare is so closely connected) the best health and truest happiness; and am (as is also the Master of this place)

Your, etc.

A LETTER to a NOBLE LORD.

On occasion of some Libels written and propagated at Court, in the year 1732-3.

MY LORD,

Nov. 30, 1733.

YOUR Lordship's* Epistle has been publish'd some days, but I had not the pleasure and pain of seeing it till yesterday: Pain, to think your Lordship should attack me at all; Pleasure, to find that you can attack me so weakly. As I want not the humility, to think myself in every way but *one* your inferior, it seems but reasonable that I should take the only method either of self-defence or retaliation, that is left me, against a person of your quality and power. And as by your choice of this weapon, your pen, you generously (and modestly too, no doubt) meant to put yourself upon a level with me; I will as soon believe that your Lordship would give a wound to a man unarm'd, as that you would deny me the use of it in my own defence.

I presume you will allow me to take the same liberty, in my answer to so *candid, polite, and ingenious* a Nobleman, which your Lordship took in yours, to so *grave, religious, and respectable* a Clergyman†: As you answered his *Latin* in *English*, permit me to answer your *Versè* in *Prose*. And tho' your Lordship's reason for not writing in *Latin*, might be stronger than mine for not writing in *Versè*, yet I may plead *Two good ones*, for this conduct: the one that I want the Talent of spinning *a thousand lines in a Day* ‡ (which, I think, is as much *Time* as this subject deserves) and the other, that I take your Lordship's *Versè* to be as much *Prose* as this letter. But no doubt it was your choice, in writing to a friend, to renounce all the Pomp of Poetry, and give us this excellent model of the familiar.

When I consider the *great difference* betwixt the rank your Lordship holds in the *World*, and the rank which your *writings* are like to hold in the *learned world*, I presume that distinction of style is but necessary, which you will see ob-

* Entitled, *An Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity from a Nobleman at Hampton-Court, Aug. 28, 1733*, and printed the November following for J. Roberts. Fol.

† Dr. S.

‡ And Pope with justice of such lines may say,
His Lordship spins a thousand in a day. Epist. p. 6.

serv'd thro' this letter. When I speak of *you*, my Lord, it will be with all the deference due to the inequality which Fortune has made between you and myself: but when I speak of your *writings*, my Lord, I must, I can do nothing but trifle.

I should be oblig'd indeed to lessen this *Respect*, if all the Nobility (and especially the elder brothers) are but so many hereditary fools*, if the privilege of Lords be to want brains†, if noblemen can hardly write or read‡, if all their business is but to dress and vote§, and all their employment in court to tell lies, flatter in public, slander in private, false to each other, and follow nothing but self-interest+. Bless me, my Lord, what an account is this you give of them? and what would have been said of me, had I immolated, in this manner, the whole body of the Nobility, at the stall of a well-fed Prebendary?

Were it the mere *Excess* of your Lordship's *Wit*, that carried you thus triumphantly over all the bounds of decency, I might consider your Lordship on your *Pegasus*, as a sprightly hunter on a mettled horse; and while you were trampling down all our works, patiently suffer the injury, in pure admiration of the *Noble Sport*. But should the case be quite otherwise, should your Lordship be only like a *Boy* that is run away with; and run away with by a *Very Foal*; really common charity, as well as respect for a noble family, would oblige me to stop your career, and to help you down from this *Pegasus*.

Surely the little praise of a *Writer* should be a thing below your ambition: You, who were no sooner born, but in the lap of the Graces; no sooner at school, but in the arms of the Muses; no sooner in the World, but you practis'd all the skill of it; no sooner in the Court, but you possess'd all the art of it! Unrival'd as you are, in making

* That to good blood by old prescriptive rules
Gives right hereditary to be Fools.

† Nor wonder that my Brain no more affords,
But recollect the privilege of Lords.

‡ And when you see me fairly write my name;
For England's sake wish all cou'd do the same.

§ 'Twill be all our business is to dress and vote. *ibid.*

+ Courts are only larger families,
The growth of each, few truths, and many lies:
In private satyrize, in public flatter.
Few to each other, all is one point true;
Watch one I shan't, nor need explain. *Adieu. p. ult.*

a figure, and in making a speech, methinks, my Lord, you may well give up the poor talent of turning a Distich. And why this fondness for Poetry? Prose admits of the two excellencies you most admire, Diction and Fiction: It admits of the talents you chiefly possess, a most fertile invention, and most florid expression; it is with prose, nay the plainest prose, that you best could teach our nobility to vote, which, you justly observe, is half at least of their business*: And, give me leave to prophesy, it is to your talent in prose, and not in verse, to your speaking, not your writing, to your art at court, not your art of poetry, that your Lordship must owe your future figure in the world.

My Lord, whatever you imagine, this is the advice of a Friend, and one who remembers he formerly had the honour of some profession of Friendship from you: Whatever was his *real share* in it, whether small or great, yet as your Lordship could never have had the least *Loss* by continuing it, or the least *Interest* by withdrawing it; the misfortune of losing it, I fear, must have been owing to his own *deficiency* or *neglect*. But as to any *actual fault* which deserved to forfeit it in such a degree, he protests he is to this day guiltless and ignorant. It could at most be but a fault of *omission*; but indeed by omissions, men of your Lordship's uncommon merit may sometimes think themselves so injur'd, as to be capable of an inclination to injure another; who, tho' very much below their quality, may be above the injury.

I never heard of the least displeasure you had conceived against me, till I was told that an imitation I had made of † *Horace* had offended some persons, and among them your Lordship. I could not have apprehended that a few *general strokes* about a *Lord scribbling carelessly*, a *Pimp* or a *Spy* at Court, a *Sharper* in a gilded chariot, etc. that these, I say, should be ever applied as they have been, by *any malice* but that which is the greatest in the world, *the Malice of ill people to themselves*.

Your Lordship so well knows (and the whole Court and town thro' your means so well know) how far the resentment was carried upon that imagination, not only in the *Nature* of the *Libel* ‡ you propagated against me, but in the extraordinary manner, place, and presence in which it was

* *All their business is to dress and vote.*

† The first Satire of the second Book, printed in 1732.

‡ *Verses to the Imitator of Horace*, afterwards printed by J. Roberts, 1732, Fol.

propagated *; that I shall only say, it seem'd to me to exceed the bounds of justice, common sense, and decency.

I wonder yet more, how a *Lady*, of great wit, beauty, and fame for her poetry, (between whom and your Lordship there is a *natural*, a *just*, and a *well grounded esteem*) could be prevailed upon to take a part in that proceeding. Your resentments against me indeed might be equal, as my offence to you both was the same; for neither had I the least misunderstanding with that Lady, till after I was the *Author* of my own misfortune in discontinuing her acquaintance. I may venture to own a truth, which cannot be unpleasing to either of you; I assure you my reason for so doing, was merely that you had both *too much wit* for me †; and that I could not do, with *mine*, many things which you could with *yours*. The injury done you in withdrawing myself could be but small, if the value you had for me was no greater than you have been pleas'd since to profess. But surely, my Lord, one may say, neither the Revenge, nor the Language you held, bore any *proportion* to the pretended offence: The appellations of ‡ *Foe* to human kind, an *Enemy* like the *Devil* to all that have *Being*; *ungrateful*, *unjust*, deserving to be *whipt*, *blanketed*, *kicked*, *may killed*; a *Monster*, an *Assassin*, whose conversation every man ought to *shun*, and against whom *all doors* should be shut; I beseech you, my Lord, had you the least right to give, or to encourage or justify any other in giving such language as this to me? Could I be treated in terms more strong or more atrocious, if, during my acquaintance with you, I had been a *Betrayer*, a *Backbiter*, a *Whisperer*, an *Eves-dropper*, or an *Informer*? Did I in all that time ever throw a *false Dye*, or palm a *foul Card* upon you? Did I ever *borrow*, *steal*, or accept, either *Money*, *Wit*, or *Advice* from you? Had I ever the honour to join with either of you in one *Ballad*, *Satire*, *Pamphlet*, or *Epigram*, on any person *living or dead*? Did I ever do you so great an injury as to put off my own *Verses* for *yours*, especially on those *Persons* whom they might *most offend*? I am confident you cannot answer in the affirmative; and I can truly affirm, that, ever since I lost the happiness of your conversation, I have

* It was for this reason that this Letter, as soon as it was printed, was communicated to the Q.

† Once, and but once, his heedless youth was bit,
And lik'd that dang'rous thing, a female Wit.

See the Letter to Dr. Arbuthnot amongst the Variations.

‡ See the aforesaid Verses to the Imitator of Horace.

not published or written, one syllable of, or to either of you; never hitch'd your *names* in a *Verse*, or trified with your *good names* in *company*. Can I be honestly charged with any other crime but an *Omission* (for the word *Neglect*, which I us'd before, slip'd my pen unguardedly) to continue my admiration of you all my life, and still to contemplate, face to face, your many excellencies and perfections? I am persuaded you can reproach me truly with no great *Faults*, except my *natural ones*, which I am as ready to own, as to do all justice to the contrary *Beauties* in you. It is true, my Lord, I am short, not well shap'd, generally ill-dress'd, if not sometimes dirty: Your Lordship and Ladyship are still in bloom; your Figures such, as rival the *Apello* of *Belvedere*, and the *Venus* of *Medicis*; and your faces so finish'd, that neither sickness or passion can deprive them of *Colour*; I will allow your own in particular to be the finest that ever *Man* was blest with: preserve it, my Lord, and reflect, that to be a Critic, would cost it too many *frowns*, and to be a Statesman, too many *wrinkles*! I further confess, I am now somewhat old; but so your Lordship and this excellent Lady, with all your beauty, will (I hope) one day be. I know your Genius and hers so perfectly *tally*, that you cannot but join in admiring each other, and by consequence in the contempt of all such as myself. You have both, in my regard, been like—(Your Lordship, I know, loves a *Simile*, and it will be one suitable to your *Quality*) you have been like *Two Princes*, and I like a *poor Animal* sacrificed between them to cement a lasting League: I hope I have not bled in vain; but that such an amity may endure for ever! For tho' it be what common *understandings* would hardly conceive, *Two Wits* however may be persuaded, that it is in Friendship as in Enmity, The more *danger*, the more *honour*.

Give me the liberty, my Lord, to tell you, why I never replied to those *Verses* on the *Imitator* of *Horace*? They regarded nothing but my *Figure*, which I set no value upon; and my *Morals*, which, I knew, needed no defence: Any honest man has the pleasure to be conscious, that it is out of the power of the *Wittiest*, nay the *Greatest Person* in the Kingdom, to lessen him *that way*, but at the expence of his own *Truth*, *Honour*, or *Justice*.

But tho' I declined to explain myself just at the time when I was sillily threaten'd, I shall now give your Lordship a frank account of the offence you imagined to be meant to you. *Fanny* (my Lord) is the plain English of

Fannius, a real person, who was a foolish Critic, and an enemy of *Horace*: perhaps a Noble one; for so (if your Latin be gone in earnest *) I must acquaint you, the word *Beatus* may be construed.

*Beatus Fannius ! ultro.
Delatis capsis et imagine.*

This *Fannius* was, it seems, extremely fond both of his *Poetry* and his *Person*, which appears by the pictures and *Statues* he caused to be made of himself, and by his great diligence to propagate *bad Verses* at *Court*, and get them admitted into the library of *Augustus*. He was moreover of a delicate or *effeminate complexion*, and constant at the *Assemblies* and *Operas* of those days, where he took it into his head to *slander poor Horace*.

*Ineptus
Fannius, Hermogenis laedat conviva Tigelli.*

till it provoked him at last just to name him, give him a *lash*, and send him whimpering to the *Ladies*.

Discipularum inter jubeo plorare cathedras,

So much for *Fanny*, my Lord. The word *spins* (as Dr. *Freind*, or even Dr. *Sherwin* could assure you) was the literal translation of *deduci*; a metaphor taken from a *Silk-worm*, my Lord, to signify any *slight*, *filken*, or (as your Lordship and the Ladies call it) † *slimy* piece of work. I presume your Lordship has enough of this, to convince you there was nothing *personal* but to *that Fannius*, who (with all his fine accomplishments) had never been heard of, but for *that Horace* he injur'd.

In regard to the right honourable Lady, your Lordship's friend, I was far from designing a person of her condition by a name so derogatory to her, as that of *Sappho*; a name prostituted to every infamous Creature that ever wrote Verse or Novels. I protest I never *apply'd* that name to her in any verse of mine, *public* or *private*; and (I firmly believe) not in any *Letter* or *Conversation*. Whoever could invent a Falsehood to support an accusation, I pity; and whoever can believe such a Character to be theirs, I pity

* all I learn'd from Dr. *Freind* at school,
Has quite deserted this poor John Trot-head,
And left plain native English in its stead. Epist. p. 2.

† Weak texture of his slimy brain, p. 6.

still more. God forbid the Court or Town should have the complaisance to *join* in that opinion! Certainly I meant it only of such modern *Sapphos*, as imitate much more the *Lewdness* than the *Genius* of the ancient one; and upon whom their wretched brethren frequently bestow both the *Name* and the *Qualification* there mentioned*.

There was another reason why I was silent as to that paper—I took it for a *Lady's* (on the printer's word in the title-page) and thought it too presuming, as well as indecent, to contend with one of that *Sex* in *altercation*: For I never was so mean a creature as to commit my Anger against a *Lady* to *paper*, tho' but in a *private Letter*. But soon after, her denial of it was brought to me by a Noble person of *real Honour and Truth*. Your Lordship indeed said you had it from a Lady, and the Lady said it was your Lordship's; some thought the beautiful by-blow had *Two Fathers*, or (if one of them will hardly be allow'd a man) *Two Mothers*; indeed I think *both Sexes* had a share in it, but which was *uppermost*, I know not: I pretend not to determine the exact method of this *Witty Fornication*: and, if I call it *Yours*, my Lord, 'tis only because, whoever *got it*, you *brought it forth*.

Here, my Lord, allow me to observe the different proceeding of the *Ignoble Poet*, and his *Noble Enemies*. What he has written of *Fanny*, *Adonis*, *Sappho*, or who you will, he own'd, he publish'd, he set his name to: What they have *publish'd* of him, they have deny'd to have *written*; and what they have *written* of him, they have denied to have *publish'd*. One of these was the case in the past Libel, and the other in the present. For tho' the parent has owned it to a few choice friends, it is such as he has been obliged to deny in the most particular terms, to the great Person whose opinion *concern'd him most*.

Yet, my Lord, this Epistle was a piece not written in *haste*, or in a *passion*, but many months after all pretended provocation; when you was at *full leisure* at Hampton-Court, and I the object *singled*, like a *Deer out of Season*, for so ill-timed, and ill-placed a diversion. It was a *deliberate* work, directed to a *Reverend Person* †, of the most *serious* and *sacred* character, with whom you are known to cultivate a *strict correspondence*, and to whom it will not be doubted, but you open your *secret Sentiments*, and deliver

* From furious Sappho scarce a milder fate,
Pox'd by her love, or libel'd by her hate.

2 Sat. B. ii. Hor.

† Dr. S.

your

your *real judgment* of men and things. This, I say, my Lord, with submission, could not but awaken all my *Reflection* and *Attention*. Your Lordship's opinion of me as a *Poet*, I cannot help; it is yours, my Lord, and that were enough to mortify a poor man; but it is not yours *alone*, you must be content to share it with the *Gentlemen* of the *Dunciad*, and (it may be) with many *more innocent and ingenious men*. If your Lordship destroys my *poetical* character, *they* will claim their part in the glory; but, give me leave to say, if my *moral* character be ruin'd, it must be *wholly* the work of *your Lordship*; and will be hard even for you to do, unless I *myself co-operate*.

How can you talk (my most worthy Lord) of all *Pope's* Works as so many *Libels*, affirm, that *he has no invention* but in *Defamation* *, and charge him with *selling another man's Labours printed with his own name* †? Fye, my Lord, you forget yourself. He printed not his name before a line of the person's you mention; that person himself has told you and all the world in the book itself, what part he had in it, as may be seen at the conclusion of his notes to the *Odyssy*. I can only suppose your Lordship (not having at that time *forgot your Greek*) despis'd to look upon the *Translation*; and ever since entertain'd too mean an Opinion of the Translator to cast an eye upon it. Besides, my Lord, when you said he *sold* another man's works, you ought in justice to have added that he *bought* them, which very much *alters the Case*. What he gave him was five hundred pounds; his receipt can be produced to your Lordship. I dare not affirm he was as *well paid* as *some Writers* (much his inferiors) have been since; but your Lordship will reflect that I am no man of *Quality*, either to *buy* or *sell* scribbling so high: and that I have neither *Place*, *Pension*, nor *Power* to reward for *secret Services*. It cannot be, that one of your rank can have the least *Envy* to such an author as I; but were that *possible*, it were much better gratify'd by employing *not your own*, but some of *those low and ignoble pens* to do you this *mean office*. I dare engage you'll have them for less than I gave Mr. Broom, if your friends have not rais'd the market: Let them drive the bargain for you, my Lord; and you may depend on seeing, every day in the week, as many (and now and then as pretty) *Verſes*, as these of your Lordship.

* *to his eternal fame,*

Provd' he can ne'er invent but to defame.

† *And sold Broom's Labours printed with Pope's Name.* p. 7.

And would it not be full as well, that my poor person should be abus'd by them, as by one of your rank and quality? Cannot *Curl* do the same? nay has he not done it before your Lordship, in the same kind of *Language*, and almost the same words? I cannot but think, the worthy and discreet *Clergyman* himself will agree, it is *improper*, nay *un-christian*, to expose the *personal* defects of our brother: that both such perfect forms as yours, and such unfortunate ones as mine, proceed from the hand of the same *Maker*; who *fashioneth his Vessels* as he pleaseth, and that it is not from their *shape* we can tell whether they were made for *honour* or *dishonour*. In a word, he would teach you *Charity* to your greatest enemies; of which number, my Lord, I cannot be reckon'd, since, tho' a Poet, I was never your flatterer.

Next, my Lord, as to the *Obscurity** of my Birth, (a reflection copy'd also from Mr. *Curl* and his brethren) I am sorry to be obliged to such a presumption as to name my *Family* in the same leaf with your Lordship's: but my Father had the honour in one instance to resemble you, for he was a *younger Brother*. He did not indeed think it a Happiness to bury his *elder Brother*, tho' he had one, who wanted some of those good qualities which *yours* possess. How sincerely glad could I be, to pay to that young Nobleman's memory the debt I owed to his friendship, whose early death depriv'd your family of as much *Wis* and *Honour* as he left behind him in any branch of it. But as to my Father, I could assure you, my Lord, that he was no Mechanic (neither a hatter, nor, which might please your Lordship yet better, a Cobler) but in truth, of a very tolerable family: And my Mother of an ancient one, as well born and educated as that *Lady*, whom your Lordship made choice of to be the *Mother of your own Children*; whose merit, beauty, and vivacity (if transmitted to your posterity) will be a *better present* than even the noble blood they derive *only* from you. A Mother, on whom I was never oblig'd so far to reflect, as to say, she *spoiled me* †. And a Father, who never found himself obliged to say of me, that he *disapprov'd my Conduct*. In a word, my Lord, I think it enough, that my Parents, such as they were, never cost me a *Blush*; and that their Son, such as he is, never cost them a *Tear*.

* Hard as thy Heart, and as thy Birth obscure.

† A noble Father's heir spoiled by his Mother.

His Lordship's account of himself, p. 7.

I have purposely omitted to consider your Lordship's Criticisms on my *Poetry*. As they are exactly the same with those of the *forementioned Authors*, I apprehend they would justly charge me with partiality, if I gave to *you* what belongs to *them*; or paid more distinction to the *same things* when they are in your mouth, than when they were in theirs. It will be shewing both them and you (my Lord) a *more particular respect*, to observe how much they are honour'd by your *Imitation of them*, which indeed is carried thro' your whole Epistle. I have read somewhere at *School* (tho' I make it no *Vanity* to have forgot where) that *Tully* naturalized a few phrases at the instance of some of his friends. Your Lordship has done more in honour of these Gentlemen; you have authoriz'd not only their *Assertions*, but their *Style*. For example, *A Flow that wants skill to restrain its ardour,—a Dictionary that gives us nothing at its own expence.—As luxurious branches bear but little fruit, so Wit unprun'd is but raw fruit—While you rehearse ignorance, you still know enough to do it in Verse—Wits are but glittering ignorance.—The account of how we pass our time—and, The weight on Sir R. W—'s brain. You can ever receive from no head more than such a head (as no head) has to give: Your Lordship would have said never receive instead of ever, and any head instead of no head: but all this is perfectly new, and has greatly enrich'd our language.*

You are merry, my Lord, when you say, *Latin and Greek*

*Have quite deserted your poor John Trot-head,
And left plain native English in their stead;*

for (to do you justice) this is nothing less than *plain English*. And as for your *John Trot-head*, I can't conceive why you should give it that name; for by some * papers I have seen sign'd with that name, it is certainly a head *very different* from that of your Lordship's.

Your Lordship seems determined to fall out with every thing you have learn'd at school: you complain next of a *dull Dictionary*,

*That gives us nothing at his own expence,
But a few modern words for ancient Sense.*

Your Lordship is the first man that ever carried the love of Wit so far, as to expect a *witty Dictionary*. A Dictionary

* See some Treatises printed in the Appendix to the Graftsman, about that
ime.

that gives us *any thing but words*, must not only be an *expensive*, but a very *extravagant Dictionary*. But what does your Lordship mean by its giving us but a *few modern words for ancient sense*? If by *Sense* (as I suspect) you mean *words* (a mistake not unusual) I must do the Dictionary the justice to say, that it gives us *just as many modern words as ancient ones*. Indeed, my Lord, you have more need to complain of a bad Grammar, than of a dull Dictionary.

Doctor Freind, I dare answer for him, never taught you to talk

of Sapphic, Lyric, and Iambic Odes.

Your Lordship might as well bid your present Tutor, your Taylor, make you a *Coat, Suit of Cloaths, and Breeches*; for you must have forgot your Logic, as well as Grammar, not to know, that Sapphic and Iambic are both included in Lyric: that being the *Genus*, and those the *Species*.

*For all cannot invent who can translate,
No more than those who cloathe us, can create.*

Here your Lordship seems in labour for a meaning. Is it that you would have *Translations, Originals*? for 'tis the common opinion, that the *business* of a Translator is to *translate*, and not to *invent*, and of a Taylor to *clothe*, and not to *create*. But why should you, my Lord, of all mankind, abuse a Taylor? not to say *blaspheme* him; if he can (as some think) at least go halves with God Almighty in the formation of a *Beau*. Might not Doctor Sherwin rebuke you for this, and bid you *Remember your Creator in the days of your Youth*?

From a *Taylor*, your Lordship proceeds (by a beautiful gradation) to a *Silkman*.

*Thus P—pe we find
The gaudy Hinchcliff of a beauteous mind.*

Here too is some ambiguity. Does your Lordship use *Hinchcliff* as a *proper name*? or, as the Ladies say, a *Hinchcliff* or a *Colmar*, for a *Silk* or a *Fan*? I will venture to affirm, no Critic can have a perfect taste of your Lordship's works, who does not understand both your *Male Phrase* and your *Female Phrase*.

Your Lordship, to finish your Climax, advances up to a *Hatter*; a Mechanic, whose Employment, you inform us, is not (as was generally imagined) to *cover people's heads*,

but to *dress their brains* *. A most useful Mechanic indeed ! I can't help wishing to have been one for some people's sake.—But this too may be only another *Lady-Phrase* : Your Lordship and the Ladies may take a *Head-dress* for a *Head*, and understand, that to *adorn the Head* is the same thing as to *dress the Brains*.

Upon the whole, I may thank your Lordship for this high Panegyric : For if I have but *dress'd up Homer*, as your *Taylor, Silkman, and Hatter* have *equipp'd your Lordship*, I must be own'd to have dress'd him *marvellously indeed*, and no wonder if he is *admir'd by the Ladies* †.

After all, my Lord, I really wish you would learn your *Grammar*. What if you put yourself awhile under the Tuition of your Friend *W—m* ? May not I with all respect say to you, what was said to another *Noble Poet* by Mr. Cowley, *Pray, Mr. Howard* ‡, *if you did read your Grammar, what harm would it do you ?* You yourself wish all Lords would *learn to write* § ; tho' I don't see of what use it could be, if their whole business is to *give their Votes* ¶ : It could only be serviceable in *signing their Protests*. Yet surely this small portion of learning might be indulged to your Lordship, without any Breach of that *Privilege* † you so generously assert to all those of your rank, or too great an Infringement of that *Right* ** which you claim as *Hereditary*, and for which, no doubt, your noble Father will thank you. Surely, my Lord, no man was ever so bent upon depreciating himself !

All your readers have observed the following Lines :

*How oft we hear some Witting pert and dull,
By fashion Coxcomb, and by nature Fool,
With hackney Maxims, in dogmatic strain,
Scoffing Religion and the Marriage chain ?
Then from his Common-place book he repeats,
The Lawyers all are rogues, and Parsons cheats,*

* For this Mechanic's, like the Hatter's pains,
Are but for dressing other people's brains.

† by Girls admir'd. p. 6.

‡ The Honourable Mr. Edward Howard, celebrated for his poetry.

§ And when you see me fairly write my name ;
For England's sake wish all Lords did the same.

¶ All our business is to dress and vote. p. 4.

† The want of brains. *ibid.*

** To be fools. *ibid.*

*That Vice and Virtue's nothing but a jest,
And all Morality Deceit well drest;
That Life itself is like a wrangling game, etc.*

The whole Town and Court (my good Lord) have heard *this Witling*; who is so much every body's acquaintance but his own, that I'll engage *they all name the jam: person*. But to hear *you* say, that this is only — *of whipt Cream a frothy Store*, is a sufficient proof, that never mortal was endued with so humble an opinion both of himself and his own Wit, as your Lordship: For, I do assure you, these are by much the best Verses in your whole Poem.

How unhappy is it for me, that a person of your Lordship's *Modesty* and *Virtue*, who manifests so tender a regard to *Religion*, *Matrimony*, and *Morality*; who, tho' an Ornament to the Court, cultivate an exemplary Correspondence with the *Clergy*; nay, who disdain not charitably to converse with, and even assist, some of the very worst of Writers (so far as to cast a few *Conceits*, or drop a few *Antitheses* even among the *Dear Joys* of the *Courant*) that you, I say, should look upon Me alone as reprobate and unamendable! Reflect what I *was*, and what I *am*. I am even *annihilated* by your Anger: For in these Verses you have robbed me of *all power to think* *, and in your others, of the very *name* of a *Man*! Nay, to shew that this is wholly your own doing, you have told us that before I wrote my *last Epistles* (that is before I unluckily mentioned *Fanny* and *Adonis*, whom, I protest, I knew not to be your Lordship's Relations) *I might have lived and died in glory* †.

What would I not do to be well with your Lordship? Tho', you observe, I am a mere *Imitator* of *Homer*, *Horace*, *Boileau*, *Garth*, etc. (which I have the less cause to be ashamed of, since they were *Imitators of one another*) yet what if I should solemnly engage never to imitate *your* Lordship? May it not be one step towards an accommodation, that while you remark my *Ignorance in Greek*, you are so good as to say, you have *forgot your own*? What if I should confess I translated from *D'Acier*? That surely could not but oblige your Lordship, who are known to prefer *French* to all the learned languages. But allowing that in the space of *twelve years* acquaintance with *Homer*, I might unhappily contract as much *Greek*, as your Lord-

* P—e, who ne'er cou'd think. p. 7.

† In *glory* then he might have liv'd and dy'd. *ibid.*

ship did in *Two* at the University, why may I not forget it again, as happily?

Till such a reconciliation take effect, I have but one thing to intreat of your Lordship. It is that you will not decide of my *Principles* on the same grounds as you have done of my *Learning*: Nor give the same account of my *Want of Grace*, after you have lost all acquaintance with my *Person*, as you do of my *Want of Greek*, after you have confessedly lost all acquaintance with the *Language*. You are too generous, my Lord, to follow the *Gentlemen* of the *Dunciad* quite so far, as to seek my utter *Perdition*: as *Nero* once did *Lucan's*, merely for presuming to be a *Poet*, while one of so much greater quality was a *Writer*. I therefore make this humble request to your Lordship, that the next time you please to *write of me*, *speak of me*, or even *whisper of me* *, you will recollect it is full eight Years since I had the honour of any conversation or correspondence with your Lordship, except just half an hour in a Lady's Lodgings at Court, and then I had the happiness of her being present all the time. It would therefore be difficult even for your Lordship's penetration to tell, to what or from what *Principles*, *Parties*, or *Sentiments*, Moral, Political, or Theological, I may have been converted, or perverted, in all that time. I beseech your Lordship to consider, the Injury a Man of your high Rank and Credit may do to a private Person, under Penal Laws and many other disadvantages, not for want of honesty or conscience, but merely perhaps for having too weak a head, or too tender a heart †. It is by these alone I have hitherto liv'd excluded from all posts of Profit or Trust: As I can interfere with the Views of no man, do not deny me, my Lord, all that is left, a little Praise, or the common Encouragement due, if not to my Genius, at least to my Industry.

Above all, your Lordship will be careful not to wrong my Moral Character, with THOSE ‡ under whose Protection I live, and thro' whose Lenity alone I can live with Comfort. Your Lordship, I am confident, upon consideration will think, you inadvertently went a little too far when you recommended to THEIR perusal, and strengthened by the weight of your Approbation, a Libel, mean in its reflections upon my poor figure, and scandalous in those on

* The whisper, that, to greatness still too near,
Perhaps yet vibrates on his Sovereign's ear.

Epist. to Dr. Arbuthnot.

† See Letters to Bishop Atterbury, Lett. iv.

‡ The K. and Q.

my *Honour and Integrity* : wherein I was represented as “ an
 “ *Enemy to Human Race, a Murderer of Reputations,*
 “ and a *Monster* marked by God like *Cain*, deserving to
 “ wander accurs’d thro’ the World.”

A strange Picture of a man, who had the good fortune to enjoy many friends, who will be always remember’d as the first Ornaments of their Age and Country : and no Enemies that ever contriv’d to be heard of, except Mr. *John Dennis*, and your Lordship : A Man, who never wrote a Line in which the *Religion* or *Government* of his Country, the *Royal Family*, or their *Ministry*, were disrespectfully mentioned ; the Animosity of any one Party gratify’d at the expence of another ; or any Censure past, but upon *known Vice, acknowledg’d Folly, or aggressing Impertinence*. It is with infinite pleasure he finds, that *some Men* who seem *asham’d* and *afraid of nothing else*, are so very sensible of *his Ridicule* : And ’tis for that very reason he resolves (by the grace of God, and your Lordship’s good leave)

*That, while he breathes, no rich or noble knave
 Shall walk the world in credit to his grave.*

This, he thinks, is rendering the best Service he can to the Public, and even to the good Government of his Country ; and for this, at least, he may deserve some Countenance, even from the GREATEST PERSONS in it. Your Lordship knows of WHOM I speak. Their NAMES I should be as sorry, and as much asham’d, to place near *yours*, on such an occasion, as I should be to see *You*, my Lord, placed so near *their PERSONS*, if you could ever make so ill an Use of their Ear * as to asperse or misrepresent any one innocent Man.

This is all I shall ever ask of your Lordship, except your pardon for this tedious Letter. I have the honour to be, with equal *Respect* and *Concern*,

My Lord,

Your truly devoted Servant,

A. POPE.

* “ Close at the ear of Eve.”—Ep. to Dr. Arbuthnot.

L E T T E R S

TO AND FROM

Dr. JONATHAN SWIFT, etc.

From the Year 1714 to 1737.

L E T T E R I.

Mr. POPE to Dr. SWIFT.

June 18, 1714.

WHATEVER Apologies it might become me to make at any other time for writing to you, I shall use none now, to a man who has own'd himself as splenetic as a Cat in the Country. In that circumstance, I know by experience a letter is a very useful, as well as amusing thing: If you are too buſied in State affairs to read it, yet you may find entertainment in folding it into divers figures, either doubling it into a pyramidical, or twisting it into a serpentine form: or, if your disposition should not be so mathematical, in taking it with you to that place where men of studious minds are apt to sit longer than ordinary; where, after an abrupt division of the paper, it may not be unpleasant to try to fit and rejoin the broken lines together. All these amusements I am no stranger to in the Country, and doubt not but (by this time) you begin to relish them, in your present contemplative situation.

I remember a man, who was thought to have some knowledge in the world, used to affirm, that no people in town ever complained they were forgotten by their Friends in the country; but my increasing experience convinces me he was mistaken, for I find a great many here grievously com-

complaining of you, upon this score. I am told further, that you treat the few you correspond with in a very arrogant style, and tell them you admire at their insolence in disturbing your meditations, or even enquiring of your * retreat: but this I will not positively assert, because I never received any such insulting Epistle from you. My Lord Oxford says you have not written to him once since you went: but this perhaps may be only policy, in him or you; and I, who am half a Whig, must not entirely credit any thing he affirms. At Button's it is reported you are gone to Hanover, and that Gay goes only on an Embassy to you. Others apprehend some dangerous State treatise from your retirement; and a Wit, who affects to imitate Balsac, says, that the Ministry now are like those Heathens of old, who received their Oracles from the Woods. The Gentlemen of the Roman Catholic persuasion are not unwilling to credit me, when I whisper, that you are gone to meet some Jesuits commissioned from the Court of Rome, in order to settle the most convenient methods to be taken for the coming of the Pretender. Dr. Arbuthnot is singular in his opinion, and imagines your only design is to attend at full leisure to the life and adventures of Scriblerus. This indeed must be granted of greater importance than all the rest; and I wish I could promise so well of you. The top of my own ambition is to contribute to that great work, and I shall translate Homer by the by. Mr. Gay has acquainted you what progress I have made in it. I can't name Mr. Gay, without all the acknowledgments which I shall ever owe you, on his account. If I writ this in verse, I would tell you, you are like the sun, and while men imagine you to be retir'd or absent, are hourly exerting your indulgence, and bringing things to maturity for their advantage. Of all the world, you are the man (without flattery) who serve your friends with the least ostentation; it is almost ingratitude to thank you, considering your temper; and this is the period of all my letter which I fear you will think the most impertinent. I am, with the truest affection,

Your, etc.

* Some time before the Death of Queen Anne, when her ministers were quarrelling, and the Dean could not reconcile them, he retired to a Friend's House in Berkshire, and never saw them after.

LETTERS TO AND

LETTER II.

From Dr. SWIFT to Mr. POPE.

Dublin, June 28, 1715.

M^Y* Lord Bishop of Clogher gave me your kind letter full of reproaches for my not writing. I am naturally no very exact correspondent, and when I leave a country without probability of returning, I think as seldom as I can of what I loved or esteemed in it, to avoid the *Desiderium* which of all things makes life most uneasy. But you must give me leave to add one thing, that you talk at your ease; being wholly unconcerned in public events: For, if your friends the Whigs continue, you may hope for some favour; if the Tories return, you are at least sure of quiet. You know how well I loved both Lord Oxford and Bolingbroke, and how dear the Duke of Ormond is to me: Do you imagine I can be easy while their enemies are endeavouring to take off their heads? *I nunc, et versus tecum meditare canoros*—Do you imagine I can be easy, when I think of the probable consequences of these proceedings, perhaps upon the very peace of the nation, but certainly of the minds of so many hundred thousand good subjects? Upon the whole, you may truly attribute my silence to the Eclipse, but it was that Eclipse which happened on the first of August.

I borrowed your Homer from the Bishop (mine is not yet landed) and read it out in two evenings. If it pleaseth others as well as me, you have got your end in profit and reputation: Yet I am angry at some bad Rhymes and Triplets, and pray in your next do not let me have so many unjustifiable Rhymes to *war* and *gods*. I tell you all the faults I know, only in one or two places you are a little obscure; but I expected you to be so in one or two and twenty. I have heard no soul talk of it here, for indeed it is not come over: nor do we very much abound in Judges, at least I have not the honour to be acquainted with them. Your notes are perfectly good, and so are your Preface and Essay. You were pretty bold in mentioning Lord Bolingbroke in that Preface. I saw the Key to the Lock but yesterday; I think you have changed it a good deal, to adapt it to the present times †.

* Dr. St. George Ash, formerly a fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, (to whom the Dean was a Pupil) afterwards Bishop of Clogher, and translated to the See of Derry in 1716-17

† Put these two last observations together, and it will appear that Mr. Pope

God be thanked I have yet no Parliamentary business, and if they have none with me, I shall never seek their acquaintance. I have not been very fond of them for some years past, not when I thought them tolerably good, and therefore if I can get leave to be absent, I shall be much inclined to be on that side, when there is a parliament on this; but truly I must be a little easy in my mind before I can think of Scriblerus.

You are to understand that I live in the corner of a vast unfurnished house; my family consists of a steward, a groom, a helper in the stable, a footman, and an old maid, who are all at board-wages, and when I do not dine abroad, or make an entertainment (which last is very rare) I eat a mutton-pye, and drink half a pint of wine: My amusements are defending my small dominions against the Archbishop, and endeavouring to reduce my rebellious Choir. *Perditur haec inter misero lux.* I desire you will present my humble service to Mr. Addison, Mr. Congreve, and Mr. Rowe, and Gay. I am, and will be always, extremely yours, etc.

LETTER III.

Mr. POPE to Dr. SWIFT.

June 20, 1716.

I Cannot suffer a friend to cross the Irish seas without bearing a testimony from me of the constant esteem and affection I am both obliged and inclined to have for you. It is better he should tell you than I, how often you are in our thoughts and in our cups, and how I learn to sleep less and drink more, whenever you are named among us. I look upon a friend in Ireland as upon a friend in the other world, whom (popishly speaking) I believe constantly well-disposed towards me, and ready to do me all the good he can, in that state of separation, though I hear nothing from him, and make addresses to him but very rarely. A Protestant divine cannot take it amiss that I treat him in the same manner with my patron Saint.

I can tell you no news, but what you will not sufficiently wonder at, that I suffer many things as an author:

Pope was neither wanting to his friends for fear of party, nor would insult a ministry to humour his friends. He said of himself, and I believe he said truly, that he never wrote a line to gratify the animosity of any one party at the expense of another. See the Letter to a noble Lord.

militant: whereof, in your days of probation, you have been a sharer, or you had not arrived to that triumphant state you now deservedly enjoy in the Church. As for me, I have not the least hopes of the Cardinalate, tho' I suffer for my Religion in almost every weekly paper. I have begun to take a pique at the Psalms of David (if the wicked may be credited, who have printed a scandalous one* in my name.) This report I dare not discourage too much, in a prospect I have at present of a post under the Marquis de Langallerie †, wherein if I can but do some signal service against the Pope, I may be considerably advanced by the Turks, the only religious people I dare confide in. If it should happen hereafter that I should write for the holy law of Mahomet, I hope it may make no breach between you and me; every one must live, and I beg you will not be the man to manage the controversy against me. The Church of Rome I judge (from many modern symptoms, as well as ancient prophecies) to be in a declining condition: that of England will in a short time be scarce able to maintain her own family: so Churches sink as generally as Banks in Europe, and for the same reason; that Religion and Trade, which at first were open and free, have been reduced into the Management of Companies, and the Roguery of Directors.

I don't know why I tell you all this, but that I always loved to talk to you; but this is not a time for any man to talk to the purpose. Truth is a kind of contraband commodity, which I would not venture to export, and therefore the only thing tending that dangerous way which I shall say, is, that I am, and always will be, with the utmost sincerity,

Yours, etc.

LETTER IV.

From Dr. SWIFT to Mr. POPE.

Aug. 30, 1716.

I Had the favour of yours by Mr. F. of whom before any other question relating to your health or fortune, or success as a Poet, I enquired your principles in the common form, "Is he a Whig or a Tory?" I am sorry to find they are not so well tallied to the present juncture as I could

* In Curl's Collection.

† One who made a noise then, as Count Bonnaival has done since.

wish.

wish. I always thought the terms of *Facto* and *Jure* had been introduced by the Poets, and that Possession of any fort in Kings was held an unexceptionable title in the courts of Parnassus. If you do not grow a perfect good subject in all its present latitudes, I shall conclude you are become rich, and able to live without dedications to men in power, whereby one great inconvenience will follow, that you and the world and posterity will be utterly ignorant of their Virtues. For, either your brethren have miserably deceived us these hundred years past, or Power confers Virtue, as naturally as five of your Popish sacraments do Grace.—You sleep less and drink more.—But your master Horace was *Vini somnique benignus*: and, as I take it, both are proper for your trade. As to mine, there are a thousand poetical texts to confirm the one; and as to the other, I know it was anciently the custom to sleep in temples for those who would consult the Oracles, “Who dictates to
“ me slumbering,” * etc.

You are an ill Catholic, or worse Geographer, for I can assure you, Ireland is not Paradise, and I appeal even to any Spanish divine, whether Addresses were ever made to a friend in Hell, or Purgatory? And who are all these enemies you hint at? I can only think of Curl, Gildon, Squire Burnet, Blackmore, and a few others whose fame I have forgot; Tools, in my opinion, as necessary for a good writer, as pen, ink, and paper. And besides, I would fain know whether every Draper doth not shew you three or four damn'd pieces of stuff to set off his good one? However, I will grant, that one thorough Bookselling-Rogue is better qualified to vex an author, than all his cotemporary scriblers in Critic or Satire, not only by stolen Copies of what was incorrect or unfit for the public, but by downright laying other men's dulness at your door. I had a long design upon the Ears of that Curl, when I was in credit, but the Rogue would never allow me a fair stroke at them, although my penknife was ready drawn and sharp. I can hardly believe the relation of his being poisoned, although the Historian pretends to have been an eye-witness: But I beg pardon, Sack might do it, although Rats-bane would not. I never saw the thing you mention as falsely imputed to you; but I think the frolicks of merry hours, even when we are guilty, should not be left to the mercy of our best friends, until Curl and his ressemblers are hang'd.

With submission to the better judgment of you and your friends, I take your project of an employment under the Turks to be idle and unnecessary. Have a little patience, and you will find more merit and encouragement at home by the same methods. You are ungrateful to your country; quit but your own Religion, and ridicule ours, and that will allow you a free choice for any other, or for none at all, and pay you well into the bargain. Therefore pray do not run and disgrace us among the Turks, by telling them you were forced to leave your native home, because we would oblige you to be a Christian; whereas we will make it appear to all the world, that we only compelled you to be a Whig.

There is a young ingenious Quaker in this town who writes verses to his mistress, not very correct, but in a strain purely what a poetical Quaker should do, commending her look and habit, etc. It gave me a hint that a set of Quaker pastorals might succeed, if our friend Gay* could fancy it, and I think it a fruitful subject; pray hear what he says. I believe further, the pastoral ridicule is not yet exhausted; and that a porter, footman†, or chairman's pastoral might do well. Or what think you of a Newgate pastoral, among the whores and thieves there?

Lastly, to conclude, I love you never the worse for seldom writing to you. I am in an obscure scene, where you know neither thing nor person. I can only answer yours, which I promise to do after a sort whenever you think fit to employ me. But I can assure you, the scene and the times have depressed me wonderfully, for I will impute no defect to those two paltry years which have slipped by since I had the happiness to see you. I am, with the truest esteem,

Yours, etc.

§ LETTER V.

From Dr. SWIFT to Mr. POPE.

Dublin, Jan. 10. 1721.

A Thousand things have vexed me of late years, upon which I am determined to lay open my mind to you. I rather chuse to appeal to you than to my Lord Chief Justice Whitshed, under the situation I am in. For, I take

* Gay did write a pastoral of this kind, which is published in his works.

† Swift himself wrote one of this kind, intitled *Dermot and Sbeelab*.

§ This Letter Mr. Pope never received, nor did he believe it was ever sent.

this

this cause properly to lie before you : You are a much fitter Judge of what concerns the credit of a Writer, the injuries that are done him, and the reparations he ought to receive. Besides, I doubt whether the Arguments I could suggest to prove my own innocence would be of much weight from the gentlemen of the Long-robe to those in Furs, upon whose decision about the difference of Style or Sentiments, I should be very unwilling to leave the merits of my Cause.

Give me leave then to put you in mind (although you cannot easily forget it) that about ten weeks before the Queen's death, I left the town, upon occasion of that incurable breach among the great men at Court, and went down to Berkshire, where you may remember that you gave me the favour of a visit. While I was in that retirement, I writ a Discourse which I thought might be useful in such a juncture of affairs, and sent it up to London ; but, upon some difference in opinion between me and a certain great minister now abroad, the publishing of it was deferred so long that the Queen died, and I recalled my copy, which hath been ever since in safe hands. In a few weeks after the loss of that excellent Princess I came to my station here ; where I have continued ever since in the greatest privacy, and utter ignorance of those events, which are most commonly talked of in the world. I neither know the names nor number of the Royal Family which now reigns, further than the Prayer-book informs me. I cannot tell who is Chancellor, who are Secretaries, nor with what nations we are in peace or war. And this manner of life was not taken up out of any sort of Affectation, but merely to avoid giving offence, and for fear of provoking Party-zeal.

I had indeed written some Memorials of the four last years of the Queen's reign, with some other informations, which I received, as necessary materials to qualify me for doing something in an employment then design'd me* : But, as it was at the disposal of a person, who had not the smallest share of steadiness or sincerity, I disdain'd to accept it.

These papers, at my few hours of health and leisure, I have been digesting † into order by one sheet at a time,

* Historiographer.

† These papers some years after were brought finished by the Dean into England, with an intention to publish them. But a friend on whose judgment he relied (the same I suppose whom he mentions above, as being abroad at the time of writing this letter) dissuaded him from that design. He told the Dean here were several facts he knew to be false, and that the whole was so much

for I dare not venture any further, lest the humour of searching and seizing papers should revive : not that I am in pain of any danger to myself (for they contain nothing of present Times or Persons, upon which I shall never lose a thought while there is a Cat or a Spaniel in the house) but to preserve them from being lost among Messengers and Clerks.

I have written in this kingdom, a * discourse to persuade the wretched people to wear their own Manufactures instead of those from England. This Treatise soon spread very fast, being agreeable to the sentiments of the whole nation, except of those gentlemen who had Employments, or were Expectants. Upon which a person in great office here immediately took the alarm : he sent in haste for the Chief Justice, and informed him of a seditious, factious, and virulent Pamphlet, lately published, with a design of setting the two kingdoms at variance ; directing at the same time that the Printer should be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of law. The Chief Justice had so quick an understanding, that he resolved, if possible, to out-do his orders. The Grand-Juries of the county and city were practised effectually with to represent the said Pamphlet with all aggravating Epithets, for which they had thanks sent them from England, and their Presentments published for several weeks in all the news-papers. The Printer was seized, and forced to give great bail : after his trial the Jury brought him in Not Guilty, although they had been cull'd with the utmost industry : The Chief Justice sent them back nine times, and kept them eleven hours, until being perfectly tired out, they were forced to leave the matter to the mercy of the Judge, by what they call a special Verdict. During the trial, the Chief Justice, among other singularities, laid his hand on his breast, and protested solemnly that the Author's design was to bring in the Pretender ; although there was not a single syllable of party in the whole Treatise, and although it was known, that the most eminent of those who professed his own principles, publickly disallowed his proceedings. But the cause being so very odious and unpopular, the trial of the Ver-

in the spirit of party-writing, that, though it might have made a seasonable pamphlet in the time of their administration, it was a dishonour to just history. The Dean would do nothing against his Friend's judgment, yet it extremely chagrined him. And he told a common friend, that since ** d d not approve his history, he would cast it into the fire, though it was the best work he had ever written. However, it did not undergo this fate, and is said to be yet in being — It has been since published.

* A proposal for the universal use of Irish Manufactures.

dict

dict was deferred from one Term to another, until upon the Duke of G—ft-n the Lord Lieutenant's arrival, his Grace, after mature advice, and permission from England, was pleased to grant a *noli prosequi*.

This is the more remarkable, because it is said that the man is no ill decider in common cases of property, where party is out of question; but when that intervenes, with ambition at heels to push it forward, it must needs confound any man of little spirit, and low birth, who hath no other endowment than that sort of Knowledge, which, however possessed in the highest degree, can possibly give no one good quality to the mind.

It is true, I have been much concerned, for several years past, upon account of the public as well as for myself, to see how ill a taste for wit and sense prevails in the world, which Politics, and South-sea, and Party, and Operas, and Masquerades, have introduced. For, besides many insipid papers which the malice of some have entitled me to, there are many persons appearing to wish me well, and pretending to be judges of my style and manner, who have yet ascribed some writings to me, of which any man of common sense and literature would be heartily ashamed. I cannot forbear instancing a Treatise called a *Dedication upon Dedications*, which many would have to be mine, although it be as empty, dry, and servile a composition, as I remember at any time to have read. But, above all, there is one Circumstance which makes it impossible for me to have been author of a Treatise, wherein there are several pages containing a Panegyric on King George, of whose character and person I am utterly ignorant, nor ever had once the curiosity to enquire into either, living at so great a distance as I do, and having long done with whatever can relate to public matters.

Indeed I have formerly delivered my thoughts very freely, whether I were asked or no; but never affected to be a Counsellor, to which I had no manner of call. I was humbled enough to see myself so far out-done by the Earl of Oxford in my own trade as a Scholar, and too good a Courtier not to discover his contempt of those who would be men of importance out of their sphere. Besides, to say the truth, although I have known many great Ministers ready enough to hear Opinions, yet I have hardly seen one that would ever descend to take Advice; and this pedantry ariseth from a Maxim themselves do not believe at the same time they practise by it, that there is something profound

profound in Politics, which men of plain honest sense cannot arrive to.

I only wish my endeavours had succeeded better in the great point I had at heart, which was that of reconciling the Ministers to each other. This might have been done, if others, who had more concern and more influence, would have acted their parts; and, if this had succeeded, the public interest both of Church and State would not have been the worse, nor the Protestant Succession endangered.

But, whatever opportunities a constant attendance of four years might have given me for endeavouring to do good offices to particular persons, I deserve at least to find tolerable quarter from those of the other Party; for many of which I was a constant advocate with the Earl of Oxford, and for this I appeal to his Lordship: He knows how often I pressed him in favour of Mr. Addison, Mr. Congreve, Mr. Rowe, and Mr. Steel; although I freely confess that his Lordship's kindness to them was altogether owing to his generous notions, and the esteem he had for their wit and parts, of which I could only pretend to be a remembrancer. For I can never forget the answer he gave to the late Lord Hallifax, who upon the first change of the Ministry interceded with him to spare Mr. Congreve: It was by repeating these two lines of Virgil,

*Non obtusa adeo gestamus pectora Poeni,
Nec tam aversus equos Tyria Sol jungit ab urbe.*

Pursuant to which, he always treated Mr. Congreve with the greatest personal civilities, assuring him of his constant favour and protection, and adding that he would study to do something better for him.

I remember it was in those times a usual subject of railery towards me among the Ministers, that I never came to them without a Whig in my sleeve; which I do not say with any view towards making my Court: For the new Principles * fixed to those of that denomination, I did then, and do now from my heart abhor, detest and abjure, as wholly degenerate from their predecessors. I have conversed in some freedom with more ministers of State of all parties than usually happens to men of my level, and, I confess, in their capacity as Ministers, I look upon them

* He means particularly the principle at that time charged upon them, by their Enemies, of an intention to prescribe the Tories.

as a race of people whose acquaintance no man would court, otherwise than upon the score of Vanity or Ambition. The first quickly wears off (and is the Vice of low minds, for a man of spirit is too proud to be vain) and the other was not my case. Besides, having never received more than one small favour, I was under no necessity of being a slave to men in power, but chose my friends by their personal merit, without examining how far their notions agreed with the politics then in vogue. I frequently conversed with Mr. Addison, and the others I named (except Mr. Steel) during all my Lord Oxford's Ministry, and Mr. Addison's friendship to me continued inviolable, with as much kindness as when we used to meet at My Lord Sommers * or Hallifax, who were leaders of the opposite Party.

I would infer from all this, that it is with great injustice I have these many years been pelted by your Pamphleteers, merely upon account of some regard which the Queen's last ministers were pleased to have for me: and yet in my conscience I think I am a partaker in every ill design they had against the Protestant Succession, or the Liberties and Religion of their Country; and can say with Cicero, "that I should be proud to be included with them in all their actions *tanquam in equo Trojano*." But if I have never discovered by my words, writings, or actions, any Party virulence, or dangerous designs against the present powers; if my friendship and conversation were equally shewn among those who liked or disapproved the proceedings then at Court, and that I was known to be a common Friend of all deserving persons of the latter sort, when they were in distress; I cannot but think it hard, that I am not suffered to run quietly among the common herd of people, whose opinions unfortunately differ from those which lead to favour and preferment.

I ought to let you know, that the Thing we called a Whig in England is a creature altogether different from those of the same denomination here; at least it was so during the reign of her late Majesty. Whether those on your side have changed or no, it hath not been my business to enquire. I remember my excellent friend Mr. Addison, when he first came over hither Secretary to the Earl of Wharton, then Lord Lieutenant, was ex-

* Lord Sommers had very warmly recommended Dr. Swift to the favour of Lord Wharton, when he went the Queen's Lieutenant into Ireland in the year 1709.

tremely offended at the conduct and discourse of the Chief Managers here : He told me they were a sort of people who seemed to think, that the principles of a Whig consisted in nothing else but damning the Church, reviling the Clergy, abetting the Dissenters, and speaking contemptibly of revealed Religion.

I was discoursing some years ago with a certain Minister about that whiggish or fanatical Genius, so prevalent among the English of this kingdom ; his Lordship accounted for it by that number of Cromwell's Soldiers, adventurers established here, who were all of the fourest leaven, and the meanest birth, and whose posterity are now in possession of their lands and their principles. However, it must be confessed, that of late some people in this country are grown weary of quarrelling, because interest, the great motive of quarrelling, is at an end ; for, it is hardly worth contending who shall be an Exciseman, a Country-Vicar, a Cryer in the Courts, or an Under-Clerk.

You will perhaps be inclined to think, that a person so ill treated as I have been, must at some time or other have discovered very dangerous opinions in government ; in answer to which, I will tell you what my political principles were in the time of her late glorious Majesty, which I never contradicted by any action, writing, or discourse.

First, I always declared myself against a Popish Successor to the crown, whatever title he might have by the proximity of blood : Neither did I ever regard the right line, except upon two accounts : first, as it was established by law ; and secondly, as it hath much weight in the opinions of the people. For necessity may abolish any law, but cannot alter the sentiments of the vulgar ; right of inheritance being perhaps the most popular of all topics ; and therefore in great changes when that is broke, there will remain much heart-burning and discontent among the meaner people ; which (under a weak Prince and corrupt administration) may have the worst consequences upon the peace of any state.

As to what is called a Revolution principle, my opinion was this : That whenever those evils, which usually attend and follow a violent change of Government, were not in probability so pernicious as the grievance we suffer under a present power, then the public good will justify such a Revolution. And this I took to have been the case in the Prince of Orange's expedition, although in the consequences it produced some very bad effects, which are likely to stick long enough by us.

I had

I had likewise in those days a mortal antipathy against Standing Armies in times of Peace : Because I always took Standing Armies to be only servants hired by the Master of the family for keeping his own children in slavery ; and because I conceived, that a Prince who could not think himself secure without Mercenary Troops, must needs have a separate interest from that of his Subjects. Although I am not ignorant of those artificial Necessities which a corrupted Ministry can create, for keeping up forces to support a Faction against the publick Interest.

As to Parliaments, I adored the wisdom of that Gothic institution, which made them annual : and I was confident our Liberty could never be placed upon a firm foundation until that ancient law were restored among us. For, who sees not, that, while such Assemblies are permitted to have a longer duration, there grows up a commerce of corruption between the Ministry and the Deputies, wherein they both find their accounts, to the manifest danger of Liberty ? which Traffic would neither answer the design nor expence, if Parliaments met once a year.

I ever abominated that scheme of Politics (now about thirty years old) of setting up a monied Interest in opposition to the landed. For I conceived, there could not be a truer maxim in our Government than this, That the Possessors of the soil are the best judges of what is for the advantage of the kingdom. If others had thought the same way, Funds of Credit and South-Sea Projects would neither have been felt nor heard of.

I could never discover the necessity of suspending any Law upon which the Liberty of the most innocent Persons depended ; neither do I think this Practice hath made the taste of Arbitrary Power so agreeable, as that we should desire to see it repeated. Every Rebellion subdued and Plot discovered, contribute to the firmer establishment of the prince : In the latter case, the knot of Conspirators is entirely broke, and they are to begin their work anew under a thousand disadvantages ; so that those diligent enquiries into remote and problematical guilt, with a new power of enforcing them by chains and dungeons to every person whose face a Minister thinks fit to dislike, are not only opposite to that Maxim, which declareth it better that ten guilty men should escape, than one innocent suffer ; but likewise leave a gate wide open to the whole Tribe of Informers, the most accursed, and prostitute, and abandoned race, that God ever permitted to plague mankind.

tremely offended at the conduct and discourse of the Chief Managers here : He told me they were a sort of people who seemed to think, that the principles of a Whig consisted in nothing else but damning the Church, reviling the Clergy, abetting the Dissenters, and speaking contemptibly of revealed Religion.

I was discoursing some years ago with a certain Minister about that whiggish or fanatical Genius, so prevalent among the English of this kingdom ; his Lordship accounted for it by that number of Cromwell's Soldiers, adventurers established here, who were all of the fourest leven, and the meanest birth, and whose posterity are now in possession of their lands and their principles. However, it must be confessed, that of late some people in this country are grown weary of quarrelling, because interest, the great motive of quarrelling, is at an end ; for, it is hardly worth contending who shall be an Exciseman, a Country-Vicar, a Cryer in the Courts, or an Under-Clerk.

You will perhaps be inclined to think, that a person so ill treated as I have been, must at some time or other have discovered very dangerous opinions in government ; in answer to which, I will tell you what my political principles were in the time of her late glorious Majesty, which I never contradicted by any action, writing, or discourse.

First, I always declared myself against a Popish Successor to the crown, whatever title he might have by the proximity of blood : Neither did I ever regard the right line, except upon two accounts : first, as it was established by law ; and secondly, as it hath much weight in the opinions of the people. For necessity may abolish any law, but cannot alter the sentiments of the vulgar ; right of inheritance being perhaps the most popular of all topics ; and therefore in great changes when that is broke, there will remain much heart-burning and discontent among the meaner people ; which (under a weak Prince and corrupt administration) may have the worst consequences upon the peace of any state.

As to what is called a Revolution principle, my opinion was this : That whenever those evils, which usually attend and follow a violent change of Government, were not in probability so pernicious as the grievance we suffer under a present power, then the public good will justify such a Revolution. And this I took to have been the case in the Prince of Orange's expedition, although in the consequences it produced some very bad effects, which are likely to stick long enough by us.

I had

I had likewise in those days a mortal antipathy against Standing Armies in times of Peace : Because I always took Standing Armies to be only servants hired by the Master of the family for keeping his own children in slavery ; and because I conceived, that a Prince who could not think himself secure without Mercenary Troops, must needs have a separate interest from that of his Subjects. Although I am not ignorant of those artificial Necessities which a corrupted Ministry can create, for keeping up forces to support a Faction against the publick Interest.

As to Parliaments, I adored the wisdom of that Gothic institution, which made them annual : and I was confident our Liberty could never be placed upon a firm foundation until that ancient law were restored among us. For, who sees not, that, while such Assemblies are permitted to have a longer duration, there grows up a commerce of corruption between the Ministry and the Deputies, wherein they both find their accounts, to the manifest danger of Liberty ? which Traffic would neither answer the design nor expence, if Parliaments met once a year.

I ever abominated that scheme of Politics (now about thirty years old) of setting up a monied Interest in opposition to the landed. For I conceived, there could not be a truer maxim in our Government than this, That the Possessors of the soil are the best judges of what is for the advantage of the kingdom. If others had thought the same way, Funds of Credit and South-Sea Projects would neither have been felt nor heard of.

I could never discover the necessity of suspending any Law upon which the Liberty of the most innocent Persons depended ; neither do I think this Practice hath made the taste of Arbitrary Power so agreeable, as that we should desire to see it repeated. Every Rebellion subdued and Plot discovered, contribute to the firmer establishment of the prince : In the latter case, the knot of Conspirators is entirely broke, and they are to begin their work anew under a thousand disadvantages ; so that those diligent enquiries into remote and problematical guilt, with a new power of enforcing them by chains and dungeons to every person whose face a Minister thinks fit to dislike, are not only opposite to that Maxim, which declareth it better that ten guilty men should escape, than one innocent suffer ; but likewise leave a gate wide open to the whole Tribe of Informers, the most accursed, and prostitute, and abandoned race, that God ever permitted to plague mankind.

It is true the Romans had a custom of chusing a Dictator, during whose administration the Power of other Magistrates was suspended; but this was done upon the greatest emergencies; a War near their doors, or some civil Dissention: For Armies must be governed by arbitrary power. But when the Virtue of that Common-wealth gave place to luxury and ambition, this very office of Dictator became perpetual in the persons of the Cæsars and their Successors, the most infamous Tyrants that have any where appeared in story.

These are some of the sentiments I had, relating to public affairs, while I was in the world: what they are at present, is of little importance either to that or myself; neither can I truly say I have any at all, or, if I had, I dare not venture to publish them: For however orthodox they may be while I am now writing, they may become criminal enough to bring me into trouble before Midsummer. And indeed I have often wished for some time past, that a political Catechism might be published by authority four times a year, in order to instruct us how we are to speak, write, and act during the current quarter. I have by experience felt the want of such an instructor: For, intending to make my court to some people on the prevailing side, by advancing certain old whiggish principles, which, it seems, had been exploded about a month before, I have passed for a disaffected person. I am not ignorant how idle a thing it is, for a man in obscurity to attempt defending his reputation as a Writer, while the spirit of Faction hath so universally possessed the minds of men, that they are not at leisure to attend to any thing else. They will just give themselves time to libel and accuse me, but cannot spare a minute to hear my defence. So in a plot-discovering age, I have often known an innocent man seized and imprisoned, and forced to lie several months in chains, while the Ministers were not at leisure to hear his petition, until they had prosecuted and hanged the number they proposed.

All I can reasonably hope for by this letter, is to convince my friends, and others who are pleased to wish me well, that I have neither been so ill a Subject nor so stupid an Author, as I have been represented by the virulence of Libellers, whose malice hath taken the same train in both, by fathering dangerous Principles in government upon me, which I never maintained, and insipid Productions which I am not capable of writing. For, however I may have been soured by personal ill-treatment, or by
melancholy

melancholy prospects for the public, I am too much a politician to expose my own safety by offensive words. And, if my genius and spirit be sunk by increasing years, I have at least enough of discretion left, not to mistake the measure of my own abilities, by attempting subjects where those Talents are necessary, which perhaps I may have lost with my youth.

LETTER VI.

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. GAY.

Dublin, Jan. 8, 1722-3.

COMING home after a short Christmas ramble, I found a letter upon my table, and little expected when I opened it to read your name at the bottom. The best and greatest part of my life, until these last eight years, I spent in England; there I made my friendships, and there I left my desires. I am condemned for ever to another country: what is in prudence to be done? I think to be *oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus et illis*. What can be the design of your letter but malice, to wake me out of a scurvy sleep, which however is better than none? I am towards nine years older since I left you, yet that is the least of my alterations; my business, my diversions, my conversations, are all entirely changed for the worse, and so are my studies and my amusements in writing; yet, after all, this humdrum way of life might be passable enough, if you would let me alone. I shall not be able to relish my wine, my parsons, my horses, nor my garden for three months, until the spirit you have raised shall be dispossessed. I have sometimes wondered that I have not visited you, but I have been stopt by too many reasons, besides years and laziness, and yet these are very good ones. Upon my return after half a year amongst you, there would be to me *Desiderio nec pudor nec modus*. I was three years reconciling myself to the scene, and the business, to which fortune hath condemned me, and stupidity was what I had recourse to. Besides, what a figure should I make in London, while my friends are in poverty, exile, distress, or imprisonment, and my enemies with rods of iron? Yet I often threaten myself with the journey, and am every summer practising to get health to bear it: The only inconvenience is, that I grow old in the experiment. Although I care not to talk to you as a Divine, yet I hope you have not been author of your
colic:

colic : do you drink bad wine, or keep bad company ? Are you not as many years older as I ? it will not be always. *Et tibi quæ mibi dempserit Apponet annos.* I am heartily sorry you have any dealings with that ugly distemper, and I believe our friend Arbuthnot will recommend you to temperance and exercise. I wish they could have as good an effect upon the giddiness I am subject to, and which this moment I am not free from. I should have been glad if you had lengthened your letter by telling me the present condition of many of my old acquaintance, Congreve, Arbuthnot, Lewis, etc. but you mention only Mr. Pope, who I believe is lazy, or else he might have added three lines of his own. I am extremely glad he is not in your case of needing great men's favour, and could heartily wish that you were in his. I have been considering why Poets have such ill success in making their Court, since they are allowed to be the greatest and best of all flatterers : The defect is, that they flatter only in print or in writing, but not by word of mouth : They will give things under their hand which they make a conscience of speaking. Besides, they are too libertine to haunt anti-chambers, too poor to bribe porters and footmen, and too proud to cringe to second-hand favourites in a great family. Tell me, are you not under Original sin, by the dedication of your Eclogues to Lord Bolingbroke ? I am an ill judge at this distance ; and besides am, for my case, utterly ignorant of the commonest things that pass in the world ; but if all Courts have a sameness in them (as the Parsons phrase it) things may be as they were in my time, when all employments went to Parliament-men's Friends, who had been useful in Elections, and there was always a huge List of names in arrears at the Treasury, which would at least take up your seven years expedient to discharge even one half. I am of opinion, if you will not be offended, that the surest course would be to get your Friend who lodgeth in your house, to recommend you to the next chief Governor who comes over here for a good civil employment, or to be one of his Secretaries, which your Parliament-men are fond enough of, when there is no room at home. The wine is good and reasonable ; you may dine twice a week at the Deanry-house ; there is a set of company in this town sufficient for one man ; folks will admire you, because they have read you, and read of you ; and a good employment will make you live tolerably in London, or sumptuously here ; or if you divide between both places, it will be for your health.

I wish

I wish I could do more than say I love you. I left you in a good way both for the late Court, and the successors; and by the force of too much honesty, or too little sublimary wisdom, you fell between two stools. Take care of your health and money; be less modest and more active; or else turn Parson and get a Bishopric here: Would to God they would send us as good ones from your side!

I am ever, etc.

LETTER VII.

Mr. POPE to Dr. SWIFT.

Jan. 12, 1723.

I Find a rebuke in a late letter of yours, that both stings and pleaseth me extremely. Your saying that I ought to have writ a Postscript to my friend Gay's, makes me not content to write less than a whole Letter; and your seeming to take his kindly, gives me hopes you will look upon this as a sincere effect of Friendship. Indeed as I cannot but own the Laziness with which you tax me, and with which I may equally charge you, for both of us have had (and one of us hath both had and given *) a Surfeit of writing; so I really thought you would know yourself to be so certainly intitled to my Friendship, that it was a possession you could not imagine stood in need of any further Deeds or Writings to assure you of it.

Whatever you seem to think of your withdrawn and separate state at this distance, and in this Absence, Dean Swift lives still in England, in every place and company where he would chuse to live, and I find him in all the Conversations I keep, and in all the Hearts in which I desire any share.

We have never met these many years without mention of you. Besides my old Acquaintance, I have found that all my friends of a later date are such as were yours before: Lord Oxford, Lord Harcourt, and Lord Harley may look upon me as one entailed upon them by you: Lord Bolingbroke is now returned (as I hope) to take me with all his other Hereditary Rights: and, indeed, he seems grown so much a Philosopher, as to set his heart upon some of them as little, as upon the Poet you gave him. It is sure my ill fate, that all those I most loved, and with whom I most

* Alluding to his large work on Homer.

lived, must be banished : After both of you left England, my constant Host was the Bishop of * Rochester. Sure this is a nation that is cursedly afraid of being over-run with too much Politeness, and cannot regain one great Genius, but at the expence of another. I tremble for my Lord Peterborow (whom I now lodge with) he has too much Wit, as well as Courage, to make a solid General : and if he escapes being banished by others, I fear he will banish himself. This leads me to give you some account of the manner of my life and conversation, which has been infinitely more various and dissipated, than when you knew me and cared for me ; and among all Sexes, Parties, and Professions. A Glut of Study and Retirement in the first part of my life cast me into this ; and this, I begin to see, will throw me again into Study and Retirement.

The civilities I have met with from opposite Setts of people, have hinder'd me from being violent or sour to any Party ; but at the same time the Observations and Experiences I cannot but have collected, have made me less fond of, and less surprized at, any : I am therefore the more afflicted and the more angry at the Violences and Hardships I see practised by either. The merry Vein you knew me in, is sunk into a Turn of Reflection, that has made the world pretty indifferent to me ; and yet I have acquired a Quietness of mind which by fits improves into a certain degree of Chearfulness, enough to make me just so good humoured as to wish that world well. My Friendships are increased by new ones, yet no part of the warmth I felt for the old is diminished. Aversions I have none, but to Knaves (for Fools I have learned to bear with) and such I cannot be commonly civil to ; for I think those men are next to Knaves who converse with them. The greatest Man in power of this sort shall hardly make me bow to him, unless I had a personal obligation, and that I will take care not to have. The top pleasure of my life is one I learned from you both how to gain and how to use the Freedom of Friendship with men much my Superiors. To have pleased great men, according to Horace, is a praise ; but not to have flattered them, and yet not to have displeased them, is a greater. I have carefully avoided all Intercourse with Poets and Scriblers, unless where by great chance I have found a modest one. By these means I have had no quarrels with any personally ;

none have been Enemies, who but were also Strangers to me; and as there is no great need of an Eclaircissement with such, whatever they writ or said I never retaliated, not only never seeming to know, but often really never knowing, any thing of the matter. There are very few things that give me the Anxiety of a Wish; the strongest I have would be to pass my days with you, and a few such as you: But Fate has dispersed them all about the world; and I find to wish it is as vain, as to wish to see the Millennium and the Kingdom of the Just upon earth.

If I have sinned in my long silence, consider there is one to whom you yourself have been as great a sinner. As soon as you see his hand, you will learn to do me justice, and feel in your heart how long a man may be silent to those he truly loves and respects.

LETTER VIII.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

I Am not so lazy as Pope, and therefore you must not expect from me the same indulgence to Laziness; in defending his own cause he pleads yours, and becomes your Advocate while he appeals to you as his Judge: You will do the same on your part; and I, and the rest of your common Friends, shall have great Justice to expect from two such righteous Tribunals: You resemble perfectly the two Alehouse-keepers in Holland, who were at the same time Burgomasters of the Town, and taxed one another's Bills alternately. I declare before hand I will not stand to the award; my Title to your Friendship is good, and wants neither Deeds nor Writings to confirm it: but annual Acknowledgments at least are necessary to preserve it: and I begin to suspect by your defrauding me of them, that you hope in time to dispute it, and to urge Prescription against me. I would not say one word to you about myself (since it is a subject on which you appear to have no curiosity) was it not to try how far the contrast between Pope's fortune and manner of life, and mine, may be carried.

I have been, then, infinitely more uniform and less dissipated, than when you knew me and cared for me. That Love which I used to scatter with such profusion among the female kind, has been these many years devoted to one object. A great many misfortunes (for so they are called,

though sometimes very improperly) and a retirement from the world, have made that just and nice discrimination between my Acquaintance and my Friends, which we have seldom sagacity enough to make for ourselves; those insects of various hues, which used to hum and buz about me, while I stood in the sunshine, have disappeared since I lived in the shade. No man comes to a Hermitage but for the sake of the Hermit; a few philosophical Friends come often to mine, and they are such as you would be glad to live with, if a dull climate and duller company have not altered you extremely from what you was nine years ago.

The hoarse voice of Party was never heard in this quiet place; Gazettes and Pamphlets are banished from it, and if the Lucubrations of Isaac Bickerstaff be admitted, this distinction is owing to some strokes by which it is judged that this illustrious Philosopher had (like the Indian Fohu; the Grecian Pythagoras, the Persian Zoroaster, and others his Precursors among the Zabians, Magians, and the Egyptian Seers) both his outward and his inward Doctrine, and that he was of no side at the bottom. When I am there, I forget I ever was of any party myself; nay, I am often so happily absorbed by the abstracted reason of things, that I am ready to imagine there never was any such monster as Party. Alas, I am soon awakened from that pleasing dream by the Greek and Roman Historians, by Guicciardine, by Machiavel, and Thuanus; for I have vowed to read no History of our own country, till that body of it which you promise to finish appears.

I am under no apprehension that a glut of Study and Retirement should cast me back into the hurry of the world; on the contrary, the single regret which I ever feel, is that I fell so late into this course of life; my Philosophy grows confirmed by habit, and if you and I meet again, I will extort this approbation from you: *Sum non consilio bonus, sed more eo perductus, ut non tantum recte facere possim, sed nisi recte facere non possim.* The little incivilities I have met with from opposite sets of people, have been so far from rendering me violent or sour to any, that I think myself obliged to them all; some have cured me of my fears, by shewing me how impotent the malice of the world is; others have cured me of my hopes, by shewing how precarious popular friendships are; all have cured me of surprise: in driving me out of party, they have driven me out of cursed company; and in stripping me of Titles and Rank,
and

and Estate, and such trinkets, which every man that will may spare, they have given me that which no man can be happy without.

Reflection and habit have rendered the world so indifferent to me, that I am neither afflicted nor rejoiced, angry nor pleased at what happens in it, any further than personal friendships interest me in the affairs of it, and this principle extends my cares but a little way. Perfect Tranquillity is the general tenour of my life: good digestions, serene weather, and some other mechanic springs, wind me above it now and then, but I never fall below it; I am sometimes gay, but I am never sad. I have gained new friends, and have lost some old ones; my acquisitions of this kind give me a good deal of pleasure, because they have not been made lightly: I know no vows so solemn as those of friendship, and therefore a pretty long noviciate of acquaintance should methinks precede them: My losses of this kind give me but little trouble, I contributed nothing to them, and a friend who breaks with me unjustly, is not worth preserving. As soon as I leave this Town (which will be in a few days) I shall fall back into that course of life, which keeps knaves and fools at a great distance from me: I have an aversion to them both, but in the ordinary course of life, I think I can bear the sensible knave better than the fool. One must indeed with the former be in some or other of the attitudes of those wooden men whom I have seen before a sword-cutler's shop in Germany; but even in these constrained postures the witty Rascal will divert me; and he that diverts me does me a great deal of good, and lays me under an obligation to him, which I am not obliged to pay him in another coin: The Fool obliges me to be almost as much upon my guard as the knave, and he makes me no amends; he numbs me like the Torpor, or he teazes me like the Fly. This is the Picture of an old Friend, and more like him than that will be which you once asked, and which he will send you, if you continue still to desire it.—Adieu, dear Swift, with all thy faults I love thee intirely; make an effort, and love me on with all mine.

LETTER IX.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, Sept. 20, 1723.

Returning from a summer expedition of four months on account of my health, I found a letter from you, with an appendix longer than yours from Lord Bolingbroke. I believe there is not a more miserable malady than an unwillingness to write letters to our best friends, and a man might be philosopher enough in finding out reasons for it. One thing is clear, that it shews a mighty difference betwixt Friendship and Love, for a lover (as I have heard) is always scribbling to his mistress. If I could permit myself to believe what your civility makes you say, that I am still remembered by my friends in England, I am in the right to keep myself here—*Non sum qualis eram*. I left you in a period of life when one year does more execution than three at yours, to which if you add the dullness of the air, and of the people, it will make a terrible sum. I have no very strong faith in your pretenders to Retirement; you are not of an age for it, nor have gone through either good or bad fortune enough to go into a corner, and form conclusions *de contemptu mundi & fuga sæculi*, unless a poet grows weary of too much applause, as Ministers do of too much weight of business.

Your happiness is greater than your merit, in chusing your favourites so indifferently among either Party: this you owe partly to your Education, and partly to your Genius employing you in an Art in which Faction has nothing to do, for I suppose Virgil and Horace are equally read by Whigs and Tories. You have no more to do with the Constitution of Church and State, than a Christian at Constantinople; and you are so much the wiser and the happier, because both Parties will approve your Poetry as long as you are known to be of neither.

Your notions of friendship are new to me: I believe every man is born with his *quantum*, and he cannot give to one without robbing another. I very well know to whom I would give the first places in my friendship, but they are not in the way: I am condemned to another scene, and therefore I distribute it in Pennyworths to those about me, and who displease me least; and should do the same to my fellow prisoners if I were condemned to jail. I can like-
wife

wife tolerate Knaves much better than Fools, because their knavery does me no hurt in the commerce I have with them, which however I own is more dangerous, tho' not so troublesome, as that of Fools. I have often endeavour'd to establish a Friendship among all Men of Genius, and would fain have it done: they ~~are~~ are seldom above three or four Contemporaries, and if they could be united would drive the world before them. I think it was so among the Poets in the time of Augustus: but Envy, and Party, and Pride, have hindered it among us. I do not include the Subalterns, of which you are seldom without a large Tribe. Under the name of Poets and Scriblers I suppose you mean the Fools you are content to see sometimes, when they happen to be modest; which was not frequent among them while I was in the world.

I would describe to you my way of living, if any method could be called so in this Country. I chuse my companions among those of least consequence and most compliance: I read the most trifling Books I can find, and whenever I write, it is upon the most trifling subjects: But riding, walking, and sleeping take up eighteen of the twenty-four hours. I procrastinate more than I did twenty years ago, and have several things to finish which I put off to twenty years hence; *Hæc est vita Solutorum, &c.* I send you the compliments of a friend of yours, who hath pass'd four months this summer with two grave acquaintance at his country-house, without ever once going to Dublin, which is but eight miles distant; yet when he returns to London, I will engage you will find him as deep in the court of Requests, the Park, the Operas and the Coffee-house, as any man there. I am now with him for a few days.

You must remember me with great affection to Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Congreve, and Gay.— I think there are no more *eodem tertio's* between you and me, except Mr. Jervas, to whose house I address this, for want of knowing where you live: for it was not clear from your last whether you lodge with Lord Peterborow, or he with you.

I am ever, etc.

LETTER

LETTER X.

Sept. 14, 1725.

I Need not tell you, with what real delight I should have done any thing you desired, and in particular any good offices in my power towards the bearer of your Letter, who is this day gone for France. Perhaps 'tis with Poets as with Prophets, they are so much better liked in another country than their own, that your Gentleman, upon arriving in England, lost his curiosity concerning me. However, had he try'd, he had found me his friend; I mean he had found me yours. I am disappointed at not knowing better a man whom you esteem, and comfort myself only with having got a Letter from you, with which (after all) I sit down a gainer; since to my great pleasure it confirms my hope of once more seeing you. After so many dispersions and so many divisions, two or three of us may yet be gathered together: not to plot, not to contrive silly schemes of ambition, or to vex our own or others hearts with busy vanities (such as perhaps at one time of life or other take their Tour in every man) but to divert ourselves, and the world too if it pleases; or at worst, to laugh at others as innocently and as unhurtfully as at ourselves. Your Travels * I hear much of; my own, I promise you, shall never more be in a strange land, but a diligent, I hope useful, investigation of my own Territories †. I mean no more Translations, but something domestic, fit for my own country, and for my own time.

If you come to us, I'll find you elderly Ladies enough that can halloo, and two that can nurse, and they are too old and feeble to make too much noise; as you will guess, when I tell you they are my own mother, and my own nurse. I can also help you to a Lady who is as deaf, tho' not so old as yourself; you'll be pleased with one another I'll engage, tho' you don't hear one another; you'll converse like spirits by intuition. What you'll most wonder at is, she is considerable at Court, yet no Party-woman, and lives in Court, yet would be easy, and make you easy.

One of those you mention (and I dare say always will remember) Dr. Arbuthnot, is at this time ill of a very dangerous distemper, an imposthume in the bowels; which is broke, but the event is very uncertain. Whatever that

* Gulliver.

† The Essay on Man.

he, he bids me tell you, (and I write this by him) he lives or dies your faithful friend; and one reason he has to desire a little longer life, is the wish to see you once more.

He is gay enough in this circumstance to tell you, he would give you (if he cou'd) such advice as might cure your deafness, but he would not advise you, if you were cured, to quit the pretence of it; because you may by that means hear as much as you will, and answer as little as you please. Believe me

Yours, etc.

LETTER XI.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Sept. 29, 1725.

I Am now returning to the noble scene of Dublin, into the grand Monde, for fear of burying my parts; to signalize myself among Curates and Vicars, and correct all corruptions crept in relating to the weight of bread and butter thro' those dominions where I govern. I have employed my time (besides ditching) in finishing, correcting, amending, and transcribing my * Travels, in four parts compleat, newly augmented, and intended for the press when the world shall deserve them, or rather when a Printer shall be found brave enough to venture his ears. I like the scheme of our meeting after distresses and dispersions; but the chief end I propose to myself in all my labours, is to vex the world, rather than divert it; and if I could compass that design without hurting my own person or fortune, I would be the most indefatigable writer you have ever seen, without reading. I am exceedingly pleased that you have done with Translations; Lord Treasurer Oxford often lamented that a rascally world should lay you under a necessity of misemploying your genius for so long a time. But since you will now be so much better employed, when you think of the world, give it one lash the more at my request. I have ever hated all Nations, Professions, and Communities; and all my love is towards Individuals: for instance, I hate the Tribe of Lawyers, but I love Counsellor such a one, and Judge such a one: 'Tis so with Physicians, (I will not speak of

* Gulliver's Travels.

my own Trade) Soldiers, English, Scotch, French, and the rest. But principally I hate and detest that animal called Man, although I heartily love John, Peter, Thomas, and so forth. This is the system upon which I have govern'd myself many years (but do not tell) and so I shall go on till I have done with them. I have got materials towards a Treatise, proving the falsity of that definition *Animal rationale*, and to shew it should be only *rationis capax*. Upon this great foundation of Misanthropy (though not in Timon's manner) the whole building of my Travels is erected; and I never will have peace of mind, till all honest men are of my opinion: By consequence you are to embrace it immediately, and procure that all who deserve my esteem may do so too. The matter is so clear, that it will admit of no dispute; nay, I will hold a hundred pounds that you and I agree in the point.

I did not know your *Odyssey* was finished, being yet in the country, which I shall leave in three days. I thank you kindly for the present, but shall like it three fourths the less, for the mixture you mention of other hands: however, I am glad you sav'd yourself so much drudgery — I have been long told by Mr. Ford of your great achievements in building and planting, and especially of your subterranean passage to your garden, whereby you turn'd a Blunder into a Beauty, which is a piece of *Art Poetica*.

I have almost done with Harridans, and shall soon become old enough to fall in love with girls of fourteen. The Lady whom you describe to live at Court, to be deaf and no party woman, I take to be Mythology, but know not how to moralize it. She cannot be Mercy, for Mercy is neither deaf nor lives at Court: Justice is blind, and perhaps deaf, but neither is she a Court-lady: Fortune is both blind and deaf, and a Court-lady, but then she is a most damnable Party woman, and will never make me easy, as you promise. It must be Riches, which answers all your description: I am glad she visits you, but my voice is so weak, that I doubt she will never hear me.

Mr. Lewis sent me an account of Dr. Arbuthnot's illness, which is a very sensible affliction to me, who by living so long out of the world, have lost that hardness of heart contracted by years and general conversation. I am daily losing friends, and neither seeking nor getting others. Oh if the world had but a dozen of Arbuthnots in it, I would burn my Travels! But however he is not without fault: There is a passage in Bede, highly commending the

the piety and learning of the Irish in that age, where after abundance of praises he overthrows them all, by lamenting that, alas! they kept Easter at a wrong time of the year. So our Doctor has every quality and virtue that can make a man amiable or useful; but alas, he hath a sort of a slouch in his walk! I pray God protect him, for he is an excellent Christian, though not a Catholic.

I hear nothing of our Friend Gay, but I find the Court keeps him at hard meat. I advised him to come over here with a Lord Lieutenant. Philips writes little Flams (as Lord Leicester call'd those sort of verses) on Miss Carteret. A Dublin Blacksmith, a great Poet, hath imitated his manner in a poem to the same Miss. Philips is a complainer, and on this occasion I told Lord Carteret, that Complainers never succeeded at Court, tho' Railers do.

Are you altogether a country gentleman? that I must address to you out of London, to the hazard of your losing this precious letter, which I will now conclude, altho' so much paper is left. I have an ill Name, and therefore shall not subscribe it, but you will guess it comes from one who esteems and loves you about half as much as you deserve, I mean as much as he can.

I am in great concern, at what I am just told is in some of the news-papers, that Lord Bolingbroke is much hurt by a fall in hunting. I am glad he has so much youth and vigour left (of which he hath not been thrifty) but I wonder he has no more Discretion.

LETTER XII.

O^ct. 15, 1725.

I Am wonderfully pleased with the suddenness of your kind answer. It makes me hope you are coming towards us, and that you incline more and more to your old friends, in proportion as you draw nearer to them; and are getting into our Vortex. Here is One, who was once a powerful planet, but has now (after long experience of all that comes of shining) learned to be content, with returning to his first point, without the thought or ambition of shining at all. Here is another, who thinks one of the greatest glories of his Father was to have distinguished and loved you, and who loves you hereditarily. Here is Arbuthnot, recovered from the jaws of death, and more

pleased with the hope of seeing you again, than of reviewing a world, every part of which he has long despis'd, but what is made up of a few men like yourself. He goes abroad again, and is more chearful than even health can make a man, for he has a good conscience into the bargain (which is the most Catholic of all remedies, tho' not the most Universal.) I knew it would be a pleasure to you to hear this, and in truth that made me write so soon to you.

I'm sorry poor P. is not promoted in this age; for certainly if his reward be of the next, he is of all Poets the most miserable. I'm also sorry for another reason; if they don't promote him, they'll spoil the conclusion of one of my Satires, where, having endeavoured to correct the Taste of the Town in wit and criticism, I end thus,

*But what avails to lay down rules for sense?
In —'s Reign these fruitless lines were writ,
When Ambrose Philips was preferr'd for Wit!*

Our friend Gay is used as the friends of Tories are by Whigs (and generally by Tories too.) Because he had humour, he was supposed to have dealt with Dr. Swift; in like manner as when any one had learning formerly he was thought to have dealt with the Devil. He puts his whole trust at Court in that Lady whom I described to you, and whom you take to be an allegorical creature of fancy: I wish she really were Riches for his sake; though as for yours, I question whether (if you knew her) you would change her for the other.

Lord Bolingbroke had not the least harm by his fall; I wish he had received no more by his other fall; Lord Oxford had none by his. But Lord Bolingbroke is the most improved mind since you saw him, that ever was improved without shifting into a new body, or being: *paullo minus ab angelis*. I have often imagined to myself, that if ever all of us meet again, after so many varieties and changes, after so much of the old world and of the old man in each of us has been altered, that scarce a single thought of the one, any more than a single atom of the other, remains just the same; I've fancied, I say, that we should meet like the righteous in the Millennium, quite in peace, divested of all our former Passions, smiling at our past follies, and content to enjoy the kingdom of the Just in tranquillity. But I find you would rather be employed as an avenging angel of wrath, to break your vial of indignation over the heads of the wretched creatures of this

this world: nay would make them *Eat your Book*, which you have made (I doubt not) as bitter a pill for them as possible.

I won't tell you what designs I have in my head (besides writing a set of Maxims in opposition to all Rochefoucault's principles *) till I see you here, face to face. Then you shall have no reason to complain of me, for want of a generous disdain of his world, though I have not lost my Ears in yours and their service. Lord Oxford too (whom I have now the third time mentioned in this Letter, and he deserves to be always mentioned in every thing that is address'd to you, or comes from you) expects you: That ought to be enough to bring you hither; 'tis a better reason than if the nation expected you. For I really enter as fully as you can desire, into your Principle of Love of Individuals: and I think the way to have a public spirit is first to have a private one; for who can believe (said a friend of mine) that any man can care for a hundred thousand people, who never cared for one? No ill-humoured man can ever be a Patriot, any more than a Friend.

I designed to have left the following page for Dr. Arbuthnot to fill, but he is so touch'd with the period in yours to me concerning him, that he intends to answer it by a whole letter. He too is busy about a book, which I guess he will tell you of. So adieu—what remains worth telling you? Dean Berkley is well, and happy in the prosecution of his Scheme. Lord Oxford and Lord Bolingbroke in health, Duke Disny so also; Sir William Wyndham better, Lord Bathurst well. These and some others, preserve their ancient honour and ancient friendship. Those who do neither, if they were d——d, what is it to a Protestant Priest, who has nothing to do with the dead? I answer for my own part as a Papist, I would not pray them out of Purgatory.

My name is as bad an one as yours, and hated by all bad Poets, from Hopkins and Sternhold to Gildon and Cibber. The first prayed against me with the Turk; and a modern Imitator of theirs (whom I leave you to find out) has added the Christian to 'em, with proper definitions of each in this manner,

* This was only said as an oblique reproof of the horrid misanthropy in the foregoing Letter; and which he supposed, might be chiefly occasioned by the Dean's fondness for *Rochefoucault*, whose *Maxims* are founded on the principle of an universal selfishness in human nature.

*The Pope's the Whore of Babylon,
The Turk he is a Jew:
The Christian is an Infidel
That sitteth in a Pew.*

LETTER XIII.

FROM DR. SWIFT.

Nov. 26, 1725.

I Should sooner have acknowledged yours, if a feverish disorder and the relicks of it had not disabled me for a fortnight. I now begin to make excuses, because I hope I am pretty near seeing you, and therefore I would cultivate an acquaintance; because if you do not know me when we meet, you need only keep one of my letters, and compare it with my face, for my face and letters are counterparts of my heart. I fear I have not express'd that right, but I mean well, and I hate blots: I look in your letter, and in my conscience you say the same thing, but in a better manner. Pray tell my Lord Bolingbroke that I wish he were banished again, for then I should hear from him, when he was full of philosophy, and talk'd *de contemptu mundi*. My Lord Oxford was so extremely kind as to write to me immediately an account of his son's birth; which I immediately acknowledg'd, but before my letter could reach him, I wished it in the sea: I hope I was more afflicted than his Lordship. 'Tis hard that Parsons and beggars should be over-run with brats, while so great and good a family wants an heir to continue it. I have receiv'd his Father's picture, but I lament (*sub sigillo confessionis*) that it is not so true a resemblance as I could wish. Drown the world! I am not content with despising it, but I would anger it, if I could with safety. I wish there were an Hospital built for its Despisers, where one might act with safety, and it need not be a large building, only I would have it well endow'd. P * * is *fort chancellor* whether he should turn Parson or no. But all employments here are engaged, or in reversion. Cast Wits and cast Beaux have a proper sanctuary in the church: yet we think it a severe judgment, that a fine gentleman, and so much the finer for hating Ecclesiastics, should be a domestic humble retainer to an Irish Prelate. He is neither Secretary nor Gentleman-usher, yet serves in both capacities. He hath published several reasons why he never came

came to see me, but the best is, that I have not waited on his Lordship. We have had a Poem sent from London in imitation of that on Miss Carteret. It is on Miss Harvey of a day old; and we say and think it is yours. I wish it were not, because I am against monopolies.—You might have spared me a few more lines of your Satire, but I hope in a few months to see it all. To hear boys, like you, talk of Millenniums and tranquillity! I am older by thirty years, Lord Bolingbroke by twenty, and you but by ten, than when we last were together; and we should differ more than ever, you coquetting a maid of honour, my Lord looking on to see how the gamesters play, and I railing at you both. I desire you and all my friends will take a special care that my Disaffection to the world may not be imputed to my Age, for I have credible witnesses ready to depose, that it hath never varied from the twenty-first to the fifty-eighth year of my life (pray fill that blank charitably). I tell you after all, that I do not hate mankind, it is *vous autres* who hate them, because you would have them reasonable Animals, and are angry at being disappointed: I have always rejected that definition, and made another of my own. I am no more angry with—than I was with the Kite that last week flew away with one of my chickens; and yet I was pleased when one of my servants shot him two days after. This I say, because you are so hardy as to tell me of your intentions to write Maxims in opposition to Rochefoucault, who is my favourite, because I found my whole character in him; however I will read him again, because it is possible I may have since undergone some alterations.—Take care the bad Poets do not outwit you, as they have served the good ones in every age, whom they have provoked to transmit their names to posterity. Mœvius is as well known as Virgil, and Gildon will be as well known as you, if his name gets into your Verses: and as to the difference between good and bad fame, 'tis a perfect trifle. I ask a thousand pardons, and so leave you for this time, and will write again without concerning myself whether you write or no.

I am, etc.

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

Decemb. 10, 1725.

I Find myself the better acquainted with you for a long absence, as men are with themselves for a long Affliction: Absence does but hold off a Friend, to make one see him the more truly. I am infinitely more pleas'd to hear you are coming near us, than at any thing you seem to think in my favour; an opinion which has perhaps been aggrandized by the distance or dulness of Ireland, as objects look larger through a medium of fogs: and yet I am infinitely pleas'd with that too. I am much the happier for finding (a better thing than our Wits) our Judgments jump, in the notion that all Scriblers should be past by in silence. To vindicate one's self against such nasty slander, is much as wise as it was in your countryman, when the people imputed a stink to him, to prove the contrary by shewing his backside. So let Gildon and Philips rest in peace! what Virgil had to do with Mœvius, that he should wear him upon his sleeve to all eternity, I don't know. I've been the longer upon this, that I may prepare you for the reception both you and your works may possibly meet in England. We your true acquaintance will look upon you as a good man, and love you; others will look upon you as a Wit, and hate you. So you know the worst; unless you are as vindicative as Virgil, or the aforesaid Hibernian.

I wish as warmly as you for an Hospital in which to lodge the Despisers of the world; only I fear it would be filled wholly like Chelsea, with maimed Soldiers, and such as had been disabled in its service. I would rather have those, that, out of such generous principles as you and I, despise it, fly in its face, than retire from it. Not that I have much anger against the Great, my spleen is at the little rogues of it; it would vex one more to be knock'd on the head with a Piss-pot, than by a Thunder-bolt. As to great Oppressors, they are like Kites or Eagles, one expects mischief from them; but to be squirted to death (as poor Wycherley said to me on his death-bed) by Apothecaries Apprentices, by the under-strappers of under-secretaries to secretaries who are no secretaries—this wou'd provoke as dull a dog as Ph—s himself.

So much for enemies, now for friends. Mr. L— thinks all this indiscreet: The Dr. not so; he loves mischief the best.

best of any good-natur'd man in England. Lord B. is above trifling: when he writes of any thing in this world, he is more than mortal; *if ever he trifles, it must be when he turns a Divine*. Gay is writing Tales for Prince William: I suppose Mr. Philips will take this very ill, for two reasons; one that he thinks all childish things belong to him, and the other because he'll take it ill to be taught that one may write things to a child without being childish. What have I more to add? but that Lord Oxford desires earnestly to see you: and that many others whom you do not think the worst of, will be gratified by it: none more, be assured, than
Yours, etc.

P. S. Pope and you are very great Wits, and I think very indifferent Philosophers: If you despised the world as much as you pretend, and perhaps believe, you would not be so angry with it. The founder of your sect, that noble Original whom you think it so great an honour to resemble*, was a slave to the worst part of the world, to the Court; and all his big words were the language of a slighted Lover, who desired nothing so much as a reconciliation, and feared nothing so much as a rupture. I believe the world hath used me as scurvily as most people, and yet I could never find in my heart to be thoroughly angry with the simple, false, capricious thing. I should blush alike, to be discover'd fond of the world, or piqued at it. Your definition of *Animal Rationis capax*, instead of the common one *Animal Rationale*, will not bear examination: define but Reason, and you will see why your distinction is no better than that of the Pontiff *Cotta*; between *mala ratio*, and *bona ratio*. But enough of this: make us a visit, and I'll subscribe to any side of these important questions which you please. We differ less than you imagine, perhaps when you wish'd me banish'd again: but I am not less true to you and to philosophy in England, than I was in France.
Yours, etc. B.

LETTER XV.

From Dr. SWIFT.

London, May 4, 1726.

I Had rather live in forty Irelands than under the frequent disquiets of hearing you are out of order. I always apprehend it most after a great dinner, for the least

* Seneca,

Trans-

Transgression of yours, if it be only two bits and one sup more than your stint, is a great debauch; for which you certainly pay more than those fots who are carried dead drunk to bed. My Lord Peterborow spoiled every body's dinner, but especially mine, with telling us that you were detained by sickness. Pray let me have three lines under any hand or pot hook that will give me a better account of your health; which concerns me more than others, because I love and esteem you for reasons that most others have little to do with, and would be the same although you had never touched a pen, further than with writing to me.

I am gathering up my luggage, and preparing for my journey; I will endeavour to think of you as little as I can, and when I write to you, I will strive not to think of you: This I intend to return to your kindness; and further, I know no body has dealt with me so cruelly as you, the consequences of which usage I fear will last as long as my life, for so long shall I be (in spite of my heart) entirely yours.

LETTER XVI.

Aug. 22, 1726.

MAny a short sigh you cost me the day I left you, and many more you will cost me, till the day you return. I really walk'd about like a man banished, and when I came home found it no home. 'Tis a sensation like that of a limb lopp'd off, one is trying every minute unawares to use it, and finds it is not. I may say you have used me more cruelly than you have done any other man; you have made it more impossible for me to live at ease without you: Habitude itself would have done that, if I had less friendship in my nature than I have. Besides my natural memory of you, you have made a local one, which presents you to me in every place I frequent; I shall never more think of Lord Cobham's, the woods of Ciceter, or the pleasing prospect of Byberry, but your idea must be joined with 'em, nor see one seat in my own garden, or one room in my own house without a Phantom of you, sitting or walking before me. I travelled with you to Chester, I felt the extreme heat of the weather, the inns, the roads, the confinement and closeness of the uneasy coach, and wished a hundred times I had either a Deanry
or

or a horse in my gift. In real truth, I have felt my soul peevish ever since with all about me, from a warm uneasy desire after you. I am gone out of myself to no purpose, and cannot catch you. *Inhiat in pedes* was not more properly applied to a poor dog after a hare, than to me with regard to your departure. I wish I could think no more of it, but lie down and sleep till we meet again, and let that day (how far soever off it be) be the morrow. Since I cannot, may it be my amends that every thing you wish may attend you where you are, and that you may find every friend you have there, in the state you wish him, or her; so that your visits to us may have no other effect, than the progress of a rich man to a remote estate, which he finds greater than he expected; which knowledge only serves to make him live happier where he is, with no disagreeable prospect if ever he should chuse to remove. May this be your state till it become what I wish. But indeed I cannot express the warmth, with which I wish you all things, and myself you. Indeed you are ingraved elsewhere than on the Cups you sent me, (with so kind an inscription) and I might throw them into the Thames without injury to the giver. I am not pleas'd with them, but take them very kindly too: And had I suspected any such usage from you, I should have enjoyed your company less than I really did, for at this rate I may say

Nec tecum possim vivere, nec sine te.

I will bring you over just such another present, when I go to the Deanry of St. Patrick's: which I promise you to do, if ever I am enabled to return your kindness. *Donarem Pateras*, etc. 'Till then I'll drink (or Gay shall drink) daily healths to you, and I'll add to your inscription the old Roman Vow for years to come, VOTIS X. VOTIS XX. My mother's age gives me authority to hope it for yours. Adieu.

L E T T E R XVII.

Sept. 3, 1726.

YOURS to Mr. Gay gave me greater satisfaction than that to me (tho' that gave a great deal) for to hear you were safe at your journey's end, exceeds the account of your fatigues while in the way to it: otherwise believe me, every tittle of each is important to me, which sets

any one thing before my eyes that happens to you. I writ you a long letter, which I guess reach'd you the day after your arrival. Since then I had a conference with Sir — who express'd his desire of having seen you again before you left us. He said he observed a willingness in you to live among us; which I did not deny; but at the same time told him, you had no such design in your coming this time, which was merely to see a few of those you loved: but that indeed all those wished it, and particularly Lord Peterborow and myself, who wished you loved Ireland less, had you any reason to love England more. I said nothing but what I think would induce any man to be as fond of you as I, plain Truth, did they know either it, or you. I can't help thinking (when I consider the whole short List of our friends) that none of them except you and I are qualify'd for the Mountains of Wales. The Dr. goes to Cards, Gay to Court: one loses money, one loses his time: Another of our friends labours to be unambitious, but he labours in an unwilling soil. One Lady you like has too much of France to be fit for Wales: Another is too much a subject to Princes and Potentates, to relish that wild Taste of liberty and poverty. Mr. Congreve is too sick to bear a thin air: and she that leads him too rich to enjoy any thing. Lord Peterborow can go to any climate, but never stay in any. Lord Bathurst is too great an husbandman to like barren hills, except they are his own to improve. Mr. Bethel indeed is too good and too honest to live in the world, but yet 'tis fit, for its example, he should. We are left to ourselves in my opinion, and may live where we please, in Wales, Dublin, or Bermudas: And for me, I assure you, I love the world so well, and it loves me so well, that I care not in what part of it I pass the rest of my days. I see no sunshine but in the face of a friend.

I had a glympse of a letter of yours lately, by which I find you are (like the vulgar) apter to think well of people out of power, than of people in power; perhaps 'tis a mistake, but however there's something in it generous. Mr. ** take it extreme kindly, I can perceive, and he has a great mind to thank you for that good opinion, for which I believe he is only to thank his ill-fortune: if I am not in an error, he would rather be in power than out.

To shew you how fit I am to live in the mountains, I will with great truth apply myself to an old sentence: " Those that are in, may abide in; and those that are out, may abide out: yet to me, those that are in shall
" be

“ be as those that are out, and those that are out shall be
 “ as those that are in.”

I am indifferent as to all those matters, but I miss you as much as I did the first day, when (with a short sigh) I parted. Wherever you are (on the mountains of Wales, or on the coast of Dublin.

*Tu mihi, seu magni superas jam saxa Timavi,
 Sive oram Illyrici legis aequoris—).*

I am, and ever shall be, Yours, etc.

LETTER XVIII.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

Nov. 17, 1726.

A Bout ten days ago a Book was publish'd here of the Travels of one Gulliver, which hath been the conversation of the whole town ever since: The whole impression sold in a week; and nothing is more diverting than to hear the different opinions people give of it, though all agree in liking it extremely. 'Tis generally said that you are the Author; but I am told, the Bookseller declares he knows not from what hand it came. From the highest to the lowest it is universally read, from the Cabinet-council to the Nursery. The Politicians to a man agree, that it is free from particular reflections, but that the Satire on general Societies of men is too severe. Not but we now and then meet with people of greater perspicuity, who are in search of particular applications in every leaf; and 'tis highly probable we shall have keys publish'd to give light into Gulliver's design. Lord — is the person who least approves it, blaming it as a design of evil consequence to depreciate human nature, at which it cannot be wondered that he takes most offence, being himself the most accomplish'd of his species, and so losing more than any other of that praise which is due both to the dignity and virtue of a man *. Your friend, my Lord Harcourt, commends it very much, though he thinks in some places the matter too far carried. The Duchefs

* It is no wonder a man of worth should condemn a satire on his species; as it injures Virtue and violates Truth: And, as little, that a corrupt man should approve it, because it justifies his principles, and tends to excuse his practice.

Dowager of Malborough is in raptures at it ; she says she can dream of nothing else since she read it, she declares that she hath now found out, that her whole life hath been lost in careſſing the worſt part of mankind, and treating the beſt as her foes ; and that if ſhe knew Gulliver, tho' he had been the worſt enemy ſhe ever had, ſhe would give up her preſent acquaintance for his friendſhip. You may ſee by this, that you are not much injur'd by being ſuppos'd the Author of this piece. If you are, you have diſoblig'd us, and two or three of your beſt friends, in not giving us the leaſt hint of it while you were with us ; and in particular Dr. Arbuthnot, who ſays it is ten thouſand pities he had not known it, he could have added ſuch abundance of things upon every ſubject. Among Lady-critics, ſome have found out that Mr. Gulliver had a particular malice to Maids of Honour. Thoſe of them who frequent the Church, ſay, his deſign is impious, and that it is depreciating the works of the Creator. Notwithſtanding, I am told the Princeſs hath read it with great pleaſure. As to other Critics, they think the flying iſland is the leaſt entertaining ; and ſo great an opinion the town have of the impoſſibility of Gulliver's writing at all below himſelf, 'tis agreed that part was not writ by the ſame hand, tho' this hath its defenders too. It hath paſs'd Lords and Commons *nemine contradicente* ; and the whole town, men, women, and children, are quite full of it.

Perhaps I may all this time be talking to you of a Book you have never ſeen, and which hath not yet reached Ireland ; if it hath not, I believe what we have ſaid will be ſufficient to recommend it to your reading, and that you will order me to ſend it to you.

But it will be much better to come over yourſelf, and read it here, where you will have the pleaſure of variety of Commentators, to explain the difficult paſſages to you.

We all rejoice that you have fixed the precise time of your coming to be *cum hirundine prima* ; which we modern naturaliſts pronounce, ought to be reckon'd, contrary to Pliny, in this northern latitude of fifty-two degrees, from the end of February, Styl. Greg. at fartheſt. But to us your friends, the coming of ſuch a black ſwallow as you, will make a ſummer in the worſt of ſeaſons. We are no leſs glad at your mention of Twickenham and Dawly ; and in town you know you have a lodging at Court.

The Princeſs is cloath'd in Iriſh ſilk ; pray give our ſervice to the Weavers. We are ſtrangely ſurpriz'd to hear that the bells in Ireland ring without your money. I
hope

hope you do not write the thing that is not. We are afraid that B— hath been guilty of that crime, that you (like Honynhnm) have treated him as a Yahoo, and discarded him your service. I fear you do not understand these modish terms, which every creature now understands but yourself.

You tell us your Wine is bad, and that the Clergy do not frequent your house, which we look upon to be tautology. The best advice we can give you is, to make them a present of your Wine, and come away to better.

You fancy we envy you, but you are mistaken; we envy those you are with, for we cannot envy the man we love. Adieu.

LETTER XIX.

Nov. 16, 1726.

I Have resolved to take time; and in spite of all misfortunes and demurs, which sickness, lameness, or disability of any kind can throw in my way, to write you (at intervals) a long letter. My two least fingers of one hand hang impediments to the others, like useless dependents, who only take up room, and never are active or assistant to our wants: I shall never be much the better for 'em— I congratulate you upon what you call your Cousin's wonderful Book, which is *publica trita manu* at present, and I prophesy will be hereafter the admiration of all men. That countenance with which it is received by some statesmen, is delightful; I wish I could tell you how every single man looks upon it, to observe which has been my whole diversion this fortnight. I've never been a night in London since you left me, till now for this very end, and indeed it has fully answered my expectations.

I find no considerable man very angry at the book: some indeed think it rather too bold, and too general a Satire: but none, that I hear of, accuse it of particular reflections (I mean no persons of consequence, or good judgment; the mob of Critics, you know, always are desirous to apply Satire to those they envy for being above them) so that you needed not to have been so secret upon this head. Motte received the copy (he tells me) he knew not from whence, nor from whom; dropp'd at his house in the dark, from a Hackney-Coach: by computing the time I found it was after you left England, so, for my part I suspend my judgment.

I am

I am pleas'd with the nature and quality of your Present to the Princess. The Irish stuff you sent to Mrs. H. her R. H. laid hold of, and has made up for her own use. Are you determined to be national in every thing, even in your civilities? you are the greatest Politician in Europe at this rate; but as you are a rational Politician, there's no great fear of you, you will never succeed.

Another thing in which you have pleas'd me, was what you say to Mr. P. by which it seems to me that you value no man's civility above your own dignity, or your own reason. Surely, without flattery, you are now above all parties of men, and it is high time to be so, after twenty or thirty years observation of the great world.

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri.

I question not, many men would be of your intimacy, that you might be of their interest: But God forbid an honest or witty man should be of any, but that of his country. They have scoundrels enough to write for their passions and their designs: let us write for truth, for honour, and for posterity. If you must needs write about Politics at all (but perhaps 'tis full as wise to play the fool any other way) surely it ought to be so as to preserve the dignity and integrity of your character with those times to come, which will most impartially judge of you.

I wish you had writ to Lord Peterborow; no man is more affectionate toward you. Don't fancy none but Tories are your friends; for at that rate I must be, at most, but half your friend, and sincerely I am wholly so. Adieu, write often, and come soon, for many wish you well, and all would be glad of your company.

LETTER XX.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, Nov. 17, 1726,

I Am just come from answering a Letter of Mrs. H—'s writ in such mystical terms, that I should never have found out the meaning, if a Book had not been sent me called *Gulliver's Travels*, of which you say so much in yours. I read the Book over, and in the second volume observe several passages, which appear to be patch'd and
alter'd

alter'd *, and the style of a different sort (unless I am much mistaken). Dr. Arbuthnot likes the Projectors least †; others, you tell me, the Flying island; some think it wrong to be so hard upon whole bodies or Corporations, yet the general opinion is, that reflections on particular persons are most to be blam'd: so that in these cases, I think the best method is, to let censure and opinion take their course. A Bishop here said, that book was full of improbable lies, and for his part, he hardly believed a word of it, and so much for Gulliver.

Going to England is a very good thing, if it were not attended with an ugly circumstance of returning to Ireland. It is a shame you do not persuade your Ministers to keep me on that side, if it were but by a court expedient of keeping me in Prison for a Plotter: but at the same time I must tell you, that such journeys very much shorten my life, for a month here is longer than six at Twickenham.

How comes friend Gay to be so tedious! another man can publish fifty thousand Lies sooner than he can fifty Fables.

I am just going to perform a very good office, it is to assist with the Archbishop, in degrading a Parson who couples all our beggars, by which I shall make one happy man; and decide the great question of an indelible character in favour of the Principles in fashion: this I hope you will represent to the Ministry in my favour, as a point of merit; so farewell till I return.

I am come back, and have deprived the parson, who by a law here is to be hanged the next couple he marries: he declared to us that he resolved to be hanged, only desired when he was to go to the gallows, the Archbishop would take off his Excommunication. Is not he a good Catholic? and yet he is but a Scotchman. This is the only Irish event I ever troubled you with, and I think it deserves notice.—Let me add, that, if I were Gulliver's friend, I would desire all my acquaintance to give out that his copy was basely mangled and abused, and added to, and blotted out by the Printer; for so to me it seems, in the second volume particularly. Adieu.

* This was the fact, which is complained of, and redressed in the Dublin Edition of the Dean's works.

† Because he understood it to be intended as a satire on the *Royal Society*.

LETTER XXI.

From Dr. SWIFT.

December 5, 1726.

I Believe the hurt in your hand affects me more than it does yourself, and with reason, because I may probably be a greater loser by it. What have Accidents to do with those who are neither jockeys, nor fox-hunters, nor bullies, nor drunkards? And yet a rascally Groom shall gallop a foundered horse ten miles upon a causeway, and get home safe.

I am very much pleas'd that you approve what was sent, because I remember to have heard a great man say, that nothing required more judgment than making a present; which, when it is done to those of high rank, ought to be of something that is not readily got for money. You oblige me and at the same time do me justice in what you observe as to Mr. P. Besides, it is too late in life for me to act otherwise, and therefore I follow a very easy road to virtue, and purchase it cheap. If you will give me leave to join us, is not your life and mine a state of power, and dependance a state of slavery? We care not three-pence whether a Prince or Minister will see us or no: We are not afraid of having ill offices done us, nor at the trouble of guarding our words for fear of giving offence. I do agree that Riches are Liberty, but then we are to put into the balance how long our apprenticeship is to last in acquiring them.

Since you have receiv'd the verses, I most earnestly intreat you to burn those which you do not approve, and in those few where you may not dislike some parts, blot out the rest, and sometimes (tho' it be against the laziness of your nature) be so kind to make a few corrections, if the matter will bear them. I have some few of those things I call Thoughts moral and diverting; if you please, I will send the best I can pick from them, to add to the new volume. I have reason to chuse the method you mention of mixing the several verses, and I hope thereby among the bad Critics to be entitled to more merit than is my due.

This moment I am so happy to have a letter from my Lord Peterborow, for which I intreat you will present him with my humble respects and thanks, tho' he all-to-be-Gullivers me by very strong insinuations. Though
you

you despise Riddles, I am strongly tempted to send a parcel to be printed by themselves, and make a nine-penny jobb for the bookseller. There are some of my own, wherein I exceed mankind, *Mira Poemata!* the most solemn that were ever seen; and some writ by others, admirable indeed, but far inferior to mine; but I will not praise myself. You approve that writer who laughs and makes others laugh; but why should I who hate the world, or you who do not love it, make it so happy? therefore I resolve from henceforth to handle only serious subjects, *nisi quid tu, docte Trebati dissentis.*

Yours, etc.

LETTER XXII.

March 8, 1726-7.

MR. Stopford will be the bearer of this letter, for whose acquaintance I am, among many other favours, obliged to you: and I think the acquaintance of so valuable, ingenious, and unaffected a man, to be none of the least obligations.

Our Miscellany is now quite printed. I am prodigiously pleased with this joint-volume, in which methinks we look like friends, side by side, serious and merry by turns, conversing interchangeably, and walking down hand in hand to posterity: not in the stiff forms of learned Authors, flattering each other, and setting the rest of mankind at nought; but in a free unimportant, natural, easy manner; diverting others just as we diverted ourselves. The third volume consists of Verses, but I would chuse to print none but such as have some peculiarity, and may be distinguish'd for ours, from other writers. There's no end of making Books, Solomon said, and above all of making Miscellanies, which all men can make. For unless there be a character in every piece, like the mark of the elect, I should not care to be one of the Twelve thousand signed.

You receiv'd, I hope, some commendatory verses from a Horse and a Lilliputian to Gulliver; and an heroic Epistle of Mrs. Gulliver. The bookseller would fain have printed 'em before the second Edition of the book, but I would not permit it without your approbation: nor do I much like them. You see how much like a Poet I write, and yet if you were with us, you'd be deep in Politics. People are very warm, and very angry, very little to the purpose, but therefore the more warm and

the more angry : *Non nostrum est, Tantas componere lites.* I stay at Twitnam, without so much as reading news-papers, votes, or any other paltry Pamphlets : Mr. Stopford will carry you a whole parcel of them, which are sent for your diversion, but not imitation. For my own part, methinks I am at Glubdubdrib with none but ancients and spirits about me.

I am rather better than I use to be at this season, but my hand (though, as you see, it has not lost its cunning) is frequently in very awkward sensations, rather than pain. But to convince you it is pretty well, it has done some mischief already, and just been strong enough to cut the other hand, while it was aiming to prune a fruit-tree.

Lady Bolingbroke has writ you a long, lively letter, which will attend this ; she has very bad health, he very good. Lord Peterborow has writ twice to you ; we fancy some letters have been intercepted, or lost by accident. About ten thousand things I want to tell you ; I wish you were as impatient to hear them, for if so, you would, you must come early this spring. Adieu. Let me have a line from you. I am vex'd at losing Mr. Stopford as soon as I knew him : but I thank God I have known him no longer. If every man one begins to value must settle in Ireland, pray make me know no more of 'em, and I forgive you this one.

LETTER XXIII.

Oct. 2, 1727.

IT is a perfect trouble to me to write to you, and your kind letter left for me at Mr. Gay's affected me so much, that it made me like a girl. I can't tell what to say to you ; I only feel that I wish you well in every circumstance of life ; that 'tis almost as good to be hated as to be loved, considering the pain it is to minds of any tender turn, to find themselves so utterly impotent to do any good, or give any ease to those who deserve most from us. I would very fain know, as soon as you recover your complaints, or any part of them. Would to God I could ease any of them, or had been able even to have alleviated any ! I found I was not, and truly it grieved me. I was sorry to find you could think yourself easier in any house than in mine, tho' at the same time I can allow for a tenderness in your way of thinking, even when it seem-

ed

ed to want that tenderness. I can't explain my meaning, Perhaps you know it : But the best way of convincing you of my indulgence, will be, if I live, to visit you in Ireland, and act there as much in my own way as you did here in yours. I will not leave your roof, if I am ill. To your bad health I fear there was added some disagreeable news from Ireland, which might occasion your so sudden departure : For the last time I saw you, you assured me you would not leave us this whole winter, unless your health grew better, and I don't find it did so. I never comply'd so unwillingly in my life with any friend as with you, in staying so entirely from you : nor could I have had the constancy to do it, if you had not promised that before you went, we should meet, and you would send to us all to come. I have given your remembrances to those you mention in yours : we are quite sorry for you, I mean for ourselves. I hope, as you do, that we shall meet in a more durable and more satisfactory state ; but the less sure I am of that, the more I would indulge it in this. We are to believe, we shall have something better than even a friend, there, but certainly here we have nothing so good. Adieu for this time ; may you find every friend you go to as pleas'd and happy, as every friend you went from is sorry and troubled. Yours, etc.

LETTER XXIV.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, Oct. 12, 1727.

I Have been long reasoning with myself upon the condition I am in, and in conclusion have thought it best to return to what fortune hath made my home ; I have there a large house, and servants and conveniences about me. I may be worse than I am, and I have no where to retire. I therefore thought it best to return to Ireland, rather than go to any distant place in England. Here is my maintenance, and here my convenience. If it pleases God to restore me to my health, I shall readily make a third journey ; if not, we must part as all human creatures have parted. You are the best and kindest friend in the world, and I know nobody alive or dead to whom I am so much obliged ; and if ever you made me angry, it was for your too much care about me. I have often wished that God Almighty would be so easy to the weakness of mankind,

as to let old friends be acquainted in another state; and if I were to write an Utopia for heaven, that would be one of my schemes. This wildness you must allow for, because I am giddy and deaf.

I find it more convenient to be sick here without the vexation of making my friends uneasy; yet my giddiness alone would not have done, if that unsociable comfortless deafness had not quite tired me. And I believe I should have returned from the Inn, if I had not feared it was only a short intermission and the year was late, and my licence expiring. Surely besides all other faults, I should be a very ill judge, to doubt your friendship and kindness. But it hath pleased God that you are not in a state of health, to be mortified with the care and sickness of a friend. Two sick friends never did well together; such an office is fitter for servants and humble companions, to whom it is wholly indifferent whether we give them trouble or no. The case would be quite otherwise if you were with me; you could refuse to see any body, and here is a large house, where we need not hear each other if we were both sick. I have a race of orderly elderly people of both sexes at command, who are of no consequence, and have gifts proper for attending us; who can bawl when I am deaf, and tread softly when I am only giddy and would sleep.

I had another reason for my haste hither, which was changing my Agent, the old one having terribly involved my little affairs: to which however I am grown so indifferent, that I believe I shall lose two or three hundred pounds rather than plague myself with accounts; so that I am very well qualified to be a Lord, and put into Peter Walter's hands.

Pray God continue and increase Mr. Congreve's amendment, though he does not deserve it like you, having been too lavish of that health which Nature gave him.

I hope my Whitehall-landlord is nearer to a place than when I left him; as the Preacher said, "the day of judgment was nearer than ever it had been before."

Pray God send you health, *det salutem, det opes; animam æquam tibi ipse parabis.* You see Horace wished for money, as well as health; and I would hold a crown he kept a coach; and I shall never be a friend to the Court till you do so too,

Yours, etc.

LETTER

LETTER XXV.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Oct. 30, 1727.

THE first letter I writ after my landing was to Mr. Gay ; but it would have been wiser to direct it to Tonson or Lintot, to whom I believe his Lodgings are better known than to the runners of the Post-office. In that letter you will find what a quick change I made in seven days from London to the Deanry, thro' many nations and languages unknown to the civilized world. And I have often reflected in how few hours, with a swift horse or a strong gale, a man may come among a people as unknown to him as the Antipodes. If I did not know you more by your conversation and kindness than by your letter, I might be base enough to suspect, that in point of friendship you acted like some Philosophers who writ much better upon virtue than they practised it. In answer, I can only swear that you have taught me to dream, which I had not done in twelve years further than by inexpressible nonsense ; but now I can every night distinctly see Twickenham, and the Grotto, and Dawley, and many other et cetera's, and it is but three nights since I beat Mrs. Pope. I must needs confess, that the pleasure I take in thinking of you is very much lessened by the pain I am in about your health : You pay dearly for the great talents God hath given you ; and for the consequences of them in the esteem and distinction you receive from mankind, unless you can provide a tolerable stock of health ; in which pursuit I cannot much commend your conduct, but rather intreat you would mend it by following the advice of my Lord Bolingbroke and your other Physicians. When you talk'd to me of Cups and Impressions, it came into my head to imitate you in quoting Scripture, not to your advantage ; I mean what was said to David by one of his brothers : " I knew thy pride and " the naughtiness of thy heart ;" I remember when it grieved your soul to see me pay a penny more than my club at an inn, when you had maintained me three months at bed and board ; for which, if I had dealt with you in the Smithfield way, it would have cost me a hundred pounds, for I live worse here upon more. Did you ever consider that I am for life almost twice as rich as you, and pay no rent, and drink French wine twice as cheap as you do Port, and have neither Coach, Chair, nor Mother ?

ther? As to the world, I think you ought to say to it with St. Paul, *If we have sown unto you spiritual things, is it a great thing if we shall reap your carnal things?* This is more proper still, if you consider the French word *spiritual*, in which sense the world ought to pay you better than they do. If you made me a present of a thousand pounds I would not allow myself to be in your debt; and if I made you a present of two, I would not allow myself to be out of it. But I have not half your pride: witness what Mr. Gay says in his letter, that I was censured for begging Presents, though I limited them to ten shillings. I see no reason, (at least my friendship and vanity see none) why you should not give me a visit, when you shall happen to be disengaged: I will send a person to Chester to take care of you, and you shall be used, by the best folks we have here, as well as civility and good nature can contrive; I believe local motion will be no ill physic, and I will have your coming inscribed on my Tomb, and recorded in never-dying verse.

I thank Mrs. Pope for her prayers, but I know the mystery. A person of my acquaintance, who used to correspond with the last Great Duke of Tuscany, shewing one of the Duke's letters to a friend, and professing great sense of his Highness's friendship, read this passage out of the letters, *I would give one of my fingers to procure your real good.* The person to whom this was read, and who knew the Duke well, said, the meaning of *real good* was only that the other might turn a good Catholic. Pray ask Mrs. Pope whether this story is applicable to her and me? I pray God bless her, for I am sure she is a good Christian, and (which is almost as rare) a good Woman.

Adieu.

LETTER XXVI.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

O^r. 22, 1727.

THE Queen's family is at last settled, and in the list I was appointed Gentleman-usher to the Princess Louisa, the youngest Princess; which, upon account that I am so far advanced in life, I have declin'd accepting; and have endeavour'd in the best manner I could, to make my excuses by a letter to her Majesty. So now all my expectations are vanish'd; and I have no prospect, but in depend-
ing

ing wholly upon myself, and my own conduct. As I am us'd to disappointments, I can bear them; but as I can have no more hopes, I can no more be disappointed, so that I am in a blessed condition.—You remember you were advising me to go into Newgate to finish my scenes the more correctly—I now think I shall, for I have no attendance to hinder me; but my Opera is already finish'd. I leave the rest of this paper to Mr. Pope.

Gay is a Free-man, and I writ him a long Congratulatory Letter upon it. Do you the same: it will mend him, and make him a better man than a Court could do. Horace might keep his coach in Augustus's time, if he pleas'd; but I won't in the time of our Augustus. My Poem (which it grieves me that I dare not send you a copy of, for fear of the Curls and Dennis's of Ireland, and still more for fear of the worst of Traytors, our Friends and Admirers) my Poem, I say, will shew what a distinguishing age we lived in: Your name is in it, with some others, under a mark of such ignominy as you will not much grieve to wear in that company. Adieu, and God bless you, and give you health and spirits,

*Whether thou chuse Cervantes' serious air,
Or laugh and shake in Rab'lais' easy chair,
Or in the graver Gown instruct mankind,
Or, silent, let thy morals tell thy mind.*

These two verses are over and above what I've said of you in the Poem. Adieu.

LETTER XXVII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. GAY.

Dublin, Nov. 23, 1727.

I Entirely approve your refusal of that employment, and your writing to the Queen. I am perfectly confident you have a keen enemy in the Ministry. God forgive him, but not till he puts himself in a state to be forgiven. Upon reasoning with myself, I should hope they are gone too far to discard you quite, and that they will give you something; which, although much less than they ought, will be (as far as it is worth) better circumstantiated: And since you already just live, a middling help will make you
just

just tolerable. Your lateness in life (as you so soon call it) might be improper to begin the world with, but almost the eldest men may hope to see Changes in a Court. A Minister is always seventy: you are thirty years younger; and consider, Cromwell himself did not begin to appear till he was older than you. I beg you will be thrifty, and learn to value a shilling, which Dr. Birch said was a serious thing. Get a stronger fence about your 1000*l.* and throw the inner fence into the heap, and be advised by your Twickenham landlord and me about an annuity. You are the most refractory, honest, good-natur'd man I ever have known; I could argue out this paper—I am very glad your Opera is finished, and hope your friends will join the reader to make it succeed, because you are ill used by others.

I have known Courts these thirty-six years, and know they differ; but in some things they are extremely constant: First, in the trite old maxim of a minister's never forgiving those he hath injured: Secondly, in the insincerity of those who would be thought the best friends: Thirdly, in the love of fawning, cringing, and tale bearing: Fourthly, in sacrificing those whom we really wish well, to a point of interest, or intrigue: Fifthly, in keeping every thing worth taking, for those who can do service or dis-service.

Now why does not Pope publish his Dulness? the rogues he marks will die of themselves in peace, and so will his friends, and so there will be neither punishment nor reward.—Pray enquire how my Lord St. John does? there's no man's health in England I am more concerned about than his—I wonder whether you begin to taste the pleasure of independency? or whether you do not sometimes leer upon the Court, *oculo retorto*? Will you not think of an Annuity, when you are two years older, and have doubled your purchase-money? Have you dedicated your Opera, and got the usual dedication-fee of twenty guineas? How is the Doctor? does he not chide that you never called upon him for hints? Is my Lord Bolingbroke at the moment I am writing, a planter, a philosopher, or a writer? Is Mr. Pultney in expectation of a son, or my Lord Oxford of a new old Manuscript?

I bought your Opera to-day for six-pence, a cursed print. I find there is neither dedication nor preface, both which wants I approve; it is in the *grand gout*.

We are as full of it *promodulo nostro* as London can be, continually acting, and houses cram'd, and the Lord Lieutenant

ténant several times there laughing his heart out. I did not understand that the scene of Lockit and Peachum's quarrel was an imitation of one between Brutus and Cassius, till I was told it. I wish Macheath, when he was going to be hang'd, had imitated Alexander the Great when he was dying: I would have had his fellow-rogues desire his commands about a Successor, and he to answer, Let it be the most worthy, etc. We hear a million of stories about the Opera, of the applause at the song, *That was levell'd at me*, when two great Ministers were in a box together, and all the world staring at them. I am heartily glad your Opera hath mended your purse, though perhaps it may spoil your court.

Will you desire my Lord Bolingbroke, Mr. Pultney and Mr. Pope, to command you to buy an annuity with two thousand pounds? that you may laugh at courts, and bid Ministers —

Ever preserve some spice of the Alderman, and prepare against Age, and Dulness, and Sickness, and Coldness, or Death of Friends. A Whore has a resource left, that she can turn bawd; but an old decay'd Poet is a creature abandon'd, and at mercy, when he can find none. Get me likewise Polly's Messotinto. Lord, how the school-boys at Westminster, and University-lads adore you at this juncture! Have you made as many men laugh, as Ministers can make weep?

I will excuse Sir — the trouble of a letter: When Ambassadors came from Troy to condole with Tiberius upon the death of his Nephew, after two years; the Emperor answered, that he likewise condoled with them for the untimely death of Hector. I always loved and respected him very much, and do still as much as ever: and it is a return sufficient, if he pleases to accept the offers of my most humble service.

The Beggar's Opera hath knock'd down Gulliver; hope to see Pope's Dulness knock down the Beggar's Opera, but not till it hath fully done its jobb.

To expose vice, and make people laugh with innocence, does more publick service than all the Ministers of state from Adam to Walpole, and so adieu.

LETTER XXVIII.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

POPE charges himself with this letter; he has been here two days, he is now hurrying to London, he will be back to Twickenham in two days more, and before the end of the week he will be, for aught I know, at Dublin. In the mean time his * *Dulness* grows and flourishes as if he was there already. It will indeed be a noble work: the many will stare at it, the few will smile, and all his Patrons from Bickerstaff to Gulliver will rejoice, to see themselves adorn'd in that immortal piece.

I hear that you have had some return of your illness which carried you so suddenly from us (if indeed it was your own illness which made you in such haste to be at Dublin.) Dear Swift, take care of your health, I'll give you a receipt for it, *à la Montagne*, or which is better, *à la Bruyere*. *Nourir bien votre corps; ne le fatiguer jamais: laisser rouiller l'esprit, meuble inutile, voire ou til dangereux: Laisser sonner vos cloches le matin pour eveiller les chanoines, et pour faire dormir le Doyen d'un sommeil doux et profond, qui luy procure de beaux songes: Lever vous tard, et aller à l'Eglise, pour vous faire payer d'avoir bien dormi et bien déjeuné.* As to myself (a person about whom I concern myself very little) I must say a word or two out of complaisance to you. I am in my farm and here I shoot strong and tenacious roots; I have caught hold of the earth (to use a Gardener's phrase) and neither my enemies nor my friends will find it an easy matter to transplant me again. Adieu. Let me hear from you, at least of you: I love you for a thousand things, for none more than for the just esteem and love which you have for all the sons of Adam.

P. S. According to Lord Bolingbroke's account I shall be at Dublin in three days. I cannot help adding a word, to desire you to expect my soul there with you by that time; but as for the jade of a body that is tack'd to it, I fear there will be no dragging it after. I assure you I have few friends here to detain me, and no powerful one at Court absolutely to forbid my journey. I am told the Gynocracy are of opinion, that they want no better writers than Cibber and the British journalist; so that we may live at quiet, and apply ourselves to our more abstruse studies.

* The Dunciad.

The only Courtiers I know, or have the honour to call my friends, are John Gay and Mr. Bowry; the former is at present so employed in the elevated airs of his Opera, and the latter in the exaltation of his high dignity (that of her Majesty's Waterman) that I can scarce obtain a categorical answer from either to any thing I say to 'em. But the Opera succeeds extremely, to yours and my extreme satisfaction, of which he promises this post to give you a full account. I have been in a worse condition of health than ever, and think my immortality is very near out of my enjoyment: so it must be in you, and in posterity, to make me what amends you can for dying young. Adieu. While I am, I am yours. Pray love me, and take care of yourself.

LETTER XXIX.

March 23, 1727-8.

I Send you a very odd thing, a paper printed in Boston in New-England, wherein you'll find a real person, a member of their Parliament, of the name of Jonathan Gulliver. If the fame of that Traveller has travell'd thither, it has travell'd very quick, to have folks christen'd already by the name of the supposed Author. But if you object, that no child so lately christen'd could be arrived at years of maturity to be elected into Parliament, I reply (to solve the Riddle) that the person is an *Anabaptist*, and not christened till full age, which sets all right. However it be, the accident is very singular, that these two names should be united.

Mr. Gay's Opera has been acted near forty days running, and will certainly continue the whole season. So he has more than a fence about his thousand pound: he'll soon be thinking of a fence about his two thousand. Shall no one of us live as we would wish each other to live? Shall he have no annuity, you no settlement on this side, and I no prospect of getting to you on the other? This world is made for Cæsar—as Cato said, for ambitious, false, or flattering people to domineer in: Nay they would not, by their good will, leave us our very books, thoughts, or words, in quiet. I despise the world yet, I assure you, more than either Gay or you, and the Court more than all the rest of the world. As for those Scriblers for whom you apprehend I would suppress my *Duinefs* (which by the way, for the future, you are to call by a more pompous name,

name, *The Dunciad*) how much that nest of Hornets are my regard, will easily appear to you when you read the *Treatise of the Bathos*.

At all adventures, yours and my name shall stand linked as friends to posterity, both in verse and prose, and (as Tully calls it) in *consuetudine Studiorum*. Would to God our Persons could but as well, and as surely be inseparable! I find my other Tyes dropping from me: some worn off, some torn off, others relaxing daily: My greatest, both by duty, gratitude, and humanity, Time is shaking every moment, and it now hangs but by a thread! I am many years the older, for living so much with one so old; much the more helpless, for having been so long help'd and tended by her; much the more considerate and tender, for a daily commerce with one who requir'd me justly to be both to her; and consequently the more melancholy and thoughtful; and the less fit for others, who want only in a companion or a friend, to be amused or entertained. My constitution too has had its share of decay as well as my spirits, and I am as much in the decline at forty as you at sixty. I believe we shall be fit to live together, could I get a little more health, which might make me not quite insupportable: Your Deafness would agree with my Dulness: you would not want me to speak when you could not hear. But God forbid you shou'd be as destitute of the social comforts of life, as I must when I lose my mother; or that ever you shou'd lose your more useful acquaintance so utterly, as to turn your thoughts to such a broken reed as I am, who could so ill supply your wants. I am extremely troubled at the returns of your Deafness; you cannot be too particular in the accounts of your health to me; every thing you do or say in this kind obliges me, nay, delights me, to see the justice you do me in thinking me concern'd in all your concerns; so that though the pleasantest thing you can tell me be that you are better or easier; next to that it pleases me, that you make me the person you would complain to.

As the obtaining the love of valuable men is the happiest end I know of this life, so the next felicity is to get rid of fools and scoundrels; which I cannot but own to you was one part of my design in falling upon these Authors, whose incapacity is not greater than their insincerity, and of whom I have always found (if I may quote myself)

That each bad Author is as bad a Friend.

This

This poem will rid me of those insects,

*Cedite, Romani Scriptores, cedite, Graii;
Nescio quid majus nascitur Iliade.*

I mean than *my Iliad*; and I call it *Nescio quid*, which is a degree of modesty; but however if it silence these fellows*, it must be something greater than any Iliad in Christendom.

Adieu.

LETTER XXX.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, May 10, 1728.

I Have with great pleasure shewn the New-England News-paper, with the two names Jonathan Gulliver, and I remember Mr. Fortescue sent you an account from the affizes, of one Lemuel Gulliver who had a Cause there, and lost it on his ill reputation of being a liar. These are not the only observations I have made upon odd strange accidents in trifles, which in things of great importance would have been matter for historians. Mr. Gay's Opera hath been acted here twenty times, and my Lord Lieutenant tells me, it is very well perform'd; he hath seen it often, and approves it much.

You give a most melancholy account of yourself, and which I do not approve. I reckon that a man, subject like us to bodily infirmities, should only occasionally converse with great people, notwithstanding all their good qualities, easinesses, and kindnesses. There is another race which I prefer before them, as Beef and Mutton for constant diet before Partridges: I mean a middle kind both for understanding and fortune, who are perfectly easy, never impertinent, complying in every thing, ready to do a hundred little offices that you and I may often want, dine and sit with me five times for once that I go to them, and whom I can tell without offence, that I am otherwise engaged at present. This you cannot expect from any of those that either you or I or both are acquainted with on your side; who are only fit for our healthy seasons, and have much business of their own. God forbid I should

* It did in a little time effectually silence them.

condemn you to Ireland (*Quanquam O!*) and for England I despair; and indeed a change of affairs would come too late at my season of life, and might probably produce nothing on my behalf. You have kept Mrs. Pope longer, and have had her care beyond what from nature you could expect; not but her loss will be very sensible, whenever it shall happen. I say one thing, that both summers and winters are milder here than with you; all things for life in general better for a middling fortune: you will have an absolute command of your company, with whatever obsequiousness or freedom you may expect or allow. I have an elderly house-keeper, who hath been my *W-lp-le* above thirty years, whenever I liv'd in this kingdom. I have the command of one or two villas near this town: You have a warm apartment in this house, and two gardens for amusement. I have said enough, yet not half. Except absence from friends, I confess freely that I have no discontent at living here; besides what arises from a silly spirit of Liberty, which as it neither sours my drink, nor hurts my meat, nor spoils my stomach farther than in imagination, so I resolve to throw it off.

You talk of this Dunciad, but I am impatient to have it *volare per ora*—there is now a vacancy for fame; the Beggar's Opera hath done its task, *discedit uti conviva satur*.
Adieu.

LETTER XXXI.

From Dr. SWIFT.

June 1, 1728.

I Look upon my Lord Bolingbroke and us two as a peculiar Triumvirate, who have nothing to expect, or to fear; and so far fittest to converse with one another: Only he and I are a little subject to schemes, and one of us (I won't say which) upon very weak appearances, and this you have nothing to do with. I do profess without affectation, that your kind opinion of me as a Patriot (since you call it so) is what I do not deserve; because what I do is owing to perfect rage and resentment, and the mortifying sight of slavery, folly and baseness about me, among which I'm forc'd to live. And I will take my oath that you have more Virtue in an hour, than I in seven years; for you despise the follies, and hate the vices of mankind, without the least ill effect on your temper; with

with regard to particular men, you are inclined always rather to think the better, whereas with me it is always directly contrary. I hope, however, this is not in you, from a superior principle of virtue, but from your situation, which hath made all parties and interests indifferent to you, who can be under no concern about high and low-church, Whig and Tory, or who is first Minister—Your long letter was the last I received till this by Dr. Delany, although you mention another since. The Dr. told me your secret about the Dunciad, which does not please me, because it defers gratifying my vanity in the most tender point, and perhaps may wholly disappoint it. As to one of your enquiries, I am easy enough in great matters, and have a thousand paltry vexations in my little station, and the more contemptible, the more vexatious. There might be a *Lutrin* writ upon the tricks used by my Chapter to teize me. I do not converse with one creature of Station or Title, but I have a set of easy people whom I entertain when I have a mind; I have formerly describ'd them to you, but, when you come, you shall have the honours of the country as much as you please, and I shall on that account make a better figure as long as I live. Pray God preserve Mrs. Pope for your sake and ease; I love and esteem her too much to wish it for her own: If I were five and twenty, I would wish to be of her age, to be as secure as she is of a better life. Mrs. P. B. has writ to me, and is one of the best Letter-writers I know; very good sense, civility and friendship, without any stiffness or constraint. The Dunciad has taken wind here, but if it had not, you are as much known here as in England, and the University-lads will crowd to kiss the hem of your garment. I am griev'd to hear that my Lord Bolingbroke's ill health forc'd him to the Bath. Tell me, is not Temperance a necessary virtue for great men, since it is the parent of Ease and Liberty? so necessary for the use and improvement of the mind, and which Philosophy allows to be the greatest felicities of life? I believe, had health been given so liberally to you, it would have been better husbanded without shame to your parts,

LETTER XXXII.

Dawley, June 28, 1728.

I Now hold the pen for my Lord Bolingbroke, who is reading your Letter between two Hay cocks ; but his attention is somewhat diverted by casting his eyes on the clouds, not in admiration of what you say, but for fear of a shower. He is pleased with your placing him in the Triumvirate, between yourself and me ; tho' he says that he doubts he shall fare like Lepidus, while one of us runs away with all the power, like Augustus, and another with all the pleasures, like Anthony. It is upon a foresight of this, that he has fitted up his farm, and you will agree, that this scheme of retreat at least is not founded upon weak appearances. Upon his return from the Bath, all peccant humours, he finds, are purg'd out of him ; and his great Temperance and Oeconomy are so signal, that the first is fit for my constitution, and the latter would enable you to lay up so much money as to buy a Bishoprick in England. As to the return of his health and vigour, were you here, you might enquire of his Hay-makers ; but as to his temperance, I can answer that (for one whole day) we have had nothing for dinner but mutton-broth, beans and bacon, and a barn-door fowl.

Now his Lordship is run after his Cart, I have a moment left to myself to tell you, that I over-heard him yesterday agree with a painter for 200/. to paint his country-hall with Trophies of rakes, spades, prongs, etc. and other ornaments, merely to countenance his calling this place a farm—now turn over a new leaf—

He bids me assure you, he should be sorry not to have more schemes of kindness for his friends, than of ambition for himself : There, tho' his schemes may be weak, the motives at least are strong ; and he says further, if you could bear as great a fall, and decrease of your revenues, as he knows by experience he can, you would not live in Ireland an hour.

The Dunciad is going to be printed in all pomp, with the inscription, which makes me proudest. It will be attended with *Proeme*, *Prolegomena*, *Testimonia Scriptorum*, *Index Authorum* and *Notes Variorum*. As to the latter, I desire you to read over the Text, and make a few in any way you like best *, whether dry raillery, upon the style,

* Dr. Swift did so,

and way of commenting of trivial critics; or humourous, upon the authors in the poem; or historical, of persons, places, times; or explanatory; or collecting the parallel passages of the Ancients. Adieu. I am pretty well, my Mother not ill, Dr. Arbuthnot vex'd with his fever by intervals; I am afraid he declines, and we shall lose a worthy man: I am troubled about him very much.

I am, etc.

LETTER XXXIII.

From Dr. SWIFT.

July 16, 1728.

I Have often run over the *Dunciad* in an Irish edition (I suppose full of faults) which a gentleman sent me. The notes I could wish to be very large, in what relates to the persons concerned; for I have long observ'd that twenty miles from London no body understands hints, initial letters, or town-facts and passages; and in a few years not even those who live in London. I would have the names of these scriblers printed indexically at the beginning or end of the Poem, with an account of their works, for the reader to refer to. I would have all the Parodies (as they are call'd) referred to the author they imitate—When I began this long paper, I thought I should have fill'd it with setting down the several passages I had mark'd in the edition I had; but I find it unnecessary, so many of them falling under the same rule. After twenty times reading the whole, I never in my opinion saw so much good satire, and more good sense, in so many lines. How it passes in Dublin I know not yet; but I am sure it will be a great disadvantage to the poem, that the persons and facts will not be understood, till an explanation comes out, and a very full one. I imagine it is not to be published till towards winter, when folks begin to gather in town. Again, I insist, you must have your Asterisks filled up with some real names of real Dunces.

I am now reading your preceding letter, of June 28, and find that all I have advis'd above is mention'd there. I would be glad to know whether the quarto edition is to come out anonymously, as published by the Commentator, with all his pomp of prefaces, etc. and among many complaints of spurious editions? I am thinking whether the Editor should not follow the old style of, This excel-

lent author, etc. and refine in many places when you meant no refinement; and into the bargain take all the load of naming the dunces, their qualities, histories, and performances?

As to yourself, I doubt you want a spurrier-on to exercise and to amusements; but to talk of decay at your season of life is a jest. But you are not so regular as I. You are the most temperate man God-ward, and the most intemperate yourself-ward, of most I have known. I suppose Mr. Gay will return from the Bath with twenty pounds more flesh, and two hundred less in money: Providence never designed him to be above two and twenty, by his thoughtlessness and Cullibility. He hath as little foresight of age, sickness, poverty, or loss of admirers, as a girl at fifteen. By the way, I must observe, that my Lord Bolingbroke (from the effects of his kindness to me) argues most sophistically: The fall from a million to a hundred thousand pounds is not so great, as from eight hundred pounds a year to one: Besides, he is a controller of Fortune, and Poverty dares not look a great Minister in the face, under his lowest declension. I never knew him live so great and expensively as he hath done since his return from Exile; such mortals have resources that others are not able to comprehend. But God bless you, whose great genius has not so transported you as to leave you to the courtesy of mankind; for wealth is liberty, and liberty is a blessing fittest for a philosopher—and Gay is a slave just by two thousand pounds too little.—And Horace was of my mind, and let my Lord contradict him, if he dares.—

LETTER XXXIV.

Bath, Nov. 12, 1728.

I Have past six weeks in quest of health, and found it not; but I found the folly of solicitude about it in a hundred instances; the contrariety of opinions and practices, the inability of physicians, the blind obedience of some patients, and as blind rebellion of others. I believe at a certain time of life, men are either fools, or physicians for themselves, and zealots, or divines for themselves.

It was much in my hopes that you intended us a winter's visit, but last week I repented that wish, having been alarmed with a report of your lying ill on the road from Ireland; from which I am just relieved by an assurance that

that you are still at Sir A—'s, planting and building; two things that I envy you for, besides a third, which is the society of a valuable Lady. I conclude (tho' I know nothing of it) that you quarrel with her, and abuse her every day, if she is so. I wonder I hear of no Lampoons upon her, either made by yourself, or by others because you esteem her. I think it a vast pleasure that whenever two people of merit regard one another, so many scoundrels envy and are angry at them: 'tis bearing testimony to a merit they cannot reach; and if you knew the infinite content I have receiv'd of late, at the finding yours and my name constantly united in any silly scandal, I think you would go near to sing *Io Triumphe!* and celebrate my happiness in verse; and, I believe, if you won't, I shall. The inscription to the Dunciad is now printed and inserted in the Poem. Do you care I should say any thing farther how much that Poem is yours? since certainly without you it had never been. Would to God we were together for the rest of our lives! The whole weight of Scriblers would just serve to find us amusement and not more. I hope you are too well employed to mind them: every stick you plant, and every stone you lay, is to some purpose; but the business of such lives as theirs is but to die daily, to labour, and raise nothing. I only wish we could comfort each other under our bodily infirmities, and let those who have so great a mind to have more Wit than we, win it and wear it. Give us but ease, health, peace, and fair weather! I think it is the best wish in the world, and you know whose it was. If I liv'd in Ireland, I fear the wet climate would endanger more than my life; my humour and health; I am so atmospherical a creature.

I must not omit acquainting you, that what you heard of the words spoken of you in the Drawing-room, was not true. The sayings of Princes, are generally as ill related as the sayings of Wits. To such reports little of our regard should be given, and less of our conduct influenced by them.

LETTER XXXV.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, Feb. 13, 1728.

I Lived very easily in the country: Sir A. is a man of sense, and a scholar, has a good voice, and my lady a better; she is perfectly well-bred, and desires to improve her understanding, which is very good, but cultivated too much like a fine lady. She was my pupil there, and severely chid when she read wrong; with that and walking, and making twenty little amusing improvements, and writing family-verses of mirth by way of libels on my Lady, my time past very well and in very great order; infinitely better than here, where I see no creature but my servants and my old Presbyterian house-keeper, denying myself to every body, till I shall recover my ears.

The account of another Lord Lieutenant was only in a common news-paper, when I was in the country; and if it should have happened to be true, I would have desired to have had access to him, as the situation I am in requires. But this renews the grief for the death of our friend Mr. Congreve, whom I loved from my youth, and who surely, besides his other talents, was a very agreeable companion. He had the misfortune to squander away a very good constitution in his younger days; and I think a man of sense and merit like him, is bound in conscience to preserve his health for the sake of his friends, as well as of himself. Upon his own account I could not much desire the continuance of his life, under so much pain, and so many infirmities. Years have not yet hardened me; and I have an addition of weight on my spirits since we lost him; tho' I saw him so seldom, and possibly, if he had liv'd on, should never have seen him more. I do not only wish as you ask me, that I was unacquainted with any deserving person, but almost that I never had a friend. Here is an ingenious good-humoured Physician, a fine gentleman, an excellent scholar, easy in his fortunes, kind to every body, hath abundance of friends, entertains them often and liberally, they pass the evening with him at cards, with plenty of good meat and wine, eight or a dozen together; he loves them all, and they him. He has twenty of these at command; if one of them dies, it is no more than poor Tom! he gets another, or takes up with
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the rest, and is no more mov'd than at the loss of his cat; he offends nobody, is easy with every body — Is not this the true happy man? I was describing him to my Lady A—, who knows him too, but she hates him mortally by my character, and will not drink his health: I would give half my fortune for the same temper, and yet I cannot say I love it, for I do not love my lord —, who is much of the Doctor's nature. I hear Mr. Gay's second Opera, which you mention, is forbid; and then he will be once more fit to be advised, and reject your advice. Adieu.

LETTER XXXVI.

Dr. SWIFT to Lord BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, March 21, 1729.

YOU tell me you have not quitted the design of collecting, writing, etc. This is the answer of every sinner who defers his repentance. I wish Mr. Pope were as great an urger as I, who long for nothing more than to see truth under your hands, laying all detraction in the dust—I find myself disposed every year, or rather every month, to be more angry and revengeful; and my rage is so ignoble, that it descends even to resent the folly and baseness of the enslaved people among whom I live. I knew an old Lord in Leicestershire, who amused himself with mending pitchforks and spades for his Tenants *gratis*. Yet I have higher ideas left, if I were nearer to objects on which I might employ them; and contemning my private fortune, would gladly cross the channel and stand by, while my betters were driving the Boars out of the garden, if there be any probable expectation of such an endeavour. When I was of your age I often thought of death, but now after a dozen years more, it is never out of my mind, and terrifies me less. I conclude that Providence hath order'd our fears to decrease with our spirits; and yet I love *la bagatelle* better than ever; for finding it troublesome to read at night, and the company here growing tasteless, I am always writing bad prose, or worse verses, either of rage or raillery, whereof some few escape to give offence or mirth, and the rest are burnt.

They print some Irish trash in London, and charge it on me, which you will clear me of to my friends, for all are spurious except one * paper, for which Mr. Pope very

* Imputed, *A Libel on Dr. Delany, and a certain great Lord.*

lately

lately chid me. I remember your Lordship us'd to say, that a few good speakers would in time carry any point that was right; and that the common method of a majority, by calling, To the question, would never hold long when reason was on the other side. Whether politics do not change like gaming by the invention of new tricks, I am ignorant; but I believe in your time you would never, as a Minister, have suffered an act to pass thro' the H. of C—s, only because you were sure of a majority in the H. of L—ds to throw it out: because it would be unpopular, and consequently a loss of reputation. Yet this we are told hath been the case in the qualification bill relating to Pensioners. It should seem to me that Corruption, like avarice, hath no bounds. I had opportunities to know the proceedings of your ministry better than any other man of my rank; and having not much to do, I have often compar'd it with these last sixteen years of a profound peace all over Europe, and we running seven millions in debt. I am forc'd to play at small game, to set the beasts here a madding, merely for want of better game, *Tentanda via est qua me quoque possim, etc.*—The D— take those politics, where a Duncie might govern for a dozen years together. I will come in person to England, if I am provok'd, and send for the Dictator from the plough. I disdain to say, *O mihi praeteritos*—— but *cruda Deo viridisque senectus*. Pray, my Lord, how are the Gardens? Have you taken down the mount, and remov'd the yew hedges? Have you not bad weather for the spring corn? Has Mr. Pope gone farther in his Ethic Poems? and is the headland sown with wheat? and what says Polybius? and how does my Lord St. John? which last question is very material to me, because I love Burgundy, and riding between Twickenham and Dawley.—I built a wall five years ago, and when the masons play'd the knaves, nothing delighted me so much as to stand by, while my servants threw down what was amiss: I have likewise seen a Monkey overthrow all the dishes and plates in a kitchen, merely for the pleasure of seeing them tumble, and hearing the clatter they made in their fall. I wish you would invite me to such another entertainment; but you think, as I ought to think, that it is time for me to have done with the world, and so I would if I could get into a better before I was called into the best, and not die here in a rage, like a poison'd rat in a hole. I wonder you are not ashamed to let me pine away in this kingdom while you are out of power.

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I come from looking over the *Melange* above written, and declare it to be a true copy of my present disposition, which must needs please you, since nothing was ever more displeasing to myself. I desire you to present my most humble respects to my Lady.

LETTER XXXVII.

Dr. SWIFT to Lord BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, April 5, 1729.

I Do not think it could be possible for me to hear better news than that of your getting over your scurvy suit, which always hung as a dead weight on my heart; I hated it in all its circumstances, as it affected your fortune and quiet, and in a situation of life that must make it every way vexatious. And as I am infinitely obliged to you for the justice you do me, in supposing your affairs do at least concern me as much as my own; so I would never have pardoned your omitting it. But before I go on, I cannot forbear mentioning what I read last summer in a news paper, that you were writing the history of your own times. I suppose such a report might arise from what was not secret among your friends, of your intention to write another kind of history; which you often promis'd Mr. Pope and me to do; I know he desires it very much, and I am sure I desire nothing more for the honour and love I bear you, and the perfect knowledge I have of your public virtue. My Lord, I have no other notion of Oeconomy than that it is the parent of Liberty and Ease, and I am not the only friend you have who have chid you in his heart for the neglect of it, tho' not with his mouth, as I have done. For there is a silly error in the world, even among friends otherwise very good, not to intermeddle with men's affairs in such nice matters. And, my Lord, I have made a maxim, that should be writ in letters of diamonds, That a wise man ought to have money in his head, but not in his heart. Pray, my Lord, enquire whether your prototype, my Lord Digby, after the Restoration when he was at Bristol, did not take some care of his fortune, notwithstanding that quotation I once sent you out of his speech to the H. of Commons? In my conscience, I believe Fortune, like other drabs, values a man gradually less for every year he lives. I have demonstration for it; because if I play at piquet for six-pence with a man or a woman two years younger

younger than myself, I always lose; and there is a young girl of twenty, who never fails winning my money at Backgammon, tho' she is a bungler, and the game be Ecclesiastic. As to the public, I confess nothing could cure my itch of meddling with it but these frequent returns of deafness, which have hindered me from passing last winter in London; yet I cannot but consider the perfidiousness of some people, who I thought when I was last there, upon a change that happened, were the most impudent in forgetting their professions that I have ever known. Pray, will you please to take your pen, and blot me out that political maxim from whatever book it is in, that *Res nolunt diu male administrari*; the commonness makes me not know who is the Author, but sure he must be some modern.

I am sorry for Lady Bolingbroke's health; but I protest I never knew a very deserving person of that sex, who had not too much reason to complain of ill health. I never wake without finding life a more insignificant thing than it was the day before; which is one great advantage I get by living in this country, where there is nothing I shall be sorry to lose. But my greatest misery is recollecting the scene of twenty years past, and then all on a sudden dropping into the present. I remember, when I was a little boy, I felt a great fish at the end of my line, which I drew up almost on the ground, but it dropt in, and the disappointment vexes me at this very day, and I believe it was the type of all my future disappointments. I should be ashamed to say this to you, if you had not a spirit fitter to bear your own misfortunes, than I have to think of them. Is there patience left to reflect, by what qualities wealth and greatness are got, and by what qualities they are lost? I have read my friend Congreve's verses to Lord Cobham, which end with a vile and false moral, and I remember is not in Horace to Tibullus, which he imitates, "that all times are equally virtuous and vicious," wherein he differs from all Poets, Philosophers, and Christians that ever writ. It is more probable that there may be an equal quantity of virtue always in the world, but sometimes there may be a peck of it in Asia, and hardly a thimble-full in Europe. But if there be no virtue, there is abundance of sincerity; for I will venture all I am worth, that there is not one human creature in power, who will not be modest enough to confess that he proceeds wholly upon a principle of Corruption. I say this, because I have a scheme, in spite of your notions, to govern England upon the principles of Virtue; and when the nation is ripe
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for it, I desire you will send for me. I have learned this by living like a Hermit, by which I am got backwards about nineteen hundred years in the era of the world, and begin to wonder at the wickedness of men. I dine alone upon half a dish of meat, mix water with my wine, walk ten miles a day, and read Baronius. *Hic explicit Epistola ad Dom. Bolingbroke, et incipit ad amicum Pope.*

Having finished my Letter to Aristippus, I now begin to you. I was in great pain about Mrs. Pope, having heard from others that she was in a very dangerous way, which made me think it unseasonable to trouble you. I am ashamed to tell you, that when I was very young I had more desire to be famous than ever since; and fame, like all things else in this life, grows with me every day more a trifle. But you who are so much younger, although you want that health you deserve, yet your spirits are as vigorous as if your body were sounder. I hate a croud, where I have not an easy place to see and be seen. A great Library always makes me melancholy, where the best Author is as much squeezed, and as obscure, as a Porter at a Coronation. In my own little library, I value the complements of Grævius and Gronovius, which make thirty-one volumes in folio (and were given me by my Lord Bolingbroke) more than all my books besides; because whoever comes into my closet, casts his eyes immediately upon them, and will not vouchsafe to look upon Plato or Xenophon. I tell you it is almost incredible how Opinions change by the decline or decay of spirits, and I will further tell you, that all my endeavours, from a boy, to distinguish myself, were only for want of a great Title and Fortune, that I might be used like a Lord by those who have an opinion of my parts; whether right or wrong, it is no great matter; and so the reputation of wit or great learning does the office of a blue ribband, or of a coach and six horses. To be remember'd for ever on the account of our friendship, is what would exceedingly please me; but yet I never lov'd to make a visit, or be seen walking with my betters, because they get all the eyes and civilities from me. I no sooner writ this than I corrected myself, and remember'd Sir Fulk Grevil's Epitaph, "Here lies, etc. who was friend to Sir Philip Sidney." And therefore I most heartily thank you for your desire that I would record our friendship in verse, which if I can succeed in, I will never desire to write one more line in poetry while I live. You must present my humble service to Mrs. Pope, and let her know I pray for her continuance

in the world, for her own reason, that she may live to take care of you.

LETTER XXXVIII.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Aug. 11, 1729.

I AM very sensible that in a former letter I talked very weakly of my own affairs, and of my imperfect wishes and desires, which however I find with some comfort do now daily decline, very suitable to my state of health for some months past. For my head is never perfectly free from giddiness, and especially towards night. Yet my disorder is very moderate, and I have been without a fit of deafness this half year; so I am like a horse, which, though off his mettle, can trot on tolerably; and this comparison puts me in mind to add, that I am returned to be a rider, wherein I wish you would imitate me. As to this country, there have been three terrible years dearth of corn, and every place strowed with beggars; but dearths are common in better climates, and our evils here lie much deeper. Imagine a nation the two thirds of whose revenues are spent out of it, and who are not permitted to trade with the other third, and where the pride of women will not suffer them to wear their own manufactures, even where they excel what come from abroad: This is the true state of Ireland in a very few words. These evils operate more every day, and the kingdom is absolutely undone, as I have been telling often in print these ten years past.

What I have said requires forgiveness, but I had a mind for once to let you know the state of our affairs, and my reason for being more moved than perhaps becomes a Clergyman, and a piece of a philosopher: and perhaps the increase of years and disorders may hope for some allowance to complaints, especially when I may call myself a stranger in a strange land. As to poor Mrs. Pope (if she be still alive) I heartily pity you, and pity her: her great piety and virtue will infallibly make her happy in a better life, and her great age hath made her fully ripe for heaven and the grave, and her best friend will most wish her eased of her labours, when she hath so many good works to follow them. The loss you will feel by the want of her care and kindness, I know very well; but she has amply done her part, as you have yours. One reason why
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I would have you in Ireland when you shall be at your own disposal, is that you may be master of two or three years revenues, *provisae frugis in annos copia*, so as not to be pinch'd in the least when years increase, and perhaps your health impairs: And when this kingdom is utterly at an end, you may support me for the few years I shall happen to live; and who knows but you may pay me exorbitant interest for the spoonful of wine, and scraps of a chicken it will cost me to feed you? I am confident you have too much reason to complain of ingratitude; for I never yet knew any person, one tenth part so heartily disposed as you are, to do good offices to others, without the least private view.

Was it a gasconade to please me, that you said your fortune was increased 100 *l.* a year since I left you? you should have told me how. Those *subsidia senectuti* are extremely desirable, if they could be got with justice, and without avarice; of which vice tho' I cannot charge myself yet, nor feel any approaches towards it, yet no usurer more wishes to be richer (or rather to be surer of his rents.) But I am not half so moderate as you, for I declare I cannot live easily under double to what you are satisfied with.

I hope Mr. Gay will keep his 3000 *l.* and live on the interest without decreasing the principal one penny; but I do not like your seldom seeing him. I hope he is grown more disengaged from his intentness on his own affairs, which I ever disliked, and is quite the reverse to you, unless you are a very dexterous disguiser. I desire my humble service to Lord Oxford, Lord Bathurst, and particularly to Mrs. B—, but to no Lady at Court. God bless you for being a greater Dupe than I: I love that character too myself, but I want your charity.

Adieu.

LETTER XXXIX.

Oct. 9, 1729.

IT pleases me that you received my books at last: but you have never once told me if you approve the whole, or disapprove not of some parts of the Commentary, etc. It was my principal aim in the entire work to perpetuate the friendship between us, and to shew that the friends or the enemies of the one were the friends or enemies of the other: If in any particular, any thing be stated or mentioned in

a different manner from what you like, pray tell me freely, that the new editions now coming out here may have it rectify'd. You'll find the octavo rather more correct than the quarto, with some additions to the Notes and Epigrams cast in, which I wish had been increas'd by your acquaintance in Ireland. I rejoice in hearing that Drapiers-Hill is to emulate Parnassus; I fear the country about it is as much impoverished. I truly share in all that troubles you, and wish you remov'd from a scene of distress, which I know works your compassionate temper too strongly. But if we are not to see you here, I believe I shall once in my life see you there. You think more for me, and about me, than any friend I have, and you think better for me. Perhaps you'll not be contented, tho' I am, that the additional 100*l.* a year is only for my life. My mother is yet living, and I thank God for it: she will never be troublesome to me, if she be not so to herself: but a melancholy object it is, to observe the gradual decays both of body and mind, in a person to whom one is tied by the links of both. I can't tell whether her death itself would be so afflicting.

You are too careful of my worldly affairs; I am rich enough, and I can afford to give away a 100*l.* a year. Don't be angry: I will not live to be very old; I have Revelations to the contrary. I would not crawl upon the earth without doing a little good when I have a mind to do it: I will enjoy the pleasure of what I give, by giving it alive, and seeing another enjoy it. When I die I should be aham'd to leave enough to build me a monument, if there were a wanting friend above ground.

Mr. Gay assures me his 3000*l.* is kept entire and sacred; he seems to languish after a line from you, and complains tenderly. Lord Bolingbroke has told me ten times over he was going to write to you. Has he, or not? The Dr. is unalterable, both in friendship and Quadrille: his wife has been very near death last week: his two brothers buried their wives within these six weeks. Gay is sixty miles off, and has been so all this summer with the Duke and Duchess of Queensbury. He is the same man: So is every one here that you know: mankind is unamendable. *Optimus ille qui minimus urgetur*—Poor Mrs. * is like the rest, she cries at the thorn in her foot, but will suffer nobody to pull it out. The Court-lady I have a good opinion of, yet I have treated her more negligently than you wou'd do, because you like to see the inside of a court, which I do not. I have seen her but twice. You have a desperate
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rate hand at dashing out a character by great strokes, and at the same time a delicate one at fine touches. God forbid you should draw mine, if I were conscious of any guilt: But if I were conscious only of folly, God send it! for as nobody can detect a great fault so well as you, nobody would so well hide a small one. But after all, that Lady means to do good, and does no harm, which is a vast deal for a Courtier. I can assure you that Lord Peterborow always speaks kindly of you, and certainly has as great a mind to be your friend as any one. I must throw away my pen; it cannot, it will never tell you, what I inwardly am to you. *Quod nequeo monstrare, et sentio tantum.*

LETTER XL.

LORD BOLINGBROKE TO DR. SWIFT.

Brussels, Sept. 27, 1729.

I Have brought your French acquaintance thus far on her way into her own country, and considerably better in health than she was when she went to Aix. I begin to entertain hopes that she will recover such a degree of health as may render old age supportable. Both of us have closed the tenth Lustre, and it is high time to determine how we shall play the last act of the Farce. Might not my life be entituled much more properly a *What-d'ye call-it* than a *Farce*? some Comedy, a great deal of Tragedy, and the whole interspersed with scenes of Harlequin, Scaramouch, and Dr. Baloardo, the prototype of your Hero.—I used to think sometimes formerly of old age and of death; enough to prepare my mind; not enough to anticipate sorrow, to dash the joys of youth, and to be all my life a dying. I find the benefit of this practice now, and find it more as I proceed on my journey: little regret when I look backwards, little apprehension when I look forward. You complain grievously of your situation in Ireland; I would complain of mine too in England: but I will not, nay, I ought not; for I find by long experience that I can be unfortunate, without being unhappy. I do not approve your joining together the *figure of living*, and the *pleasure of giving*, though your old prating friend Montagne does something like it in one of his Rhapsodies. To tell you my reasons would be to write an Essay, and I shall hardly have time to write a Letter; but if you will come over,
and

and live with Pope and me, I'll shew you in an instant why those two things should not *aller de pair*, and that forced retrenchments on both may be made, without making us even uneasy. You know that I am too expensive, and all mankind knows that I have been cruelly plundered; and yet I feel in my mind the power of descending without anxiety two or three stages more. In short (Mr. Dean) if you will come to a certain farm in Middlesex, you shall find that I can live frugally without growling at the world, or being peevish with those whom fortune has appointed to eat my bread, instead of appointing me to eat theirs: and yet I have naturally as little disposition to frugality as any man alive. You say you are no philosopher, and I think you are in the right to dislike a word which is so often abused; but I am sure you like to follow reason, not custom, (which is sometimes the reason and oftener the caprice of others, of the mob of the world). Now to be sure of doing this, you must wear your philosophical spectacles as constantly as the Spaniards used to wear theirs. You must make them part of your dress, and sooner part with your broad-brimm'd beaver, your gown, your scarf, or even that emblematical vestment your surplice. Thro' this medium you will see few things to be vexed at, few persons to be angry at; and yet there will frequently be things which we ought to wish altered, and persons whom we ought to wish hanged.

In your letter to Pope, you agree that a regard for Fame becomes a man more towards his Exit, than at his entrance into life; and yet you confess, that the longer you live, the more you grow indifferent about it. Your sentiment is true and natural; your reasoning, I am afraid, is not so upon this occasion. Prudence will make us desire Fame, because it gives us many real and great advantages in all the affairs of life. Fame is the wise man's means; his ends are his own good, and the good of society. You Poets and Orators have inverted this order; you propose Fame as the end, and good, or at least great actions, as the means. You go further: You teach our self-love to anticipate the applause which we suppose will be paid by posterity to our names; and with idle notions of immortality you turn other heads besides your own; I am afraid this may have done some harm in the world.

Fame is an object which men pursue successfully by various and even contrary courses. Your doctrine leads them to look on this end as essential, and on the means as indifferent; so that Fabricius and Crassus, Cato and Cæsar

far pressed forward to the same goal. After all perhaps it may appear, from a consideration of the depravity of mankind, that you could do no better, nor keep up virtue in the world without calling this passion or this direction of self-love in to your aid: *Tacitus* has crowded this excuse for you, according to his manner, into a maxim, *Contemptu famae, contemni virtutes*. But now whether we consider Fame as an useful instrument in all the occurrences of private and public life, or whether we consider it as the cause of that pleasure which our self-love is so fond of; methinks our entrance into life, or (to speak more properly) our youth, not our old age, is the season when we ought to desire it most, and therefore when it is most becoming, to desire it with ardor. If it is useful, it is to be desired most when we have, or may hope to have a long scene of action open before us: Towards our exit, this scene of action is or should be closed; and then, methinks, it is unbecoming to grow fonder of a thing which we have no longer occasion for. If it is pleasant, the sooner we are in possession of fame the longer we shall enjoy this pleasure. When it is acquired early in life it may tickle us on till old age; but when it is acquired late, the sensation of pleasure will be more faint, and mingled with the regret of our not having tasted it sooner.

From my Farm, Oct. 5.

I am here; I have seen Pope, and one of my first enquiries was after you. He tells me a thing I am sorry to hear: You are building, it seems, on a piece of land you have acquired for that purpose, in some county of Ireland. Tho' I have built in a part of the world, which I prefer very little to that where you have been thrown and confined by our ill-fortune and yours, yet I am sorry you do the same thing. I have repented a thousand times of my resolution, and I hope you will repent of yours before it is executed. Adieu, my old and worthy friend; may the physical evils of life fall as easily upon you, as ever they did on any man who lived to be old; and may the moral evils which surround us, make as little impression on you, as they ought to make on one who has such superior sense to estimate things by, and so much virtue to wrap himself up in.

My wife desires not to be forgotten by you; she's faithfully your servant, and zealously your admirer. She will be concerned and disappointed not to find you in this island

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at her return, which hope both she and I had been made to entertain before I went abroad.

LETTER XLI.

Dr. SWIFT to Lord BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, Oct. 31, 1729.

I Receiv'd your Lordship's travelling letter of several dates, at several stages, and from different nations, languages, and religions. Neither could any thing be more obliging than your kind remembrance of me in so many places. As to your ten Lustres, I remember, when I complain'd in a Letter to Prior, that I was fifty years old, he was half angry in jest, and answered me out of Terence, *ista commemoratio est quasi exprobatio*. How then ought I to rattle you, when I have a dozen years more to answer for, all monastically pass'd in this Country of liberty and delight, and money, and good company ! I go on answering your letter : It is you were my Hero, but the other * never was ; yet if he were, it was your own fault, who taught me to love him, and often vindicated him, in the beginning of your ministry, from my accusations. But I granted he had the greatest inequalities of any man alive, and his whole scene was fifty times more a What-d'ye-call-it, than yours : for, I declare, yours was *unic*, and I wish you would so order it, that the world may be as wise as I upon that article : Mr. Pope wishes it too, and I believe there is not a more honest man in England, even without wit. But you regard us not.—I was † forty-seven years old, when I began to think of death, and the reflections upon it now begin when I wake in the morning, and end when I am going to sleep—I writ to Mr. Pope, and not to you. My birth, although from a family not undistinguished in its name, is many degrees inferior to yours ; all my pretensions from persons and parts infinitely so ; I a younger son of younger sons ; you born to a great fortune : yet I see you with all your advantages sunk to a degree that you could never have been without them : But yet I see you as much esteemed, as much beloved, as much dreaded, and perhaps more (though it be almost impossible) than ever you were in your highest exaltation—only I grieve like an Alderman that you are not so rich. And

* L. Ox.

† The Year of Queen Anne's Death.

yet, my Lord, I pretend to value money as little as you, and I will call five hundred witnesses (if you will take Irish witnesses) to prove it. I renounce your whole philosophy, because it is not your practice. By the *figure of living*, (if I used that expression to Mr. Pope) I do not mean the parade, but a suitableness to your mind; and as for the *pleasure of giving*, I know your soul suffers when you are debarr'd of it. Could you, when your own generosity and contempt of outward things (be not offended, it is no Ecclesiastical but an Epictetian phrase) could you, when these have brought you to it, come over and live with Mr. Pope and me at the Deanry? I could almost wish the experiment were tried—No, God forbid, that ever such a scoundrel as Want should dare to approach you. But, in the mean time, do not brag, Retrenchments are not your talent. But, as old Weymouth said to me in his lordly Latin, *Philosophia verba ignava opera*; I wish you could learn Arithmetic, that three and two make five, and will never make more. My philosophical spectacles which you advise me to, will tell me that I can live on 50*l.* a year (wine excluded, which my bad health forces me to) but I cannot endure that *Otium* should be *sine dignitate*—My Lord, what I would have said of Fame is meant of fame which a man enjoys in his life: because I cannot be a great Lord, I would acquire what is a kind of *substantium*, I would endeavour that my betters should seek me by the merit of something distinguishable, instead of my seeking of them. The desire of enjoying it in after-times is owing to the spirit and folly of youth: but with age we learn to know the house is so full, that there is no room for above one or two at most in an age, through the whole world. My Lord, I hate and love to write to you. it gives me pleasure, and kills me with melancholy. The D— take stupidity, that it will not come to supply the want of philosophy.

LETTER XLII.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Oct. 31, 1729.

YOU were so careful of sending me the Dunciad, that I have received five of them, and have pleased four friends. I am one of every body who approve every part of it, Text and Comment; but am one abstracted from every body, in the happiness of being recorded your friend,

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while wit, and humour, and politeness shall have any memorial among us. As for your octavo edition, we know nothing of it, for we have an octavo of our own, which hath sold wonderfully, considering our poverty, and dullness the consequence of it.

I writ this post to Lord B. and tell him in my letter, that, with a great deal of loss for a frolick, I will fly as soon as build; I have neither years, nor spirits, nor money, nor patience for such amusements. The frolick is gone off, and I am only 100 *l.* the poorer. But this kingdom is grown so excessively poor, that we wise men must think of nothing but getting a little ready money. It is thought there are not two hundred thousand pounds of specie in the whole island; for we return thrice as much to our absentees, as we get by trade, and so are all inevitably undone; which I have been telling them in print these ten years, to as little purpose as if it came from the pulpit. And this is enough for Irish politics, which I only mention, because it so nearly touches myself. I must repeat what, I believe, I have said before, that I pity you much more than Mrs. Pope. Such a parent and friend hourly declining before your eyes is an object very unfit for your health, and duty, and tender disposition; and I pray God it may not affect you too much. I am as much satisfied that your additional 100 *l. per Annum* is for your life, as if it were for ever. You have enough to leave your friends: I would not have them glad to be rid of you; and I shall take care that none but my enemies will be glad to get rid of me. You have embroiled me with Lord B.—about the figure of living, and the pleasure of giving. I am under the necessity of some little paultry figure in the station I am; but I make it as little as possible. As to the other part you are base, because I thought myself as great a giver as ever was of my ability; and yet in proportion you exceed, and have kept it till now a secret even from me, when I wondered how you were able to live with your whole little revenue.

LETTER XLIII.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

Nov. 19, 1729..

I Find that you have laid aside your project of building in Ireland, and that we shall see you in this island *cum zephyris, et hirundine prima*. I know not whether the love of fame increases as we advance in age; sure I am that the force

force of friendship does. I lov'd you almost twenty years ago, I thought of you as well as I do now, better was beyond the power of conception, or, to avoid an equivoue, beyond the extent of my ideas. Whether you are more obliged to me for loving you as well when I knew you less, or for loving you as well after loving you so many years, I shall not determine. What I would say is this: whilst my mind grows daily more independent of the world, and feels less need of learning on external objects, the ideas of friendship return oftener, they busy me, they warm me more: Is it that we grow more tender as the moment of our great separation approaches? or is it that they who are to live together in another state, (for *vera amicitia non nisi inter b. nos*) begin to feel more strongly that divine sympathy which is to be the great band of their future society? There is no one thought which sooths my mind like this: I encourage my imagination to pursue it, and am heartily afflicted when another faculty * of the intellect comes boisterously in, and wakes me from so pleasing a dream, if it be a dream. I will dwell no more on Oeconomicks than I have done in my former letter. Thus much only I will say, that *otium cum dignitate* is to be had with 500*l.* a year as well as with 5000: the difference will be found in the value of the man, and not in that of the estate. I do assure you, that I have never quitted the design of collecting, revising, improving, and extending several materials which are still in my power; and I hope that the time of setting myself about this last work of my life is not far off. Many papers of much curiosity and importance are lost, and some of them in a manner which would surprize and anger you. However I shall be able to convey several great truths to posterity, so clearly and so authentically, that the Burnets and the Oldmixons of another age may rail, but not be able to deceive. Adieu, my friend. I have taken up more of this paper than belongs to me, since Pope is to write to you; no matter, for, upon recollection, the rules of proportion are not broken; he will say as much to you in one page, as I have said in three. Bid him talk to you of the work he is about, I

* *Viz. Reason.* Tully (or what is much the same, his Disciple) observes something like this on the like occasion, where speaking of Plato's famous Book of the Soul, he says, *Nescio quomodo, dum lego, adjutor: cum per sui librum, et mecum ipse de immortalitate animorum coepi cogitare, adfensio illa omnis elabitur.* Cicero seems to have had but a confused notion of the *cause*, which the Letter-writer has here explained, namely, that the *imagination* is always ready to indulge so flattering an idea, but severer *reason* corrects and disclaims it. As to RELIGION, that is out of the question; for Tully wrote to his few philosophic friends.

hope in good earnest; it is a fine one, and will be, in his hands, an original*. His sole complaint is, that he finds it too easy in the execution. This flatters his laziness, it flatters my judgment, who always thought that (universal as his talents are) this is eminently and peculiarly his, above all the writers I know living or dead; I do not except Horace

Adieu.

LETTER XLIV.

Nov. 28, 1729.

THis Letter (like all mine) will be a Rhapsody; it is many years ago since I wrote as a Wit. How many occurrences or informations must one omit, if one determin'd to say nothing that one could not say prettily? I lately received from the widow of one dead correspondent, and the father of another, several of my own letters of about fifteen and twenty years old; and it was not unentertaining to myself to observe, how and by what degrees I ceas'd to be a witty writer; as either my experience grew on the one hand, or my affection to my correspondents on the other. Now as I love you better than most I have ever met with in the world, and esteem you too the more, the longer I have compar'd you with the rest of the world; so inevitably I write to you more negligently, that is, more openly, and what all but such as love one another will call writing worse. I smile to think how Curl would be bit, were our Epistles to fall into his hands, and how gloriously they would fall short of every ingenious reader's expectations?

You can't imagine what a vanity it is to me, to have something to rebuke you for in the way of Oeconomy. I love the man that builds a house *subito ingenio*, and makes a wall for a horse; then cries, "We wise men must think of nothing but getting ready money." I am glad you approve my annuity; all we have in this world is no more than an annuity, as to our own enjoyment: but I will increase your regard for my wisdom, and tell you, that this annuity includes also the life of another †, whose concern ought to be as near me as my own, and with whom my whole prospects ought to finish. I throw my javelin of Hope no farther, *Cur brevi fortes jaculamur ævo*—etc.

The second (as it is call'd, but indeed the eighth) edi-

* Essay on Man,

† His Mother's.

tion of the Dunciad, with some additional notes and epigrams, shall be sent you, if I know any opportunity: if they reprint it with you, let them by all means follow that octavo edition. — The Drapier's letters are again printed here, very laudably as to paper, print, etc. for you know I disapprove Irish politics, (as my Commentator tells you) being a strong and jealous subject of England. The Lady you mention, you ought not complain of for not acknowledging your present; she having lately received a much richer present from Mr. Knight of the S. Sea; and you are sensible she cannot ever return it to one in the condition of an out-law. It's certain, as he can never expect any favour *, his motive must be wholly disinterested. Will not this reflection make you blush? Your continual deplorings of Ireland, make me wish you were here long enough to forget those scenes that so afflict you: I am only in fear if you were, you would grow such a patriot here too, as not to be quite at ease, for your love of old England. — It is very possible, your journey, in the time I compute, might exactly tally with my intended one to you; and if you must soon again go back, you would not be unattended. For the poor woman decays perceptibly every week; and the winter may too probably put an end to a very long, and a very irreproachable life. My constant attendance on her does indeed affect my mind very much, and lessen extremely my desires of long life; since I see the best that can come of it is a miserable benediction. I look upon myself to be many years older in two years since you saw me: The natural imbecillity of my body, join'd now to this acquir'd old age of the mind, makes me at least as old as you, and we are the fitter to crawl down the hill together: I only desire I may be able to keep pace with you. My first friendship at sixteen, was contracted with a man of seventy, and I found him not grave enough or consistent enough for me, tho' we lived well to his death. I speak of old Mr. Wycherley; some letters of whom (by the by) and of mine, the Booksellers have got and printed, not without the concurrence of a noble friend of mine and yours †. I don't much approve of it; though there is nothing for me to be ashamed of, because I will not be ashamed of any thing I do not do myself, or of any thing that is not immoral but merely

* He was mistaken in this. Mr. Knight was parloned, and came home in the year 1742.

† See the occasion, in the second and third Paragraphs of the Preface to the first Volume of Letters.

dull (as for instance, if they printed this letter I am now writing, which they easily may, if the underlings at the Post-office please to take a copy of it.) I admire on this consideration, your sending your last to me quite open, without a seal, wafer, or any closure whatever, manifesting the utter openness of the writer. I would do the same by this, but fear it would look like affectation to send two letters so together.—I will fully represent to our friend (and, I doubt not, it will touch his heart) what you so feelingly set forth as to the badness of your Burgundy, etc. He is an extreme honest man, and indeed ought to be so, considering how very indiscreet and unreserved he is: But I do not approve this part of his character, and will never join with him in any of his idlenesses in the way of wit. You know my maxim to keep as clear of all offence, as I am clear of all interest in either party. I was once displeased before at you, for complaining to Mr. — of my not having a pension, and am so again at your naming it to a certain Lord. I have given proof in the course of my whole life, (from the time when I was in the friendship of Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Craggs, even to this when I am civilly treated by Sir R. Walpole) that I never thought myself so warm in any Party's cause as to deserve their money; and therefore would never have accepted it: But give me leave to tell you, that of all mankind the two persons I would least have accepted any favour from, are those very two, to whom you have unluckily spoken of it. I desire you to take off any impressions which that dialogue may have left on his Lordship's mind, as if I ever had any thought of being beholden to him, or any other, in that way. And yet, you know I am no enemy to the present Constitution; I believe, as sincere a well-wisher to it, nay even to the church establish'd, as any Minister in, or out of employment whatever; or any Bishop of England or Ireland. Yet am I of the Religion of Erasmus, a Catholic; so I live, so I shall die; and hope one day to meet you, Bishop Atterbury, the younger Craggs, Dr. Garth, Dean Berkeley, and Mr. Hutcheson, in that place, To which God of his infinite mercy bring us, and every body.

Lord B's answer to your letter I have just received, and join it to this packet. The work he speaks of with such abundant partiality, is a system of Ethics in the Horatian way.

LETTER

LETTER XLV.

April 14, 1730.

THIS is a letter extraordinary, to do and say nothing but to recommend to you (as a Clergyman, and a charitable one) a pious and a good work, and for a good and honest man: Moreover he is above seventy, and poor, which you might think included in the word honest. I shall think it a kindness done myself, if you can propagate Mr. Westley's subscription for his Commentary on Job, among your Divines, (Bishops excepted, of whom there is no hope) and among such as are believers, or readers of Scripture. Even the curious may find something to please them, if they scorn to be edified. It has been the labour of eight years of this learned man's life; I call him what he is, a learned man, and I engage you will approve his prose more than you formerly could his poetry. Lord Bolingbroke is a favourer of it, and allows you to do your best to serve an old Tory, and a sufferer for the Church of England, tho' you are a Whig, as I am.

We have here some verses in your name, which I am angry at. Sure you wou'd not use me so ill as to flatter me? I therefore think it is some other weak Irishman.

P. S. I did not take the pen out of Pope's hands, I protest to you. But since he will not fill the remainder of the page, I think I may without offence. I seek no epistolary fame, but am a good deal pleased to think that it will be known hereafter that you and I lived in the most friendly intimacy together.—Pliny writ his letters for the public, so did Seneca, so did Balsac, Voiture, etc. Tully did not, and therefore these give us more pleasure than any which have come down to us from antiquity. When we read them, we pry into a secret which was intended to be kept from us. That is a pleasure. We see Cato, and Brutus, and Pompey, and others, such as they really were, and not such as the gaping multitude of their own age took them to be, or as Historians and Poets have represented them to ours. That is another pleasure. I remember to have seen a procession at *Aix-la-Chapelle*, wherein an image of Charlemagne is carried on the shoulders of a man, who is hid by the long robe of the imperial Saint. Follow him into the vestry, you see the bearer slip from

from under the robe, and the gigantic figure dwindles into an image of the ordinary size, and is set by among other lumber — I agree much with Pope, that our climate is rather better than that you are in, and perhaps your public spirit would be less grieved, or oftener comforted, here than there. Come to us therefore on a visit at least. It will not be the fault of several persons here, if you do not come to live with us. But great good-will and little power produce such slow and feeble effects as can be acceptable to Heaven alone, and heavenly men. — I know you will be angry with me, if I say nothing to you of a poor woman, who is still on the other side of the water in a most languishing state of health. If she regains strength enough to come over (and she is better within a few weeks) I shall nurse her in this farm with all the care and tenderness possible. If she does not, I must pay her the last duty of friendship wherever she is, tho' I break thro' the whole plan of life which I have form'd in my mind. Adieu. I am most faithfully and affectionately yours.

 LETTER LXVI.

Lord B. to Dr. SWIFT.

Jan. 1730-31.

I Begin my letter by telling you that my wife has been returned from abroad about a month, and that her health, though feeble and precarious, is better than it has been these two years. She is much your servant, and as she has been her own physician with some success, imagines she could be yours with the same. Would to God you was within her reach. She would, I believe, prescribe a great deal of the *medicina animi*, without having recourse to the Books of Trisnegistus. Pope and I should be her principal apothecaries in the course of the cure; and tho' our best Botanists complain, that few of the herbs and simples which go to the composition of these remedies are to be found at present in our soil, yet there are more of them here than in Ireland; besides, by the help of a little chemistry the most noxious juices may become salubrious, and rank poison a specific — Pope is now in my library with me, and writes to the world, to the present and to future ages, whilst I begin this letter which he is to finish to you. What good he will do to mankind I know not; this comfort he may be sure of, he cannot do less than
you

you have done before him. I have sometimes thought, that if preachers, hangmen, and moral-writers keep vice at a stand, or so much as retard the progress of it, they do as much as human nature admits: a real reformation is not to be brought about by ordinary means; it requires those extraordinary means which become punishments as well as lessons: National corruption must be purged by national calamities.—Let us hear from you. We deserve this attention because we desire it, and because we believe that you desire to hear from us.

LETTER XLVII.

Lord B. to Dr. SWIFT.

March 29.

I Have delayed several posts answering your letter of January last, in hopes of being able to speak to you about a project which concerns us both, but me the most, since the success of it would bring us together. It has been a good while in my head, and at my heart; if it can be set agoing, you shall hear more of it. I was ill in the beginning of the winter for near a week, but in no danger either from the nature of my distemper, or from the attendance of three physicians. Since that bilious intermitting fever, I have had, as I had before, better health than the regard I have payed to health deserves. We are both in the decline of life, my dear Dean, and have been some years going down the hill; let us make the passage as smooth as we can. Let us fence against physical evil by care, and the use of those means which experience must have pointed out to us: Let us fence against moral evil by philosophy. I renounce the alternative you propose. But we may, nay (if we will follow nature, and do not work up imagination against her plainest dictates) we shall of course grow every year more indifferent to life, and to the affairs and interests of a system out of which we are soon to go. This is much better than stupidity. The decay of passion strengthens philosophy, for passion may decay, and stupidity not succeed. *Passions* (says Pope, our Divine, as you will see one time or other) are the *Gales* of life: Let us not complain that they do not blow a storm. What hurt does age do us, in subduing what we toil to subdue all our lives? It is now six in the morning: I recall the time (and am glad it is over) when about this hour

I used to be going to bed, surfeited with pleasure, or jaded with business : my head often full of schemes, and my heart as often full of anxiety. Is it a misfortune, think you, that I rise at this hour, refreshed, serene, and calm ? that the past, and even the present affairs of life stand like objects at a distance from me, where I can keep off the disagreeable so as not to be strongly affected by them, and from whence I can draw the others nearer to me ? Passions in their force, would bring all these, nay even future contingencies, about my ears at once, and Reason would but ill defend me in the scuffle.

I leave Pope to speak for himself, but I must tell you how much my wife is obliged to you. She says, she would find strength enough to nurse you, if you was here, and yet, God knows, she is extremely weak : The slow fever works under, and mines the constitution ; we keep it off sometimes, but still it returns, and makes new breaches before nature can repair the old ones. I am not ashamed to say to you, that I admire her more every hour of my life : Death is not to her the King of Terrors ; she beholds him without the least. When she suffers much, she wishes for him as a deliverer from pain ; when life is tolerable, she looks on him with dislike, because he is to separate her from those friends to whom she is more attached than to life itself.—You shall not stay for my next, as long as you have for this letter ; and in every one, Pope shall write something much better than the scraps of old Philosophers, which were the presents, *Munuscula*, that Stoical Fop Seneca used to send in every Epistle to his friend Lucilius.

P. S. My Lord has spoken justly of his Lady : why not I of my Mother ? Yesterday was her birth-day, now entering on the ninety-first year of her age ; her memory much diminish'd, but her senses very little hurt, her sight and hearing good ; she sleeps not ill, eats moderately, drinks water, says her prayers ; this is all she does. I have reason to thank God for continuing so long to me a very good and tender parent, and for allowing me to exercise for some years, those cares which are now as necessary to her, as hers have been to me. An object of this sort daily before one's eyes very much softens the mind, but perhaps may hinder it from the willingness of contracting other ties of the like domestic nature, when one finds how painful it is even to enjoy the tender pleasures. I have formerly made some strong efforts to get and to deserve a friend :
perhaps

perhaps it were wiser never to attempt it, but live extempore, and look upon the world only as a place to pass thro', just pay your hosts their due, disperse a little charity, and hurry on. Yet I am just now writing (or rather planning) a book, to make mankind look upon this life with comfort and pleasure, and put morality in good humour.—And just now too, I am going to see one I love very tenderly; and to-morrow to entertain several civil people, whom if we call friends, it is by the Courtesy of England.—*Sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras.* While we do live, we must make the best of life,

Cantantes licet usque (minus via laedet) eamus,

as the shepherd said in Virgil, when the road was long and heavy. I am yours.

LETTER XLVIII.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

YOU may assure yourself, that if you come over this spring, you will find me not only got back into the habits of study, but devoted to that historical task, which you have set me these many years. I am in hopes of some materials which will enable me to work in the whole extent of the plan I propose to myself. If they are not to be had, I must accommodate my plan to this deficiency. In the mean time Pope has given me more trouble than he or I thought of; and you will be surprized to find that I have been partly drawn by him, and partly by myself, to write a pretty large volume upon a very grave and very important subject; that I have ventur'd to pay no regard whatever to any authority except sacred authority, and that I have ventured to start a thought, which must, if it is push'd as successfully as I think it is, render all your Metaphysical Theology both ridiculous and abominable. There is an expression in one of your letters to me, which makes me believe you will come into my way of thinking on this subject; and yet I am persuaded that Divines and Free-thinkers would both be clamorous against it, if it was to be submitted to their censure, as I do not intend that it shall. The passage I mean, is that where you say that you

told Dr. — the Grand points of Christianity ought to be taken as infallible Revelations *, etc.

It has happened, that, whilst I was writing this to you, the Dr. came to make me a visit from London, where I heard he was arrived some time ago : He was in haste to return, and is, I perceive, in great haste to print. He left with me eight Dissertations †, a small part, as I understand, of his work, and desired me to peruse, consider, and observe upon them against Monday next, when he will come down again. By what I have read of the two first, I find myself unable to serve him. The principles he reasons upon are begged in a disputation of this sort, and the manner of reasoning is by no means close and conclusive. The sole advice I could give him in conscience would be that which he would take ill, and not follow. I will get rid of this task as well as I can, for I esteem the man, and should be sorry to disoblige him where I cannot serve him.

As to retirement, and exercise, your notions are true : The first should not be indulged so much as to render us savage, nor the last neglected so as to impair health. But I know men, who for fear of being savage, live with all who will live with them ; and who, to preserve their health, saunter away half their time. Adieu. Pope calls for the paper.

P. S. I hope what goes before will be a strong motive to your coming. God knows if ever I shall see Ireland ; I shall never desire it, if you can be got hither, or kept here. Yet I think I shall be, too soon, a Freeman.— Your recommendations I constantly give to those you mention ; tho' some of them I see but seldom, and am every day more retired. I am less fond of the world, and less curious about it : yet no way out of humour, disappointed, or angry : tho' in my way I receive as many injuries as my betters, but I don't feel them, therefore I ought not to vex other people, nor even to return injuries. I pass almost all my time at Dawley and at home ; my Lord (of which I partly take the merit to myself) is as much estranged from politics as I am. Let Philosophy be ever so vain, it is less vain now than Politics, and not quite so vain at present as Divinity ; I know nothing that moves

* In this maxim all bigotted Divines and free-thinking Politicians agree ; the one, for fear of disturbing the establish'd Religion ; the other, lest that disturbance should prove injurious to their administration of government.

† *Revelation examined with Candour,*

strongly

strongly but Satire, and those who are ashamed of nothing else, are so of being ridiculous. I fancy, if we three were together but for three years, some good might be done even upon this Age.

I know you'll desire some account of my health: It is as usual, but my spirits rather worse. I write little or nothing. You know, I never had either a taste or talent for politics, and the world minds nothing else. I have personal obligations which I will ever preserve, to men of different sides, and I wish nothing so much as public quiet, except it be my own quiet. I think it a merit, if I can take off any man from grating or satirical subjects, merely on the score of Party: and it is the greatest vanity of my life that I've contributed to turn my Lord Bolingbroke to subjects moral, useful, and more worthy his pen. Dr. ———'s Book is what I can't commend so much as Dean Berkley's*, tho' it has many things ingenious in it, and is not deficient in the writing part: but the whole book, tho' he meant it *ad Populum*, is, I think, purely *ad Clerum*. Adieu,

* Call'd *The Minute Philosopher*.

LETTER

L E T T E R S

O F

Dr. S W I F T to Mr. G A Y.

From the Year 1729 to 1732 *.

L E T T E R XLIX.

Dublin, March 19, 1729.

I Deny it. I do write to you according to the old stipulation, for, when you kept your old company, when I writ to one I writ to all. But I am ready to enter into a new bargain since you are got into a new world, and will answer all your letters. You are first to present my most humble respects to the Duchess of Queensberry, and let her know that I never dine without thinking of her, although it be with some difficulty that I can obey her when I dine with forks that have but two prongs, and when the sauce is not very consistent. You must likewise tell her Grace that she is a general toast among all honest folks here, and particularly at the Deanry, even in the face of my Whig subjects.—I will leave my money in Lord Bathurst's hands, and the management of it (for want of better) in yours: and pray keep the interest-money in a bag wrapt up and sealed by itself, for fear of your own fingers under your carelessness. Mr Pope talks of you as a perfect stranger; but the different pursuits and manners and interests of life, as fortune has pleased to dispose them, will never suffer those to live together, who by their inclinations ought never to part. I hope when you are rich enough, you will have some little oeconomy of your own

* Found among Mr. Gay's papers, and return'd to Dr. Swift by the Duke of Queensberry and Mr. Pope.

in town or country, and be able to give your friend a pint of Port; for the domestic season of life will come on. I had never much hopes of you vamt Play, although Mr. Pope seem'd to have, and although it were ever so good: But you should have done like the Parsons, and chang'd your Text, I mean the Title, and the names of the persons. After all, it was an effect of idleness, for you are in the prime of life, when invention and judgment go together. I wish you had 100 l. a year more for horses—I ride and walk whenever good weather invites, and am reputed the best walker in this town and five miles round. I writ lately to Mr. Pope: I wish you had a little Villakin in his neighbourhood; but you are yet too volatile, and any Lady with a coach and six horses would carry you to Japan.

LETTER L.

Dublin, Nov. 10, 1730.

WHEN my Lord Peterborow in the Queen's time went abroad upon his Ambassies, the Ministry told me, that he was such a vagrant, they were forced to write at him by guess, because they knew not where to write to him. This is my case with you: sometimes in Scotland, sometimes at Hamwalks, sometimes God knows where. You are a man of business, and not at leisure for insignificant correspondence. It was I got you the employment of being my Lord Duke's *premier Ministre*: for his Grace having heard how good a manager you were of my revenue, thought you fit to be entrusted with ten talents. I have had twenty times a strong inclination to spend a summer near Salisbury-downs, having rode over them more than once, and with a young parson of Salisbury reckoned twice the stones of Stone-henge, which are either ninety-two or ninety-three. I desire to present my most humble acknowledgments to my Lady Duchess in return of her civility. I hear an ill thing, that she is *matre pulchra filia pulchrior*: I never saw her since she was a girl, and would be angry she should exel her mother, who was long my principal Goddess. I desire you will tell her Grace, that the ill-management of forks is not to be help'd when they are only bidental, which happens in all poor houses, especially those of Poets; upon which account a knife was absolutely necessary at Mr. Pope's, where it was morally impossible with a bidental fork to convey a morsel of beef, with

with the incumbrance of mustard and turnips, into your mouth at once. And her Grace hath cost me thirty pounds to provide Tridents for fear of offending her, which sum I desire she will please to return me.—I am sick enough to go to the Bath, but have not heard it will be good for my disorder. I have a strong mind to spend my 200/. next summer in France: I am glad I have it, for there is hardly twice that sum left in this kingdom. You want no settlement (I call the family where you live, and the foot you are upon, a settlement) till you increase your fortune to what will support you with ease and plenty, a good house and a garden. The want of this I much dread for you: For I have often known a She-cousin of a good family and small fortune, passing months among all her relations, living in plenty, and taking her circles, till she grew an old Maid, and every body weary of her. Mr. Pope complains of seldom seeing you; but the evil is unavoidable, for different circumstances of life have always separated those whom friendship would join: God hath taken care of this, to prevent any progress, towards real happiness here, which would make life more desirable, and death too dreadful. I hope you have now one advantage that you always wanted before, and the want of which made your friends as uneasy as it did yourself; I mean the removal of that solicitude about your own affairs, which perpetually fill'd your thoughts and disturb'd your conversation. For if it be true what Mr. Pope seriously tells me, you will have opportunity of saving every groat of the interest you receive; and so by the time he and you grow weary of each other, you will be able to pass the rest of your wineless life in ease and plenty, with the additional triumphal comfort of never having receiv'd a penny from those tasteless ungrateful people from whom you deserv'd so much, and who deserve no better Geniuses than those by whom they are celebrated.—If you see Mr. Cesar, present my humble service to him, and let him know that the scrub Libel printed against me here, and reprinted in London, for which he shewed a kind concern to a friend of us both, was written by myself and sent to a Whig-printer: It was in the style and genius of such scoundrels, when the humour of libelling ran in this strain against a friend of mine whom you know.—But my paper is ended.

LETTER

LETTER LI.

Dublin, Nov. 19, 1730.

I Writ to you a long letter about a fortnight past, concluding you were in London, from whence I understood one of your former was dated: Nor did I imagine you were gone back to Aimsbury so late in the year, at which season I take the Country to be only a scene for those who have been ill-used by a Court on account of their Virtues; which is a state of happiness the more valuable, because it is not accompanied by Envy, although nothing deserves it more. I would gladly sell a Dukedom to lose favour in the manner their Graces have done. I believe my Lord Carteret, since he is no longer Lieutenant, may not wish me ill, and I have told him often that I only hated him as a Lieutenant: I confess he had a genteeler manner of binding the chains of this kingdom than most of his predecessors, and I confess at the same time that he had, six times, a regard to my recommendation by preferring so many of my friends in the church; the two last acts of his favour were to add to the dignities of Dr. Delany and Mr. Stopford, the last of whom was by you and Mr. Pope put into Mr. Pultney's hands. I told you in my last, that a continuance of giddiness (though not in a violent degree) prevented my thoughts of England at present. For in my case a domestic life is necessary, where I can with the Centurion say to my servant, Go, and he goeth, and Do this, and he doeth it. I now hate all people whom I cannot command, and consequently a Duchess is at this time the hatefullest Lady in the world to me, one only excepted, and I beg her Grace's pardon for that exception, for, in the way I mean, her Grace is ten thousand times more hateful. I confess I begin to apprehend you will squander my money, because I hope you never less wanted it; and if you go on with success for two years longer, I fear I shall not have a farthing of it left. The Doctor hath ill informed me, who says that Mr. Pope is at present the chief Poetical Favourite, yet Mr. Pope himself talks like a Philosopher and one wholly retir'd. But the vogue of our few honest folks here is, that Duck is absolutely to succeed Eusden in the laurel, the contention being between Concannon or Theobald, or some other Hero of the Dunciad. I never charged you for not talking, but the dubious state of your affairs in those days was too much the subject, and

I wish the Duchefs had been the voucher of your amendment. Nothing so much contributed to my ease as the turn of affairs after the Queen's death; by which all my hopes being cut off, I could have no ambition left, unless I would have been a greater rascal than happened to suit with my temper. I therefore sat down quietly at my morsel, adding only thereto a principle of hatred to all succeeding Measures and Ministries by way of sauce to relish my meat: And I confess one point of conduct in my Lady Duchefs's life hath added much poignancy to it. There is a good Irish practical bull towards the end of your letter, where you spend a dozen lines in telling me you must leave off, that you may give my Lady Duchefs room to write, and so you proceed to within two or three lines of the bottom; though I would have remitted you my 200 l. to have left place for as many more.

To the Duchefs.

Madam,

My beginning thus low is meant as a mark of respect, like receiving your Grace at the bottom of the stairs. I am glad you know your duty; for it hath been a known and establish'd rule above twenty years in England, that the first advances hath been constantly made me by all Ladies who aspir'd to my acquaintance, and the greater their quality, the greater were their advances. Yet, I know not by what weakness, I have condescended graciously to dispense with you upon this important article. Though Mr. Gay will tell you that a nameless person sent me eleven messages before I would yield to a visit: I mean a person to whom he is infinitely obliged, for being the occasion of the happiness he now enjoys under the protection and favour of my Lord Duke and your Grace. At the same time, I cannot forbear telling you, Madam, that you are a little imperious in your manner of making your advances. You say, perhaps you shall not like me; I affirm you are mistaken, which I can plainly demonstrate: for I have certain intelligence, that another person dislikes me of late, with whose likings yours have not for some time past gone together. However, if I shall once have the honour to attend your Grace, I will out of fear and prudence appear as vain as I can, that I may not know your thoughts of me. This is your own direction, but it was needless: For Diogenes himself would be vain, to have received the honour of being one moment of his life in the thoughts of your Grace.

LETTER

LETTER LII.

Dublin, April 13, 1731.

YOUR situation is an odd one; the Duchess is your Treasurer, and Mr Pope tells me you are the Duke's. And I had gone a good way in some Verses on that occasion, prescribing lessons to direct your conduct, in a negative way, not to do so and so, etc. like other Treasurers; how to deal with Servants, Tenants, or neighbouring Squires, which I take to be Courtiers, Parliaments, and Princes in alliance, and so the parallel goes on, but grows too long to please me: I prove that Poets are the fittest persons to be treasurers and managers to great persons, from their virtue, and contempt of money, etc.—Pray, why did you not get a new heel to your shoe? unless you would make your court at St. James's by affecting to imitate the Prince Lilliput.—But the rest of your letter being wholly taken up in a very bad character of the Duchess, I shall say no more to you, but apply myself to her Grace.

Madam, since Mr. Gay affirms that you love to have your own way, and since I have the same perfection; I will settle that matter immediately, to prevent those ill consequences he apprehends. Your Grace shall have your own way, in all places except your own house, and the domains about it. There and there only I expect to have mine, so that you have all the world to reign in, bating only two or three hundred acres, and two or three houses in town and country. I will likewise, out of my special grace, certain knowledge, and mere motion, allow you to be in the right against all human kind, except myself, and to be never in the wrong but when you differ from me. You shall have a greater privilege in the third article of speaking your mind; which I shall graciously allow you now and then to do even to myself, and only rebuke you when it does not please me.

Madam, I am now got as far as your Grace's letter, which having not read this fortnight (having been out of town, and not daring to trust myself with the carriage of it) the presumptuous manner in which you begin had slipped out of my memory. But I forgive you to the seventeenth line, where you begin to banish me for ever, by demanding me to answer all the good character some partial friends

have given me. Madam, I have lived sixteen years in Ireland, with only an intermission of two summers in England; and consequently am fifty years older than I was at the Queen's death, and fifty thousand times duller, and fifty million times more peevish, perverse and morose; so that under these disadvantages I can only pretend to excel all your other acquaintance about some twenty bars length. Pray, Madam, have you a clear voice? and will you let me sit at your left hand at least within three of you, for of two bad ears, my right is the best? My Groom tells me that he likes your park, but your house is too little. Can the parson of the parish play at backgammon, and hold his tongue? is any one of your Women a good nurse, if I should fancy myself sick for four and twenty hours? how many days will you maintain me and my equipage? When these preliminaries are settled, I must be very poor, very sick, or dead, or to the last degree unfortunate, if I do not attend you at Aimsbury. For I profess you are the first lady that ever I desired to see, since the first of August 1714, and I have forgot the date when that desire grew strong upon me, but I know I was not then in England, else I would have gone on foot for that happiness as far as to your house in Scotland. But I can soon recollect the time, by asking some Ladies here the month, the day, and the hour when I began to endure their company? which however I think was a sign of my ill-judgment, for I do not perceive they mend in any thing but envying or admiring your Grace. I dislike nothing in your letter but an affected apology for bad writing, bad spelling, and a bad pen, which you pretend Mr. Gay found fault with, wherein you affront Mr. Gay, you affront me, and you affront yourself. False spelling is only excusable in a Chambermaid, for I would not pardon it in any of your waiting-women.—Pray God preserve your Grace and family, and give me leave to expect that you will be so just to remember me among those who have the greatest regard for virtue, goodness, prudence, courage, and generosity; after which you must conclude that I am with the greatest respect and gratitude, Madam, your Grace's most obedient and most humble servant, etc.

To Mr. GAY.

I have just got yours of February 24, with a postscript by Mr. Pope. I am in great concern for him: I find Mr. Pope dictated to you the first part, and with great difficulty

culty some days after added the rest. I see his weakness by his hand-writing. How much does his philosophy exceed mine? I could not bear to see him: I will write to him soon.

LETTER LIII.

Dublin, June 29, 1731.

EVER since I received your letter I have been upon a balance about going to England, and landing at Bristol, to pass a month at AIMBURY, as the Duchess hath given me leave. But many difficulties have interfered; first, I thought I had done with my law-suit, and so did all my lawyers, but my adversary, after being in appearance a Protestant these twenty years, hath declared he was always a Papist, and consequently by the law here, cannot buy nor (I think) sell; so that I am at sea again, for almost all I am worth. But I have still a worse evil; for the giddiness I was subject to, instead of coming seldom and violent, now constantly attends me more or less, tho' in a more peaceable manner, yet such as will not qualify me to live among the young and healthy: And the Duchess in all her youth, spirit, and grandeur, will make a very ill nurse, and her women not much better. Valetudinarians must live where they can command, and scold; I must have horses to ride, I must go to bed and rise when I please, and live where all mortals are subservient to me. I must talk nonsense when I please, and all who are present must commend it. I must ride thrice a week, and walk three or four miles besides, every day.

I always told you Mr. — was good for nothing but to be a rank Courtier. I care not whether he ever writes to me or no. He and you may tell this to the Duchess, and I hate to see you so charitable, and such a Cully; and yet I love you for it, because I am one myself.

You are the silliest lover in Christendom: If you like Mrs. — why do you not command her to take you? if she does not, she is not worth pursuing; you do her too much honour; she hath neither sense nor taste, if she dares to refuse you, though she had ten thousand pounds. I do not remember to have told you of thanks that you have not given, nor do I understand your meaning, and I am sure I had never the least thoughts of any myself. If I am your friend, it is for my own reputation, and from a principle

principle of self-love, and I do sometimes reproach you for not honouring me by letting the world know we are friends.

I see very well how matters go with the Duchess in regard to me. I heard her say, Mr. Gay, fill your letter to the Dean, that there may be no room for me, the frolick is gone far enough, I have writ thrice, I will do no more; if the man has a mind to come, let him come; what a clutter is here? positively I will not write a syllable more. She is an ungrateful Duchess considering how many adorers I have procured her here, over and above the thousands she had before. — I cannot allow you rich enough till you are worth 7000 *l.* which will bring you 300 *per annum*, and this will maintain you, with the perquisite of spunging while you are young, and when you are old will afford you a pint of port at night, two servants, and an old maid, a little garden, and pen and ink — provided you live in the country — Have you no scheme either in verse or prose? The Duchess should keep you at hard meat, and by that means force you to write; and so I have done with you.

Madam,

Since I began to grow old, I have found all ladies become inconstant, without any reproach from their conscience. If I wait on you, I declare that one of your women (which ever it is that has designs upon a Chaplain) must be my nurse, if I happen to be sick or peevish at your house, and in that case you must suspend your domineering Claim till I recover. Your omitting the usual appendix to Mr. Gay's letters hath done me infinite mischief here; for while you continued them, you would wonder how civil the Ladies here were to me, and how much they have altered since. I dare not confess that I have descended so low as to write to your Grace, after the abominable neglect you have been guilty of; for if they but suspected it, I should lose them all. One of them, who had an inkling of the matter (your Grace will hardly believe it) refused to beg my pardon upon her knees, for once neglecting to make my rice-milk. — Pray, consider this, and do your duty, or dread the consequence. I promise you shall have your will six minutes every hour at Ajmsbury, and seven in London, while I am in health: but if I happen to be sick, I must govern to a second. Yet properly speaking, there is no man alive with so much

truth

truth and respect your Grace's most obedient and devoted servant.

LETTER LIV.

Aug. 28, 1731.

YOU and the Duchess use me very ill, for, I profess, I cannot distinguish the style or the hand-writing of either. I think her Grace writes more like you than herself, and that you write more like her Grace than yourself. I would swear the beginning of your letter writ by the Duchess, though it is to pass for yours; because there is a cursed lie in it, that she is neither young nor healthy, and besides it perfectly resembles the part she owns. I will likewise swear, that what I must suppose is written by the Duchess, is your hand; and thus I am puzzled and perplexed between you, but I will go on in the innocence of my own heart. I am got eight miles from our famous metropolis, to a country Parson's, to whom I lately gave a City-living, such as an English Chaplain would leap at. I retired hither for the public good, having two great works in hand: One to reduce the whole politeness, wit, humour, and style of England, into a short system, for the use of all persons of quality, and particularly the maids of honour*. The other is of almost equal importance; I may call it the whole duty of servants, in about twenty several stations, from the steward and waiting-woman down to the scullion and pantry-boy†.—I believe no mortal had ever such fair invitations, as to be happy in the best company of England. I wish I had liberty to print your letter with my own comments upon it. There was a fellow in Ireland, who from a shoe-boy grew to be several times one of the chief governors, wholly illiterate, and with hardly common sense: A Lord Lieutenant told the first King George, that he was the greatest subject he had in both kingdoms; and truly this character was gotten and preserved by his never appearing in England, which was the only wise thing he ever did, except purchasing sixteen thousand pounds a year—Why, you need not stare: it is easily apply'd: I must be absent, in order to preserve my credit with her Grace.—Lo here comes in the Duchess

* *Wagstaff's Dialogues of polite Conversation*, published in his life-time.

† An imperfect thing of this kind, called *Directions to servants in general*, has been published since his death.

again (I know her by her dd's; but am a fool for discovering my Art) to defend herself against my conjecture of what she said—Madam, I will imitate your Grace and write to you upon the same line. I own it is a base un-romantic spirit in me, to suspend the honour of waiting at your Grace's feet, till I can finish a poultry law-suit. It concerns indeed almost my whole fortune; it is equal to half Mr. Pope's, and two thirds of Mr. Gay's, and about six weeks rent of your Grace's. This cursed accident hath drill'd away the whole summer. But, Madam, understand one thing, that I take all your ironical civilities in a literal sense, and whenever I have the honour to attend you, shall expect them to be literally perform'd: though perhaps I shall find it hard to prove your hand-writing in a Court of justice; but that will not be much for your credit. How miserably hath your Grace been mistaken in thinking to avoid Envy by running into exile, where it haunts you more than ever it did even at Court? *Non te civitas, non regia domus in exilium miserunt, sed tu utrusque.* So says Cicero (as your Grace knows) or so he might have said.

I am told that the Craftsman in one of his papers is offended with the publishers of (I suppose) the last edition of the Dunciad; and I was asked whether you and Mr. Pope were as good friends to the new disgraced person as formerly? This I knew nothing of, but supposed it was the consequence of some mistake. As to writing, I look on you just in the prime of life for it, the very season when judgment and invention draw together. But schemes are perfectly accidental; some will appear barren of hints and matter, but prove to be fruitful; and others the contrary: And what you say, is past doubt, that every one can best find hints for himself: though it is possible that sometimes a friend may give you a lucky one just suited to your own imagination. But all this is almost past with me; my invention and judgment are perpetually at fifty-cuffs, till they have quite disabled each other: and the meere trifles I ever wrote are serious philosophical lucubrations, in comparison to what I now busy myself about; as (to speak in the author's phrase) the world may one day see*.

* His ludicrous prediction was, since his death, and very much to his dishonour, seriously fulfilled, in collecting together, and publishing every folly that fell from his pen, in this disabled state of his wit, as he himself represents it to be; and which, the productions of it amply verify. This treatment of so great a Genius for a little poultry lucre, well deserves the indignation of the Public.

LETTER LV.

Sept. 10, 1731.

IF your ramble was on horseback, I am glad of it on account of your health; but I know your arts of patching up a journey between stage-coaches and friends coaches: for you are as arrant a cockney as any hosier in Cheapside. One clean shirt with two cravats, and as many handkerchiefs, make up your equipage; and as for a night-gown, it is clear from Homer, that Agamemnon rose without one. I have often had it in my head to put it into yours, that you ought to have some great work in scheme, which may take up seven years to finish, besides two or three under ones, that may add another thousand pound to your stock: and then I shall be in less pain about you. I know you can find dinners, but you love twelve-penny coaches too well, without considering that the interest of a whole thousand pounds brings you but half a crown a day. I find a greater longing than ever to come amongst you; and reason good, when I am teased with Dukes and Duchesses for a visit, all my demands comply'd with, and all excuses cut off. You remember, "O happy Don Quixote! Queens held his horse, and Duchesses pulled off his armour," or something to that purpose. He was a mean spirited fellow; I can say ten times more; O happy, etc. such a Duchess was designed to attend him, and such a Duke invited him to command his palace. *Nam istos reges ceteros memorare nolo, hominum mendicabula*: go read your Plautus, and observe Strobilus vamping after he had found the pot of gold.—I will have nothing to do with that Lady: I have long hated her on your account, and the more, because you are so forgiving as not to hate her; however, she has good qualities enough to make her esteem'd; but not one grain of feeling. I only wish she were a fool.—I have been several months writing near five hundred lines on a pleasant subject, only to tell what my friends and enemies will say on me after I am dead*. I shall finish it soon, for I add two lines every week, and blot out four, and alter eight. I have brought in you and my other friends, as well as enemies and detractors.—It is a great comfort to see how corruption and ill-conduct are instrumental in uniting Virtuous persons and Lovers of their country of all deno-

* This has been published, and is among the best of his poems.

minations : Whig and Tory, High and Low-church, as soon as they are left to think freely, all joining in opinion. If this be disaffection, pray God send me always among the disaffected ? and I heartily wish you joy of your scurvy treatment at Court, which hath given you leisure to cultivate both publick and private Virtue, neither of them likely to be soon met with within the walls of St. James's or Westminster.—But I must here dismiss you, that I may pay my acknowledgments to the Duke for the great honour he hath done me.

My Lord,

I could have sworn that my Pride would be always able to preserve me from Vanity ; of which I have been in great danger to be guilty for some months past, first by the conduct of my Lady Duchefs, and now by that of your Grace, which had like to finish the work : and I should certainly have gone about shewing my letters under the charge of secrecy to every blab of my acquaintance ; if I could have the least hope of prevailing on any of them to believe that a man in so obscure a corner, quite thrown out of the present world, and within a few steps of the next, should receive such condescending invitations, from two such persons, to whom he is an utter stranger, and who know no more of him than what they have heard by the partial representations of a friend. But in the mean time, I must desire your Grace not to flatter yourself, that I waited for Your Consent to accept the invitation. I must be ignorant indeed not to know, that the Duchefs, ever since you met, hath been most politically employed in increasing those forces, and sharpening those arms with which she subdued you at first, and to which, the braver and the wiser you grow, you will more and more submit. Thus I know myself on the secure side, and it was a mere piece of good manners to insert that clause, of which you have taken the advantage. But as I cannot forbear informing your Grace, that the Duchefs's great secret in her art of government hath been to reduce both your wills into one ; so I am content, in due observance to the forms of the world, to return my most humble thanks to your Grace for so great a favour as you are pleased to offer me, and which nothing but impossibilities shall prevent me from receiving, since I am, with the greatest reason, truth, and respect, my Lord, your Grace's most obedient, etc.

Madam,

Madam,

I have consulted all the learned in occult sciences of my acquaintance, and have sat up eleven nights to discover the meaning of those two hieroglyphical lines in your Grace's hand at the bottom of the last Aimsbury letter, but all in vain. Only 'tis agreed, that the language is Coptic, and a very profound Behmist assures me, the style is poetic, containing an invitation from a very great person of the female sex to a strange kind of man whom she never saw; and this is all I can find, which after so many former invitations, will ever confirm me in that respect, wherewith I am, Madam, your Grace's most obedient, etc.

L E T T E R LVI.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

Decemb. 1, 1731.

YOU us'd to complain that Mr. Pope and I would not let you speak: you may now be even with me, and take it out in writing. If you don't send to me now and then, the post-office will think me of no consequence, for I have no correspondent but you. You may keep as far from us as you please, you cannot be forgotten by those who ever knew you, and therefore please me by sometimes shewing that I am not forgot by you. I have nothing to take me off from my friendship to you: I seek no new acquaintance, and court no favour: I spend no shillings in coaches or chairs to levees or great visits, and, as I don't want the assistance of some that I formerly conversed with, I will not so much as seem to seek to be a dependant. As to my studies, I have not been entirely idle, though I cannot say that I have yet perfected any thing. What I have done is something in the way of those fables I have already published. All the money I get is by saving, so that by habit there may be some hopes (if I grow richer) of my becoming a miser. All misers have their excuses; the motive to my parsimony is independance. If I were to be represented by the Duchess (she is such a downright niggard for me) this character might not be allow'd me; but I really think I am covetous enough for any who lives at the court end of the town, and who is as poor as myself: for I don't pretend that I am equally saving with

S—k. Mr. Lewis desired you might be told that he hath five pounds of yours in his hands, which he fancies you may have forgot, for he will hardly allow that a Verse-man can have a just knowledge of his own affairs. When you got rid of your law-suit, I was in hopes that you had got your own. and was free from every vexation of the law; but Mr. Pope tells me you are not entirely out of your perplexity, tho' you have the security now in your own possession; but still your case is not so bad as Captain Gulliver's, who was ruined by having a decree for him with costs. I have had an injunction for me against pirating book-sellers, which I am sure to get nothing by, and will, I fear, in the end, drain me of some money. When I began this prosecution, I fancy'd there would be some end of it; but the law still goes on, and 'tis probable I shall some time or other see an Attorney's bill as long as the Book. Poor Duke Disney is dead, and hath left what he had among his friends, among whom are Lord Bolingbroke 500/. Mr. Pelham 500/. Sir William Wyndham's youngest son 500/. Gen. Hill 500/. Lord Massam's son 500/.

You have the good wishes of those I converse with; they know they gratify me, when they remember you; but I really think they do it purely for your own sake. I am satisfied with the love and friendship of good men, and envy not the demerits of those who are most conspicuously distinguish'd. Therefore as I set a just value upon your friendship, you cannot please me more than letting me now and then know that you remember me (the only satisfaction of distant friends!)

P. S. Mr. Gay's is a good letter, mine will be a very dull one; and yet what you will think the worst of it, is what should be its excuse, that I write in an head-ach which has lasted three days. I am never ill but I think of your ailments, and repine that they mutually hinder our being together: tho' in one point I am apt to differ from you, for you shun your friends when you are in those circumstances, and I desire them; your way is the more generous, mine the more tender. Lady — took your letter very kindly, for I had prepared her to expect no answer under a twelve-month; but kindness perhaps is a word not applicable to courtiers. However she is an extraordinary woman there, who will do you common justice. For God's sake, why all this scruple about Lord B—'s keeping your horses, who has a park; or about
my

my keeping you on a pint of wine a day? We are infinitely richer than you imagine: John Gay shall help me to entertain you, tho' you come like King Lear with fifty knights — Tho' such prospects as I wish, cannot now be formed for fixing you with us, time may provide better before you part again: the old Lord may die, the benefice may drop, or, at worst, you may carry me into Ireland. You will see a work of Lord B——'s and one of mine: which, with a just neglect of the present age, consult only posterity; and, with a noble scorn of politics, aspire to philosophy. I am glad you resolve to meddle no more with the low concerns and interests of Parties, even of Countries (for Countries are but larger Parties) *Quid verum atque decens curare, et regere, nostrum sit.* I am much pleased with your design upon Rochefoucault's maxim, pray finish it*. I am happy whenever you join our names together: so would Dr. Arbuthnot be, but at this time he can be pleased with nothing; for his darling son is dying in all probability, by the melancholy account I received this morning.

The paper you ask me about is of little value. It might have been a seasonable satire upon the scandalous language and passion with which men of condition have stoop'd to treat one another: surely they sacrifice too much to the people, when they sacrifice their own characters, families, etc. to the diversion of that rabble of readers. I agree with you in my contempt of most popularity, fame, etc. even as a writer I am cool in it, and whenever you see what I am now writing, you'll be convinced I would please but a few, and (if I could) make mankind less admirers, and greater Reasoners†. I study much more to render my own portion of Being easy, and to keep this peevish frame of the human body in good humour. Infirmities have not quite unmann'd me, and it will delight you to hear they are not increas'd, tho' not diminish'd. I thank God, I do not very much want people to attend me, tho' my Mother now cannot. When I am sick, I lie down: when I am better, I rise up: I am used to the head-ach, etc. If greater pains arrive (such as my late rheumatism) the servants bathe and plaster me, or the surgeon scarifies me, and I bear it, because I must. This is the evil of Nature, not of Fortune. I am just now as well as when you was here: I pray God you were no worse. I sincerely wish

* The Poem on his own death, formed upon a maxim of Rochefoucault. It is one of the best of his Performances: But very characteristic.

† The Poem he means is the *Essay on Man*.

my life were past near you, and, such as it is, I would not repine at it.—All you mention remember you, and wish you here.

LETTER LVII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. GAY.

Dublin, May 4, 1732.

I Am now as lame as when you writ your letter, and almost as lame as your letter itself, for want of that limb from my Lady Duchefs, which you promis'd, and without which I wonder how it could limphither. I am not in a condition to make a true step even on Aimsbury Downs, and I declare that a corporeal false step is worse than a political one; nay worse than a thousand political ones, for which I appeal to Courts and Ministers, who hobble on and prosper, without the sense of feeling. To talk of riding and walking is insulting me, for I can as soon fly as do either. It is your pride or laziness, more than chair-hire, that makes the town expensive. No honour is lost by walking in the dark; and in the day, you may beckon a black-guard boy under a gate, near your visiting-place, (*experto crede*) save elevenpence, and get half a crown's worth of health. The worst of my present misfortune is, that I eat and drink, and can digest neither for want of exercise; and, to increase my misery, the knaves are sure to find me at home, and make huge void spaces in my cellars. I congratulate with you for losing your Great acquaintance; in such a case, philosophy teaches that we must submit, and be content with Good ones. I like Lord Cornbury's refusing his pension, but I demur at his being elected for Oxford; which, I conceive, is wholly changed, and entirely devoted to new principles: so it appeared to me the two last times I was there.

I find by the whole cast of your letter, that you are as giddy and as volatile as ever, just the reverse of Mr. Pope, who hath always loved a domestic life from his youth. I was going to wish you had some little place that you could call your own, but, I profess, I do not know you well enough to contrive any one system of life that would please you. You pretend to preach up riding and walking to the Duchefs, yet, from my knowledge of you after twenty years, you always joined a violent desire of perpetually shifting

Shifting places and company, with a rooted laziness, and an utter impatience of fatigue. A coach and six horses is the utmost exercise you can bear, and this only when you can fill it with such company as is best suited to your taste, and how glad would you be if it could waft you in the air to avoid jolting? while I, who am so much later in life, can, or at least could, ride 500 miles on a trotting horse. You mortally hate writing, only because it is the thing you chiefly ought to do; as well to keep up the vogue you have in the world, as to make you easy in your fortune: you are merciful to every thing but money, your best friend, whom you treat with inhumanity. Be assured, I will hire people to watch all your motions, and to return me a faithful account. Tell me, have you cured your Absence of mind? can you attend to trifles? can you at Aimsbury write domestic libels to divert the family and neighbouring squires for five miles round? or venture so far on horseback, without apprehending a stumble at every step? can you set the footmen a-laughing as they wait at dinner? and do the Duchess's women admire your wit? in what esteem are you with the Vicar of the parish? can you play with him at back-gammon? have the farmers found out that you cannot distinguish rye from barley, or an oak from a crab-tree? You are sensible that I know the full extent of your country-skill is in fishing for Roaches, or Gudgeons at the highest.

I love to do you good offices with your friends, and therefore desire you will show this letter to the Duchess, to improve her Grace's good opinion of your qualifications, and convince her how useful you are like to be in the family. Her Grace shall have the honour of my correspondence again when she goes to Aimsbury. Hear a piece of Irish news, I buried the famous General Meredith's father last night in my Cathedral; he was ninety-six years old: so that Mrs. Pope may live seven years longer. You saw Mr. Pope in health, pray is he generally more healthy than when I was amongst you? I would know how your own health is, and how much wine you drink in a day? My stint in company is a pint at noon, and half as much at night, but I often dine at home like a hermit, and then I drink little or none at all. Yet I differ from you, for I would have society, if I could get what I like, people of middle understanding, and middle rank. Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER LVIII.

Dublin, July 10, 1732.

I Had your letter by Mr. Ryves a long time after the date, for I suppose he stayed long in the way. I am glad you determine upon something; there is no writing I esteem more than Fables, nor any thing so difficult to succeed in, which however you have done excellently well, and I have often admir'd your happiness in such kind of performances, which I have frequently endeavour'd at in vain. I remember I acted as you seem to hint; I found a Moral first and studied for a Fable, but could do nothing that pleased me, and so left off that scheme for ever. I remember one, which was to represent what scoundrels rise in Armies by a long War, wherein I suppos'd the Lion was engag'd, and having lost all his animals of worth, at last Sergeant Hog came to be Brigadier, and Corporal Afs a Colonel, etc. I agree with you likewise about getting something by the stage, which, when it succeeds, is the best crop for poetry in England: But, pray, take some new scheme, quite different from any thing you have already touched. The present humour of the players, who hardly (as I was told in London) regard any new play, and your present situation at the Court, are the difficulties to be overcome; but those circumstances may have altered (at least the former) since I left you. My scheme was to pass a month at Aimsbury, and then to go to Twickenham, and live a winter between that and Dawley, and sometimes at Riskins, without going to London, where I now can have no occasional lodgings: But I am not yet in any condition for such removals. I would fain have you get enough against you grow old, to have two or three servants about you, and a convenient house. It is hard to want those *subsidia senectuti*, when a man grows hard to please, and few people care whether he be pleased or no. I have a large house, yet I should hardly prevail to find one visiter, if I were not able to hire him with a bottle of wine: so that, when I am not abroad on horseback, I generally dine alone, and am thankful, if a friend will pass the evening with me. I am now with the remainder of my pint before me, and so here's your health—and the second and chief is to my Tunbridge acquaintance, my Lady Dukes—and I tell you that I fear my Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Pope (a couple of Philosophers) would starve me,

me, for even of port wine I should require half a pint a day, and as much at night, and you are growing as bad, unless your Duke and Duchess have mended you. Your cholic is owing to intemperance of the philosophical kind; you eat without care, and if you drink less than I, you drink too little. But your inattention I cannot pardon, because I imagined the cause was removed, for I thought it lay in your forty millions of schemes by Court-hopes and Court-fears. Yet Mr. Pope has the same defect, and it is of all others the most mortal to conversation; neither is my Lord Bolingbroke untinged with it: all for want of my rule, *Vive la bagatelle!* but the Doctor is the king of inattention. What a vexatious life should I lead among you? If the Duchess be a *revenue*, I will never come to Aimsbury; or, if I do, I will run away from you both, to one of her women, and the steward and chaplain.

Madam,

I mention'd something to Mr. Gay of a Tunbridge acquaintance, whom we forget of course when we return to town, and yet I am assured that if they meet again next summer, they have a better title to resume their commerce. Thus I look on my right of corresponding with your Grace to be better established upon your return to Aimsbury; and I shall at this time descend to forget, or at least suspend my resentments of your neglect all the time you were in London. I still keep in my heart, that Mr. Gay had no sooner turned his back than you left the place in his letter void which he had commanded you to fill: though your guilt confounded you so far, that you wanted presence of mind to blot out the last line, where that command stared you in the face. But it is my misfortune to quarrel with all my acquaintance, and always come by the worst; and Fortune is ever against me, but never so much as by pursuing me out of mere partiality to your Grace, for which you are to answer. By your connivance, she hath pleased, by a stumble on the stairs, to give me a lameness that six months have not been able perfectly to cure; and thus I am prevented from revenging myself by continuing a month at Aimsbury, and breeding confusion in your Grace's family. No disappointment through my whole life hath been so vexatious by many degrees; and God knows whether I shall ever live to see the invisible Lady to whom I was obliged for so many favours, and whom I never beheld since she was a bratt in

hanging sleeves. I am, and shall be ever, with the greatest respect and gratitude, Madam, your Grace's most obedient, and most humble, etc.

LETTER LIX.

Dublin, Aug. 12, 1732.

I Know not what to say to the account of your stewardship, and it is monstrous to me that the South-sea should pay half their debts at one clap. But I will fend for the money when you put me into the way, for I shall want it here, my affairs being in a bad condition by the miseries of the kingdom, and my own private fortune being wholly embroiled, and worse than ever; so that I shall soon petition the Duchess, as an object of charity, to lend me three or four thousand pounds to keep up my dignity. My one hundred pounds will buy me six hogheads of wine, which will support me a year; *provisæ frugis in annum Copia*. Horace desired no more; for I will construe *frugis* to be wine. You are young enough to get some lucky hint, which must come by chance, and it shall be a thing of importance, *quod et hunc in annum vivat et in plures*, and you shall not finish it in haste, and it shall be diverting, and usefully satirical, and the Duchess shall be your critic; and betwixt you and me, I do not find she will grow weary of you till this time seven years. I had lately an offer to change for an English living, which is just too short by 300*l.* a year; and that must be made up out of the Duchess's pin-money before I can consent. I want to be Minister of Aimsbury, Dawley, Twickenham, Riskins, and Prebendary of Westminster, else I will not stir a step, but content myself with making the Duchess miserable three months next summer. But I keep ill company: I mean the Duchess and you, who are both out of favour; and so I find am I, by a few verses wherein Pope and you have your parts. You hear Dr. D—y has got a wife with 1600*l.* a year; I, who am his governor, cannot take one under two thousand; I wish you would enquire of such a one in your neighbourhood. See what it is to write godly books! I profess I envy you above all men in England; you want nothing but three thousand pounds more, to keep you in plenty when your friends grow weary of you. To prevent which last evil at Aimsbury, you must learn to domineer and be peevish, to find fault with their victuals and drink, to chide and direct the servants, with some other lessons, which

which I shall teach you, and always practised myself with success. I believe I formerly desired to know whether the Vicar of Aimsbury can play at back-gammon; pray ask him the question, and give him my service.

To the Ducheſs.

Madam,

I was the most unwary creature in the world, when, against my old maxims, I writ first to you upon your return to Tunbridge. I beg that this condescension of mine may go no farther, and that you will not pretend to make a precedent of it. I never knew any man cured of any inattention, although the pretended causes were removed. When I was with Mr. Gay last in London, talking with him on some poetical subjects, he would answer; "Well I am determined not to accept the employment of Gentleman-usher;" and of the same disposition were all my poetical friends, and if you cannot cure him, I utterly despair.—As to yourself, I will say to you (though comparisons be odious) what I said to the —, that your quality should be never any motive of esteem to me: My compliment was then lost, but it will not be so to you. For I know you more by any one of your letters than I could by six months conversing. Your pen is always more natural and sincere and unaffected than your tongue; in writing you are too lazy to give yourself the trouble of acting a part, and have indeed acted so indiscreetly that I have you at mercy: and although you should arrive to such a height of immorality as to deny your hand, yet, whenever I produce it, the world will unite in swearing this must come from you only.

I will answer your question. Mr. Gay is not discreet enough to live alone, but he is too discreet to live alone; and yet (unless you mend him) he will live alone even in your Grace's company. Your quarrelling with each other upon the subject of bread and butter, is the most usual thing in the world; Parliaments, Courts, Cities, and Kingdoms quarrel for no other cause; from hence, and from hence only, arise all the quarrels between Whig and Tory; between those who are in the Ministry, and those who are out; between all pretenders to employment in the Church, the Law, and the Army: even the common proverb teaches you this, when we say, It is none of my bread and butter, meaning it is no business of mine. Therefore I despair of any reconciliation between you till

the affair of bread and butter be adjusted, wherein I would gladly be a mediator. If Mahomet should come to the mountain, how happy would an excellent lady be, who lives a few miles from this town? As I was telling of Mr. Gay's way of living at Aimsbury, she offered fifty guineas to have you both at her house for one hour over a bottle of Burgundy, which we were then drinking. To your question I answer, that your Grace should pull me by the sleeve till you tore it off, and when you said you were weary of me, I would pretend to be deaf, and think (according to another proverb) that you tore my cloaths to keep me from going. I never will believe one word you say of my Lord Duke, unless I see three or four lines in his own hand at the bottom of yours. I have a concern in the whole family, and Mr. Gay must give me a particular account of every branch, for I am not ashamed of you tho' you be Duke and Duchefs, tho' I have been of others who are, etc. and I do not doubt but even your own servants love you, even down to your postilions; and when I come to Aimsbury, before I see your Grace I will have an hour's conversation with the Vicar, who will tell me how familiarly you talk to Goody Dobson and all the neighbours, as if you were their equal, and that you were godmother to her son Jacky.

I am, and shall be ever, with the greatest respect, your Grace's most obedient, etc.

LETTER LX.

Dublin, Oct. 3, 1731.

I Usually write to friends after a pause of a few weeeeks, that I may not interrupt them in better company, better thoughts, and better diversions. I believe I have told you of a great Man, who said to me, that he never once in his life receiv'd a good letter from Ireland: for which there are reasons enough without affronting our understandings. For there is not one person out of this country, who regards any events that pass here, unless he hath an estate or employment.—I cannot tell that you or I ever gave the least provocation to the present Ministry, and much less to the Court; and yet I am ten times more out of favour than you. For my own part, I do not see the politic of opening common letters, directed to persons generally known; for a man's understanding would be very weak to convey secrets by the post, if he knew any, which,

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I declare, I do not; and besides I think the world is already so well informed by plain events, that I question whether the Ministers have any secrets at all. Neither would I be under any apprehension if a letter should be sent me full of treason; because I cannot hinder people from writing what they please, nor sending it to me; and altho' it should be discover'd to have been open'd before it came to my hand, I would only burn it, and think no further. I approve of the scheme you have to grow somewhat richer, though, I agree, you will meet with discouragements; and it is reasonable you should, considering what kind of pens are at this time only employed and encouraged. For you must allow that the bad painter was in the right, who, having painted a cock, drove away all the cocks and hens, and even the chickens, for fear those who passed by his shop might make a comparison with his work. And I will say one thing in spite of the Post-officers, that since Wit and Learning began to be made use of in our kingdoms, they were never professedly thrown aside, contemned, and punished, till within your own memory; nor Dulness and Ignorance ever so openly encouraged and promoted. In answer to what you say of my living among you, if I could do it to my ease: perhaps you have heard of a scheme for an exchange in Berkshire proposed by two of our friends; but besides the difficulty of adjusting certain circumstances, it would not answer. I am at a time of life that seeks ease and independence; you'll hear my reasons when you see those friends; and I concluded them with saying, That I would rather be a freeman among slaves, than a slave among freemen. The dignity of my present station damps the pertness of inferior puppies and squires, which, without plenty and ease on your side the channel, would break my heart in a month.

Madam,

See what it is to live where I do. I am utterly ignorant of that same Strado del Poe; and yet, if that Author be against lending or giving money, I cannot but think him a good Courtier; which, I am sure, your Grace is not, no not so much as to be a Maid of honour. For I am certainly informed, that you are neither a free-thinker, nor can sell bargains; that you can neither spell, nor talk, nor write, nor think like a Courtier; that you pretend to be respected for qualities which have been out of fashion

fashion ever since you were almost in your cradle ; that your contempt for a fine petticoat is an infallible mark of disaffection ; which is further confirmed by your ill-taste for Wit, in preferring two old-fashion'd poets, before Duck or Cibber. Besides, you spell in such a manner as no court-lady can read, and write in such an old-fashion'd style as none of them can understand.— You need not be in pain about Mr. Gay's stock of health. I promise you he will spend it all upon laziness, and run deep in debt by a winter's repose in town ; therefore I entreat you Grace will order him to move his chops less, and his legs more the six cold months, else he will spend all his money in physic and coach-hire. I am in much perplexity about your Grace's declaration, of the manner in which you dispose what you call your love and respect, which, you say, are not paid to Merit but to your own Humour. Now, Madam, my misfortune is, that I have nothing to plead but abundance of Merit, and there goes an ugly observation, that the Humour of ladies is apt to change. Now, Madam, if I should go to Aimsbury with a great load of Merit, and your Grace happen to be out of humour, and will not purchase my merchandize at the price of your respect, the goods may be damaged, and nobody else will take them off my hands. Besides, you have declared Mr. Gay to hold the first part, and I but the second ; which is hard treatment, since I shall be the newest acquaintance by some years ; and I will appeal to all the rest of your sex, whether such an innovation ought to be allowed ? I should be ready to say in the common forms, that I was much oblig'd to the Lady who wish'd she could give the best living etc, if I did not vehemently suspect it was the very same Lady who spoke many things to me in the same style, and also with regard to the gentleman at your elbow when you writ, whose dupe he was as well as of her Waiting-woman ; but they were both arrant knaves, as I told him and a third friend, though they will not believe it to this day. I desire to present my most humble respects to my Lord Duke, and with my heartiest prayer for the prosperity of the whole family, remain your Grace's, etc.

LETTER

LETTER LXI.

To Mr. POPE.

Dublin, June 12, 1731.

I Doubt, habit hath little power to reconcile us with sickness attended by pain. With me, the lowness of spirits hath a most unhappy effect; I am grown less patient with solitude, and harder to be pleas'd with company; which I could formerly better digest, when I could be easier without it than at present. As to sending you any thing that I have written since I left you (either verse or prose) I can only say, that I have order'd by my Will, that all my Papers of any kind shall be deliver'd you to dispose of as you please. I have several things that I have had schemes to finish, or to attempt, but I very foolishly put off the trouble, as sinners do their repentance: for I grow every day more averse from writing, which is very natural, and, when I take a pen, say to myself a thousand times, *non est tanti*. As to those papers of four or five years past, that you are pleas'd to require soon; they consist of little accidental things writ in the country; family amusements, never intended further than to divert ourselves and some neighbours: or some effects of anger on Public Grievances here, which would be insignificant out of this kingdom. Two or three of us had a fancy, three years ago, to write a weekly paper, and call it an *Intelligencer*. But it continued not long; for the whole Volume (it was reprinted in London, and, I find, you have seen it) was the work only of two, myself and Dr. Sheridan. If we could have got some ingenious young man to have been the manager, who should have published all that might be sent to him, it might have continued longer, for there were hints enough. But the Printer here could not afford such a young man one farthing for his trouble, the sale being so small, and the price one halfpenny; and so it dropt. In the Volume you saw (to answer your questions) the 1, 3, 5, 7, were mine. Of the 8th I writ only the Verses, (very uncorrect, but against a fellow we all hated) the 9th mine, the 10th only the Verses, and of those not the four last slovenly lines; the 15th is a Pamphlet of mine printed before with Dr. Sh—'s Preface, merely for laziness not to disappoint the town; and so was the 19th, which contains only a parcel of facts relating purely to the miseries of Ireland, and wholly useless and

and unentertaining. As to other things of mine since I left you; there are in prose a View of the State of Ireland; a Project for eating Children; and a Defence of Lord Carteret: in verse, a Libel on Dr. D— and Lord Carteret; a Letter to Dr. D— on the Libels writ against him; the Barrack (a stolen Copy;) the Lady's Journal; the Lady's Dressing-room (a stolen Copy;) the Plea of the Damn'd (a stolen Copy;) all these have been printed in London. (I forgot to tell you that the Tale of Sir Ralph was sent from England.) Besides these there are five or six (perhaps more) Papers of Verses writ in the North, but perfect Family things, two or three of which may be tolerable; the rest but indifferent, and the humour only local, and some that would give offence to the times. Such as they are I will bring them, tolerable or bad, if I recover this lameness, and live long enough to see you either here or there. I forget again to tell you, that the Scheme of paying Debts by a Tax on Vices, is not one syllable mine, but of a young Clergyman whom I countenance; he told me it was built upon a passage in Gulliver, where a Projector hath something upon the same thought. This young man is the most hopeful we have; a book of his Poems was printed in London; Dr. D— is one of his patrons: he is married and has children, and makes up about 100*l.* a year, on which he lives decently. The utmost stretch of his ambition is, to gather up as much superfluous money as will give him a sight of you, and half an hour of your presence; after which he will return home in full satisfaction, and in proper time die in peace.

My poetical fountain is drain'd, and I profess, I grow gradually so dry, that a Rhime with me is almost as hard to find as a Guinea; and even prose speculations tire me almost as much. Yet I have a thing in prose begun about twenty-eight years ago, and almost finished. It will make a four shilling Volume, and is such a perfection of folly, that you shall never hear of it till it is printed, and then you shall be left to guess*. Nay I have another of the same age, which will require a long time to perfect, and is worse than the former, in which I will serve you the same way. I heard lately from Mr. — who promises to be less lazy in order to mend his fortune. But women who live by their beauty, and men by their wit, are seldom provident enough to consider that both Wit

* Polite Conversation.

and Beauty will go off with years, and there is no living upon the credit of what is past.

I am in great concern to hear of my Lady Bolingbroke's ill health returned upon her, and, I doubt, my Lord will find Dawley too solitary without her. In that, neither he nor you are companions young enough for me, and, I believe, the best part of the reason why men are said to grow children when they are old, is because they cannot entertain themselves with thinking; which is the very case of little boys and girls, who love to be noisy among their play-fellows. I am told Mrs. Pope is without pain, and I have not heard of a more gentle decay, without uneasiness to herself or friends; yet I cannot but pity you, who are ten times the greater sufferer, by having the person you most love, so long before you, and dying daily; and I pray God it may not affect your mind or your health.

LETTER LXII.

* MR. POPE to DR. SWIFT.

Dec. 5, 1732.

IT is not a time to complain that you have not answered me two letters (in the last of which I was impatient under some fears :) It is not now indeed a time to think of myself, when one of the nearest and longest ties I have ever had, is broken all on a sudden, by the unexpected death of poor Mr. Gay. An inflammatory fever hurried him out of this life in three days. He died last night at nine o'clock, not depriv'd of his senses entirely at last, and possessing them perfectly till within five hours. He asked of you a few hours before, when in acute torment by the inflammation in his bowels and breast. His effects are in the Duke of Queensbury's custody. His sisters, we suppose, will be his heirs, who are two widows; as yet it is not known whether or no he left a will.—Good God! how often are we to die before we go quite off this stage? In every friend we lose a part of ourselves, and the best part. God keep those we have left! few are worth praying for, and one's self the least of all.

* "On my dear friend Mr. Gay's death: Received December 15th, but not read till the 20th, by an Impulse, foreboding some Misfortune." [This note is indors'd on the original letter in Dr. Swift's hand.]

I shall never see you now, I believe; one of your principal calls to England is at an end. Indeed he was the most amiable by far, his qualities were the gentlest; but I love you as well and as firmly. Would to God the man we have lost had not been so amiable, nor so good! but that's a wish for our own sakes, not for his. Sure if Innocence and Integrity can deserve Happiness, it must be his. Adieu, I can add nothing to what you will feel, and diminish nothing from it. Yet write to me, and soon. Believe no man now living loves you better, I believe no man ever did, than

A. POPE.

Dr. Arbuthnot, whose humanity you know, heartily commends himself to you. All possible diligence and affection has been shown, and continued attendance on this melancholy occasion. Once more adieu, and write to one who is truly disconsolate.

Dear Sir,

I am sorry that the renewal of our correspondence should be upon such a melancholy occasion. Poor Mr. Gay died of an inflammation, and, I believe, at last a mortification of the bowels; it was the most precipitate case I ever knew, having cut him off in three days. He was attended by two Physicians besides myself. I believed the distemper mortal from the beginning. I have not had the pleasure of a line from you these two years; I wrote one about your health, to which I had no answer. I wish you all health and happiness, being with great affection and respect, Sir, Your, etc.

LETTER LXIII.

Dublin, 1732-3.

I Received yours with a few lines from the Doctor, and the account of our losing Mr. Gay, upon which event I shall say nothing. I am only concern'd that long-living hath not harden'd me: for even in this kingdom, and in a few days past, two persons of great merit, whom I loved very well, have died in the prime of their years, but a little above thirty. I would endeavour to comfort myself upon the loss of friends, as I do upon the loss of money; by turning to my account-book, and seeing whether I have enough left for my support; but in the former case I find I have not, any more than in the other; and I know not
any

any man who is in a greater likelihood than myself to die poor and friendless. You are a much greater loser than me by his death, as being a more intimate friend, and often his companion; which latter I could never hope to be, except perhaps once more in my life for a piece of a summer. I hope he hath left you the care of any writings he may have left, and I wish, that, with those already extant, they could be all published in a fair edition under your inspection. Your Poem on the Use of Riches hath been just printed here, and we have no objection but the obscurity of several passages by our ignorance in facts and persons, which makes us lose abundance of the Satire. Had the printer given me notice, I would have honestly printed the names at length, where I happened to know them; and writ explanatory notes, which however would have been but few, for my long absence hath made me ignorant of what passes out of the scene where I am. I never had the least hint from you about this work, any more than of your former, upon Taste: We are told here, that you are preparing other pieces of the same bulk to be inscribed to other friends, one (for instance) to my Lord Bolingbroke, another to Lord Oxford, and so on.—Doctor Delany presents you his most humble service: he behaves himself very commendably, converses only with his former friends, makes no parade, but entertains them constantly at an elegant plentiful table, walks the streets as usual, by day-light, does many acts of charity and generosity, cultivates a country-house two miles distant, and is one of those very few within my knowledge, on whom a great access of fortune hath made no manner of change. And particular he is often without money, as he was before. We have got my Lord Orrery among us, being forced to continue here on the ill condition of his estate by the knavery of an Agent; he is a most worthy Gentleman, whom, I hope, you will be acquainted with. I am very much obliged by your favour to Mr. P—, which, I desire, may continue no longer than he shall deserve by his Modesty, a virtue I never knew him to want, but is hard for young men to keep without abundance of ballast. If you are acquainted with the Duchess of Queensbury, I desire you will present her my most humble service: I think she is a greater loser by the death of a friend than either of us. She seems a Lady of excellent sense and spirit. I had often postscripts from her in our friend's letters to me, and her part was sometimes longer than his, and they made up great part of the little happiness I could

have here. This was the more generous, because I never saw her since she was a girl of five years old, nor did I envy poor Mr. Gay for any thing so much as being a domestic friend to such a Lady. I desire you will never fail to send me a particular account of your health. I dare hardly enquire about Mrs. Pope, who, I am told, is but just among the living, and consequently a continual grief to you: she is sensible of your tenderness, which robs her of the only happiness she is capable of enjoying. And yet I pity you more than her; you cannot lengthen her days, and I beg she may not shorten yours.

LETTER LXIV.

Feb. 16, 1732-3.

IT is indeed impossible to speak on such a subject as the loss of Mr. Gay, to me an irreparable one. But I send you what I intend for the inscription on his tomb, which the Duke of Queensbury will set up at Westminster. As to his writings, he left no Will, nor spoke a word of them, or any thing else, during his short and precipitate illness, in which I attended him to his last breath. The Duke has acted more than the part of a brother to him, and it will be strange if the sisters do not leave his papers totally to his disposal, who will do the same that I would do with them. He has managed the Comedy (which our poor friend gave to the play-house the week before his death) to the utmost advantage for his relations; and proposes to do the same with some Fables he left finished.

There is nothing of late which I think of more than Mortality, and what you mention, of collecting the best monuments we can of our friends, their own images in their writings: (for those are the best, when their minds are such as Mr. Gay's was, and as yours is.) I am preparing also for my own, and having nothing so much at heart, as to shew the silly world that men of Wit, or even Poets, may be the most moral of mankind. A few loose things sometimes fall from them, by which censorious fools judge as ill of them as possibly they can, for their own comfort: and indeed, when such unguarded and trifling *Jeux d'Esprit* have once got abroad, all that prudence or repentance can do, since they cannot be denied, is to put them fairly upon that foot; and teach the public

(as

(as we have done in the preface to the four volumes of Miscellanies) to distinguish betwixt our studies and our idlenesses, our works and our weaknesses. That was the whole end of the last Vol. of Miscellanies, without which our former declaration in that preface, "That these volumes contained all that we have ever offended that way," would have been discredited. It went indeed to my heart, to omit what you called the Libel on Dr. D—, and the best Panegyric on myself, that either my own times or any other could have afforded, or will ever afford to me. The book, as you observe, was printed in great haste; the cause whereof was, that the booksellers here were doing the same, in collecting your pieces, the corn with the chaff; I don't mean that any thing of yours is chaff, but with other wit of Ireland which was so, and the whole in your name. I meant principally to oblige them to separate what you writ seriously from what you writ carelessly; and thought my own weeds might pass for a sort of wild flowers, when bundled up with them.

It was I that sent you those books into Ireland, and so I did my Epistle to Lord Bathurst even before it was publish'd, and another thing of mine, which is a* Parody from Horace, writ in two mornings. I never took more care in my life of any thing than of the former of these, nor less than of the latter: yet every friend has forced me to print it, tho' in truth my own single motive was about twenty lines towards the latter end, which you will find out.

I have declined opening to you by letters the whole scheme of my present Work, expecting still to do it in a better manner in person: but you will see pretty soon, that the letter to Lord Bathurst is a part of it, and you will find a plain connection between them, if you read them in the order just contrary to that they were publish'd in. I imitate those cunning tradesmen, who show their best silks last; or (to give you a truer idea, tho' it sounds too proudly) my works will in one respect be like the works of Nature, much more to be liked and understood when consider'd in the relation they bear with each other, than when ignorantly look'd upon one by one; and often, those parts which attract most at first sight, will appear to be not the most, but the least considerable.

I am pleas'd and flatter'd by your expression of *Orna me*. The chief pleasure this work can give me is, that I can in it,

* Sat. i. Lib. ii.

with propriety, decency, and justice, insert the name and character of every friend I have, and every man that deserves to be lov'd or adorn'd. But I smile at your applying that phrase to my visiting you in Ireland; a place where I might have some apprehension (from their extraordinary passion for Poetry, and their boundless Hospitality) of being *adorned* to death, and buried under the weight of garlands, like one I have read of somewhere or other. My Mother lives, (which is an answer to that point) and, I thank God, tho' her memory be in a manner gone, is yet awake and sensible to me, though scarce to any thing else; which doubles the reason of my attendance, and at the same time sweetens it. I wish (beyond any other wish) you could pass a summer here; I might (too probably) return with you, unless you prefer'd to see France first, to which country, I think, you would have a strong invitation. Lord Peterborow has narrowly escaped death, and yet keeps his chamber: he is perpetually speaking in the most affectionate manner of you: he has written you two letters, which you never received, and by that has been discouraged from writing more. I can well believe the post-office may do this, when some letters of his to me have met the same fate, and two of mine to him. Yet let not this discourage you from writing to me, or to him, inclos'd in the common way, as I do to you; Innocent men need fear no detection of their thoughts; and for my part, I would give 'em free leave to send all I write to Curl, if most of what I write was not too silly.

I desire my sincere services to Dr. Delany, who, I agree with you, is a man every way esteemable; my Lord Orrery is a most virtuous and good-natur'd Nobleman, whom I should be happy to know. Lord B. receiv'd your letter thro' my hands; it is not to be told you how much he wishes for you: the whole list of persons, to whom you sent your services, return you theirs, with proper sense of the distinction—Your Lady-friend is *Semper Eadem*, and I have written an Epistle to her on that qualification in a female character: which is thought by my chief Critic in your absence to be my *Chef d'Oeuvre*: but it cannot be printed perfectly, in an age so fore of Satire, and so willing to misapply characters.

As to my own health, it is as good as usual. I have lain ill seven days of a slight fever (the complaint here) but recover'd by gentle sweats, and the care of Dr. Arbuthnot. The play Mr. Gay left succeeds very well; it is another original in its kind. Adieu. God preserve
your

your life, your health, your limbs, your spirits, and your friendships!

LETTER LXV.

April 2, 1733.

YOU say truly, that death is only terrible to us as it separates us from those we love, but I really think those have the worst of it who are left by us, if we are true friends. I have felt more (I fancy) in the loss of Mr. Gay, than I shall suffer in the thought of going away myself into a state that can feel none of this sort of losses. I wish'd vehemently to have seen him in a condition of living independent, and to have lived in perfect indolence the rest of our days together, the two most idle, most innocent, undesigning Poets of our age. I now as vehemently wish you and I might walk into the grave together, by as slow steps as you please, but contentedly and chearfully: Whether that ever can be, or in what country, I know no more, than into what country we shall walk out of the grave. But it suffices me to know it will be exactly what region or state our Maker appoints, and that whatever *Is, is Right*. Our poor friend's papers are partly in my hands, and for as much as is so, I will take care to suppress things unworthy of him. As to the Epitaph, I'm sorry you gave a copy, for it will certainly by that means come into print, and I would correct it more, unless you will do it for me (and that I shall like as well:) Upon the whole, I earnestly wish your coming over hither, for this reason among many others, that your influence may be join'd with mine to suppress whatever we may judge proper of his papers. To be plunged in my Neighbour's and my papers, will be your inevitable fate as soon as you come. That I am an author whose characters are thought of some weight, appears from the great noise and bustle that the Court and Town make about any I give: and I will not render them less important, or less interesting, by sparing Vice and Folly, or by betraying the cause of Truth and Virtue. I will take care they shall be such, as no man can be angry at, but the persons I would have angry. You are sensible with what decency and justice I paid homage to the Royal Family, at the same time that I satirized false Courtiers and Spies, etc. about 'em. I have not the courage however to be such a Satirist as you, but I would be as much or

more

more a Philosopher. You call your satires, Libels; I would rather call my satires, Epistles: They will consist more of Morality than of Wit, and grow graver, which you will call duller. I shall leave it to my Antagonists to be witty (if they can) and content myself to be useful, and in the right. Tell me your opinion as to Lady——'s or Lord——'s performance? they are certainly the Top-wits of the Court, and you may judge by that single piece what can be done against me; for it was labour'd, corrected, pre-commended and post-disapprov'd, so far as to be disown'd by themselves, after each had highly cry'd it up for the other's *. I have met with my complaints, and heard at a distance of some threats, occasioned by my verses: I sent fair messages to acquaint them where I was to be found in town, and to offer to call at their houses to satisfy them, and so it dropp'd. It is very poor in any one to rail and threaten at a distance, and have nothing to say to you when they see you. I am glad you persist and abide by so good a thing as that Poem †, in which I am immortal for my Morality: I never took any praise so kindly, and yet, I think, I deserve that praise better than I do any other. When does your collection come out, and what will it consist of? I have but last week finished another of my Epistles, in the order of the system; and this week (*exercitanai gratia*) I have translated (or rather parody'd) another of Horace's, in which I introduce you advising me about my expences, house-keeping, etc. But these things shall lie by, till you come to carp at 'em, and alter rhymes, and grammar, and triplets, and cacophonies of all kinds. Our Parliament will sit till Midsummer, which, I hope, may be a motive to bring you rather in summer than so late as autumn: you us'd to love what I hate, a hurry of politics, etc. Courts I see not, Courtiers I know not, Kings I adore not, Queens I compliment not; so I am never like to be in fashion, nor in dependance. I heartily join with you in pitying our poor Lady for her unhappiness, and should only pity her more, if she had more of what they at Court call Happiness. Come then, and perhaps we may go all together into France at the end of the season, and compare the Liberties of both kingdoms. Adieu. Believe me, dear Sir, (with a thousand warm wishes, mixed with short sighs) ever yours.

* See the Epistle written on this occasion, p. 80, etc. of this Volume.

† The ironical libel on Dr. Delany.

LETTER LXVI.

To Mr. POPE.

Dublin, May 1, 1733.

I Answer your Letter the sooner because I have a particular reason for doing so. Some weeks ago came over a Poem call'd, *The Life and Character of Dr. S. written by himself*. It was re-printed here, and is dedicated to you. It is ground'd upon a Maxim in Rochefoucault, and the dedication, after a formal story, says, that my manner of writing is to be found in every line. I believe I have told you, that I writ a year or two ago near five hundred lines upon the same Maxim of Rochefoucault, and was a long time about it, as that Impostor says in his Dedication, with many circumstances all pure invention. I desire you to believe, and to tell my friends, that in this spurious piece there is not a single line, or bit of a line, or thought, any way resembling the genuine Copy, any more than it does Virgil's *Æneis*; for I never gave a Copy of mine, nor lent it out of my sight. And although I shew'd it to all common acquaintance indifferently, and some of them (especially one or two females) had got many lines by heart, here and there, and repeated them often; yet it happens that not one single line or thought is contained in this Imposture, although it appears that they who counterfeited me, had heard of the true one. But even this trick shall not provoke me to print the true one, which indeed is not proper to be seen, till I can be seen no more: I therefore desire you will undeceive my friends, and I will order an Advertisement to be printed here, and transmit it to England, that every body may know the delusion, and acquit me, as, I am sure, you must have done yourself, if you have read any part of it, which is mean, and trivial, and full of that Cant that I most despise: I would sink to be a Vicar in Norfolk, rather than be charged with such a performance. Now I come to your letter.

When I was of your age, I thought every day of death, but now every minute: and a continual giddy disorder more or less is a greater addition than that of my years. I cannot affirm that I pity our friend Gay, but I pity his friends, I pity you, and would at least equally pity myself, if I liv'd amongst you; because I should have seen him oftner than you did, who are a kind of Hermit, how great a noise soever you make by your ill-nature in not

letting the honest Villains of the times enjoy themselves in this world, which is their only happiness, and terrifying them with another. I should have added in my libel, that of all men living you are the most happy in your Enemies and your Friends: and I will swear you have fifty times more Charity for mankind than I could ever pretend to. Whether the production you mention came from the Lady or the Lord, I did not imagine that they were at least so bad versifiers. Therefore *jacit indignatio versus*, is only to be apply'd when the indignation is against general Villainy, and never operates when some sort of people write to defend themselves. I love to hear them reproach you for dulness; only I would be satisfy'd, since you are so dull, why they are so angry? Give me a shilling, and I will ensure you, that posterity shall never know that you had one single enemy, excepting those whose memory you have preserv'd.

I am sorry for the situation of Mr. Gay's papers. You do not exert yourself as much as I could wish in this affair. I had rather the two sisters were hang'd than see his works swell'd by any loss of credit to his memory. I would be glad to see the most valuable printed by themselves, those which ought not to be seen, burn'd immediately, and the others that have gone abroad, printed separately like opuscula, or rather be stifled and forgotten. I thought your Epitaph was immediately to be engrav'd, and therefore I made less scruple to give a Copy to Lord Orrery, who earnestly desir'd it, but to no body else; and, he tells me, he gave only two, which he will recall. I have a short Epigram of his upon it, wherein I would correct a line or two at most, and then I will send it you (with his permission.) I have nothing against yours, but the last line, *Striking their aching*: the two participles, as they are so near, seem to sound too like. I shall write to the Duchess, who hath lately honoured me with a very friendly letter, and I will tell her my opinion freely about our friend's papers. I want health, and my affairs are enlarged: but I will break thro' the latter, if the other mends. I can use a course of medicines, lame and giddy. My chief design next to seeing you, is to be a severe Critic on you and your neighbour; but first kill his father, that he may be able to maintain me in my own way of living, and particularly my horses. It cost me near 600/. for a wall to keep mine, and I never ride without two servants for fear of accidents; *hic vivimus ambitiosa paupertate*. You are both too poor for my acquaintance, but he much the poorer. With
you

you I will find grass and wine, and servants, but with him not.—The collection you speak of is this. A Printer came to me, to desire he might print my works (as he call'd them) in four volumes, by subscription. I said I would give no leave, and should be sorry to see them printed here. He said “ he would be glad of my permission, “ but as he could print them without it, and was advis'd “ that it could do me no harm, and having been assur'd “ of numerous subscriptions, he hoped I would not be angry at pursuing his own interest, etc.” Much of this discourse past, and he goes on with the matter, wherein I determine not to intermeddle, though it be much to my discontent; and I wish it could be done in England rather than here, although I am grown pretty indifferent in every thing of that kind. This is the truth of the story.

My Vanity turns at present on being personated in your *Quæ Virtus*, etc. You will observe in this letter many marks of an ill head and a low spirit; but a Heart wholly turned to love you with the greatest Earnestness and Truth.

L E T T E R LXVII.

May 28, 1733.

I Have begun two or three letters to you by snatches, and been prevented from finishing them by a thousand avocations and dissipations. I must first acknowledge the honour done me by Lord Orrery, whose praises are that precious ointment Solomon speaks of, which can be given only by men of Virtue: all other praise, whether from Poets or Peers, is contemptible alike: and I am old enough and experienced enough to know, that the only praises worth having, are those bestowed by Virtue for Virtue. My Poetry I abandon to the critics, my Morals I commit to the testimony of those who know me; and therefore I was more pleas'd with your Libel, than with any Verses I ever receiv'd. I wish such a collection of your writings could be printed here, as you mention going on in Ireland. I was surpriz'd to receive from the Printer that spurious piece, call'd The life and Character of Dr. Swift, with a letter telling me the person, “ who publish'd it, “ had assur'd him the Dedication to me was what I would “ not take ill, or else he would not have printed it.” I can't tell who the man is, who took so far upon him as to an-

swer for my way of thinking; tho', had the thing been genuine, I should have been greatly displeas'd at the publisher's part, in doing it without your knowledge.

I am as earnest as you can be, in doing my best to prevent the publishing of any thing unworthy of Mr. Gay; but I fear his friends partiality. I wish you would come over. All the mysteries of my philosophical work shall then be clear'd to you, and you will not think that I am not merry enough, nor angry enough: It will not want for Satire, but as for Anger I know it not; or at least only that sort of which the Apostle speaks, "Be ye angry and sin not."

My Neighbour's writings have been metaphysical, and will next be historical. It is certainly from him only that a valuable History of Europe in these latter times can be expected. Come, and quicken him; for age, indolence, and contempt of the world, grow upon men apace, and may often make the wisest indifferent whether posterity be any wiser than we. To a man in years, Health and Quiet become such rarities, and consequently so valuable, that he is apt to think of nothing more than of enjoying them whenever he can, for the remainder of life; and this, I doubt not, has caused so many great men to die without leaving a scrap to posterity.

I am sincerely troubled for the bad account you give me of your own health. I wish every day to hear a better, as much as I do to enjoy my own, I faithfully assure you.

LETTER LXVIII.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, July 8, 1733.

I Must condole with you for the loss of Mrs. Pope, of whose death the papers have been full. But I would rather rejoice with you, because, if any circumstances can make the death of a dear Parent and Friend a subject for joy, you have them all. She died in an extreme old age, without pain, under the care of the most dutiful Son that I have ever known or heard of, which is a felicity not happening to one in a million. The worst effect of her death falls upon me, and so much the worse, because I expected *aliquis damno usus in illo*, that it would be followed by

ny making me and this kingdom happy with your presence. But I am told, to my great misfortune, that a very convenient offer happening, you waved the invitation pressed on you, alledging the fear you had of being killed here with eating and drinking. By which I find that you have given some credit to a notion of our great plenty and hospitality. It is true, our meat and wine is cheaper here, as it is always in the poorest countries, because there is no money to pay for them: I believe there are not in this whole city three Gentlemen out of Employment, who are able to give entertainments once a month. Those who are in Employment of church or state, are three parts in four from England, and amount to little more than a dozen: Those indeed may once or twice invite their friends, or any person of distinction that makes a voyage hither. All my acquaintance tell me, they know not above three families where they can occasionally dine in a whole year: Dr. Delany is the only gentleman I know, who keeps one certain day in the week to entertain seven or eight friends at dinner, and to pass the evening, where there is nothing of excess, either in eating or drinking. Our old friend Southern (who hath just left us) was invited to dinner once or twice by a judge, a bishop, or a commissioner of the revenues, but most frequented a few particular friends, and chiefly the Doctor, who is easy in his fortune, and very hospitable. The conveniencies of taking the air, winter or summer, do far exceed those in London. For the two large strands just at two ends of the town are as firm and dry in winter as in summer. There are at least six or eight gentlemen of sense, learning, good humour and taste, able and desirous to please you: and orderly females, some of the better sort, to take care of you. These were the motives that I have frequently made use of to entice you hither. And there would be no failure among the best people here, of any honours that could be done you. As to myself, I declare my health is so uncertain that I dare not venture amongst you at present. I hate the thoughts of London, where I am not rich enough to live otherwise than by shifting, which is now too late. Neither can I have conveniencies in the country for three horses and two servants, and many others, which I have here at hand. I am one of the governors of all the hackney-coaches, carts, and carriages round this town, who dare not insult me, like your rascally waggoners or coachmen, but give me the way; nor is there one Lord or Squire for a hundred

of yours, to turn me out of the road, or run over me with their coaches and fix. Thus, I make some advantage of the public poverty, and give you the reasons for what I once writ, why I chuse to be a freeman among slaves, rather than a slave among freemen. Then, I walk the streets in peace without being justled, nor ever without a thousand blessings from my friends the vulgar. I am Lord Mayor of 120 houses, I am absolute Lord of the greatest Cathedral in the kingdom, am at peace with the neighbouring Princes, the Lord Mayor of the city, and the Archbishop of Dublin, only the latter, like the K. of France, sometimes attempts encroachments on my dominions, as old Lewis did upon Lorrain. In the midst of this raillery, I can tell you with seriousness, that these advantages contribute to my ease, and therefore I value them. And in one part of your letter relating to my Lord B— and yourself, you agree with me entirely, about the indifference, the love of quiet, the care of health, etc. that grow upon men in years. And if you discover those inclinations in my Lord and yourself, what can you expect from me, whose health is so precarious? and yet at your or his time of life, I could have leap'd over the moon.

LETTER LXIX.

Sept. 1, 1733.

I Have every day wish'd to write to you, to say a thousand things; and yet, I think, I should not have writ to you now, if I was not sick of writing any thing, sick of myself, and (what is worse) sick of my friends too. The world is become too busy for me; every body is so concerned for the public, that all private enjoyments are lost, or disrelish'd. I write more to show you I am tired of this life, than to tell you any thing relating to it. I live as I did, I think as I did, I love you as I did; but all these are to no purpose: the world will not live, think, or love, as I do. I am troubled for, and vexed at, all my friends by turns. Here are some whom you love, and who love you: yet they receive no proofs of that affection from you, and they give none of it to you. There is a great gulph between. In earnest, I would go a thousand miles by land to see you, but the sea I dread. My ailments are such, that I really believe a sea-sickness (considering

dering the oppression of colical pains, and the great weakness of my breast) would kill me ; and if I did not die o that, I must of the excessive eating and drinking of your hospitable town, and the excessive flattery of your most poetical country. I hate to be cram'm'd, either way. Let your hungry Poets, and your rhyming Poets, digest it, I cannot. I like much better to be abused and half-starved, then to be so over-praised and over-fed. Drown Ireland ! for having caught you, and for having kept you : I only reserve a little charity for her, for knowing your value, and esteeming you : You are the only Patriot I know, who is not hated for serving his country. The man who drew your Character and printed it here, was not much in the wrong in many things he said of you : yet he was a very impertinent fellow, for saying them in words quite different from those you had yourself employed before on the same subject : for surely to alter your words is to prejudice them ; and I have been told, that a man himself can hardly say the same thing twice over with equal happiness ; Nature is so much a better thing than artifice.

I have written nothing this year : It is no affectation to tell you, my Mother's loss has turned my frame of thinking. The habit of a whole life is a stronger thing than all the reason in the world. I know I ought to be easy, and to be free ; but I am dejected, I am confined : my whole amusement is in reviewing my past life, not in laying plans for my future. I wish you cared as little for popular applause as I ; as little for any nation, in contradistinction to others, as I : and then I fancy, you that are not afraid of the sea, you that are a stronger man at sixty than ever I was at twenty, would come and see several people who are (at last) like the primitive Christians, of one soul and of one mind. The day is come, which I have often wished, but never thought to see ; when *every mortal, that I esteem, is of the same sentiment in Politics and in Religion.*

Adieu. All you love, are yours ; but all are busy, except (dear Sir) your sincere friend.

LETTER.

LETTER LXX.

Jan. 6, 1734.

I Never think of you and can never write to you, now, without drawing many of those short sighs of which we have formerly talk'd: The reflection both of the friends we have been depriv'd of by Death, and of those from whom we are separated almost as eternally by Absence, checks me to that degree that it takes away in a manner the pleasure (which yet I feel very sensibly too) of thinking I am now conversing with you. You have been silent to me as to your works; whether those printed here are, or are not genuine? but one, I am sure, is yours, and your method of concealing yourself puts me in mind of the Indian bird I have read of, who hides his head in a hole, while all his feathers and tail stick out. You'll have immediately by several franks (even before 'tis here published) my Epistle to Lord Cobham, part of my *Opus Magnum*, and the last Essay on Man, both which, I conclude, will be grateful to your bookseller, on whom you please to bestow them so early. There is a woman's war declared against me by a certain Lord; his weapons are the same which women and children use, a pin to scratch, and a squirt to bespatter: I writ a sort of answer, but was ashamed to enter the lists with him, and after shewing it to some people, suppress'd it: otherwise it was such as was worthy of him and worthy of me. I was three weeks this autumn with Lord Peterborow, who rejoices in your doings, and always speaks with the greatest affection of you. I need not tell you who else do the same; you may be sure almost all those whom I ever see, or desire to see. I wonder not that B— paid you no sort of civility while he was in Ireland: he is too much a half-wit to love a true wit, and too much half-honest, to esteem any entire merit. I hope and think he hates me too, and I will do my best to make him: he is so insupportably insolent in his civility to me when he meets me at one third place, that I must affront him to be rid of it. That strict neutrality as to public parties, which I have constantly observ'd in all my writings, I think gives me the more title to attack such men, as slander and belye my character in private, to those who know me not. Yet even this is a liberty I will never take, unless at the same time they are Pests of private society, or mischievous members of the public, that is to say, unless they

they are enemies to all men as well as to me.—Pray write to me when you can: If ever I can come to you, I will: if not, may Providence be our friend and our guard thro' this fimple world, where nothing is valuable but sense and friendship. Adieu, dear Sir, may health attend your years, and then may many years be added to you.

P. S. I am just now told, a very curious Lady intends to write to you to pump you about some poems said to be yours. Pray tell her, that you have not answered me on the same question, and that I shall take it as a thing never to be forgiven from you, if you tell another what you have conceal'd from me.

 LETTER LXXI.

Sept. 15, 1734.

I Have ever thought you as sensible as any man I knew, of all the delicacies of friendship, and yet I fear (from what Lord B. tells me you said in your last letter) that you did not quite understand the reason of my late silence. I assure you it proceeded wholly from the tender kindness I bear you. When the heart is full, it is angry at all words that cannot come up to it; and you are now the man in all the world I am most troubled to write to, for you are the friend I have left whom I am most grieved about. Death hath not done worse to me in separating poor Gay, or any other, than disease and absence in dividing us. I am afraid to know how you do, since most accounts I have, give me pain for you, and I am unwilling to tell you the condition of my own health. If it were good, I would see you; and yet, if I found you in that very condition of deafness, which made you fly from us while we were together, what comfort could we derive from it? In writing often I should find great relief, could we write freely: and yet when I have done so, you seem by not answering in a very long time, to feel either the same uneasiness as I do, or to abstain from some prudential reason. Yet I am sure, nothing that you and I wou'd say to each other (tho' our own souls were to be laid open to the clerks of the post-office) could hurt either of us so much, in the opinion of any honest man or good subject, as the intervening, officious, impertinence of those Goers between us, who in England pretend to intimacies with

you, and in Ireland to intimacies with me. I cannot but receive any that call upon me in your name, and in truth they take it in vain too often. I take all opportunities of justifying you against these Friends, especially those who know all you think and write, and repeat your slighter verses. It is generally on such little scraps that Witlings feed, and 'tis hard the world should judge of our house-keeping from what we fling to our dogs, yet this is often the consequence. But they treat you still worse, mix their own with yours, print them to get money, and lay them at your door. This I am satisfied was the case in the Epistle to a Lady; it was just the same hand (if I have any judgment in style) which printed your Life and Character before, which you so strongly disavow'd in your letters to Lord Carteret, myself, and others. I was very well informed of another fact, which convinced me yet more; the same person who gave this to be printed, offer'd to a bookseller a piece in prose as yours, and as commissioned by you, which has since appear'd, and been own'd to be his own. I think (I say once more) that I know your hand, tho' you did not mine in the Essay on Man. I beg your pardon for not telling you, as I should, had you been in England: but no secret can cross your Irish Sea, and every clerk in the post-office had known it, I fancy, tho' you lost sight of me in the first of those Essays, you saw me in the second. The design of concealing myself was good, and had its full effect; I was thought a Divine, a Philosopher, and what not; and my doctrine had a sanction I could not have given to it. Whether I can proceed in the same grave march like Lucretius, or must descend to the gayeties of Horace, I know not, or whether I can do either? but be the future as it will, I shall collect all the past in one fair quarto this winter, and send it you, where you will find frequent mention of yourself. I was glad you suffer'd your writings to be collected more completely than hitherto, in the volumes I daily expect from Ireland: I wish'd it had been in more pomp, but that will be done by others: yours are beauties, that can never be too finely dress'd, for they will ever be young. I have only one piece of mercy to beg of you; do not laugh at my gravity, but permit me to wear the beard of a Philosopher, till I pull it off, and make a jest of it myself. 'Tis just what my Lord B. is doing with Metaphysics. I hope, you will live to see, and stare at the learned figure he will make, on the same shelf with Locke and Malbranche.

You

You see how I talk to you (for this is not writing) if you like I should do so, why not tell me so? if it be the least pleasure to you, I will write once a week most gladly; but can you abstract the letters from the person who writes them, so far, as not to feel more vexation in the thought of our separation, and those misfortunes which occasion it, than satisfaction in the Nothings he can express? If you can, really and from my heart I cannot. I return again to melancholy. Pray, however, tell me, is it a satisfaction? that will make it one to me; and we will think alike, as friends ought, and you shall hear me punctually just when you will.

P. S. Our friend, who is just returned from a progress of three months, and is setting out in three days with me for the Bath, where he will stay till towards the middle of October, left this letter with me yesterday, and I cannot seal and dispatch it till I have scribbled the remainder of this page full. He talks very pompously of my Metaphysics, and places them in a very honourable station. It is true, I have writ six letters and an half to him on subjects of that kind, and I propose a letter and an half more, which would swell the whole up to a considerable volume. But he thinks me fonder of the Name of an Author than I am. When he and you, and one or two other friends have seen them, *satis magnum Theatrum mihi estis*, I shall not have the Itch of making them more public*. I know how little regard you pay to Writings of this kind. But I imagine that if you can like any such, it must be those that strip Metaphysics of all their bombast, keep within the sight of every well constituted Eye, and never bewilder themselves whilst they pretend to guide the reason of others. I writ to you a long letter some time ago, and sent it by the post. Did it come to your hands? or did the inspectors of private correspondence stop it to revenge themselves of the ill said of them in it? *Vale et me ama.*

* His Lordship, as appears by his last will, altered his mind; and they have been since given to the world, to the admiration and astonishment of all the learned and the pious.

LETTER LXXII.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Nov. 1, 1734.

I Have yours with my Lord B —'s Postscript of September 15 : it was long on its way, and for some weeks after the date I was very ill with my two inveterate disorders, giddiness and deafness, The latter is pretty well off; but the other makes me totter towards evenings, and much dispirits me. But I continue to ride and walk, both of which, although they be no cures, are at least amusements. I did never imagine you to be either inconstant, or to want right notions of friendship, but I apprehend your want of health; and it hath been a frequent wonder to me how you have been able to entertain the world, so long, so frequently, so happily, under so many bodily disorders. My Lord B. says you have been three months rambling, which is the best thing you can possibly do in a summer season; and when the winter recalls you, we will, for our own interests, leave you to your speculations. God be thanked, I have done with every thing, and of every kind that requires writing, except now and then a letter, or, like a true old man, scribbling trifles only fit for children or school-boys of the lowest class at best, which three or four of us read and laugh at to-day, and burn to-morrow. Yet, what is singular, I never am without some great work in view, enough to take up forty years of the most vigorous healthy man: although I am convinced that I shall never be able to finish three Treatises, that have lain by me several years, and want nothing but correction. My Lord B. said in his postscript, that you would go to Bath in three days: we since heard that you were dangerously ill there, and that the newsmongers gave you over. But a gentleman of this kingdom, on his return from Bath, assured me he left you well, and so did some others whom I have forgot. I am sorry at my heart that you are pestered with people who come in my name, and I profess to you, it is without my knowledge. I am confident I shall hardly ever have occasion again to recommend, for my friends here are very few, and fixed to the freehold, from whence nothing but death will remove them. Surely I never doubted about your Essay on Man: and I would lay any odds, that I would never fail to discover you in six lines, unless you
you

had a mind to write below or beside yourself on purpose. I confess I did never imagine you were so deep in Morals, or that so many new and excellent rules could be produced so advantageously, and agreeably in that science, from any one head. I confess in some few places I was forced to read twice. I believe I told you before what the Duke of D— said to me on that occasion, How a judge here, who knows you, told him that on the first reading those Essays, he was much pleased, but found some lines a little dark : On the second most of them cleared up, and his pleasure increased : On the third he had no doubt remained, and then he admired the whole. My Lord B——'s attempt of reducing Metaphysics to intelligible sense and usefulness, will be a glorious undertaking, as I never knew him fail in any thing he attempted, if he had the sole management, so I am confident he will succeed in this. I desire you will allow that I write to you both at present, and so I shall while I live : It saves your money, and my time ; and he being your Genius, no matter to which it is addressed. I am happy that what you write is printed in large letters ; otherwise between the weakness of my eyes, and the thickness of my hearing, I should lose the greatest pleasure that is left me. Pray command my Lord B—— to follow that example, if I live to read his Metaphysics. Pray God bless you both. I had a melancholy account from the Doctor of his health. I will answer his letter as soon as I can. I am ever entirely yours.

LETTER LXXIII.

Twickenham, Dec. 19, 1734.

I Am truly sorry for any complaint you have, and it is in regard to the weakness of your eyes that I write (as well as print) in folio. You'll think (I think you will, for you have all the candour of a good understanding) that the thing which men of our age feel the most, is the friendship of our equals ; and that therefore whatever affects those who are steep a few years before us, cannot but sensibly affect us who are to follow. It troubles me to hear you complain of your memory, and if I am in any part of my constitution younger than you, it will be in my remembering every thing that has pleased me in you, longer than perhaps you will. The two summers we pass'd together dwell always in my mind, like a vision which gave me a glympse of a better

better life and better company, than this world otherwise afforded. I am now an individual, upon whom no other depends; and may go where I will, if the wretched carcass I am annex'd to did not hinder me. I rambled by very easy journeys this year to Lord Bathurst and Lord Peterborow, who upon every occasion commemorate; love, and wish for you. I now pass my days between Dawley, London, and this place, not studious, nor idle, rather polishing old works than hewing out new. I redeem now and then a paper that hath been abandon'd several years; and of this sort you'll soon see one, which I inscribe to our old friend Arbuthnot.

Thus far I had written, and thinking to finish my letter the same evening, was prevented by company, and the next morning found myself in a fever, highly disorder'd, and so continued in bed for five days, and in my chamber till now; but so well recovered as to hope to go abroad to-morrow, even by the advice of Dr. Arbuthnot. He himself, poor man, is much broke, tho' not worse than for these two last months he has been. He took extremely kind your letter. I wish to God we could once meet again, before that separation, which yet, I would be glad to believe, shall reunite us; But he who made us, not for ours, but his purposes, knows only whether it be for the better or the worse, that the affections of this life should or should not continue into the other; and doubtless it is as it should be. Yet I am sure that while I am here, and the thing that I am, I shall be imperfect without the communication of such friends as you: you are to me like a limb lost, and buried in another country; tho' we seem quite divided, every accident makes me feel you were once a part of me. I always consider you so much as a friend, that I forget you are an author, perhaps too much, but 'tis as much as I would desire you would do to me. However, if I could inspirit you to bestow correction upon those three Treatises, which you say are so near compleated, I should think it a better work than any I can pretend to of my own. I am almost at the end of my *Morals*, as I've been, long ago, of my *Wit*; my system is a short one, and my circle narrow. Imagination has no limits, and that is a sphere in which you may move on to eternity; but where one is confined to Truth (or to speak more like a human creature, to the appearances of Truth) we soon find the shortness of our Tether. Indeed by the help of a metaphysical chain of Ideas, one may extend the circulation, go round and round for ever, without making
any

any progress beyond the point to which providence has pinn'd us: But this does not satisfy me, who would rather say a little to no purpose, than a great deal. Lord B. is voluminous, but he is voluminous only to destroy volumes. I shall not live, I fear, to see that work printed; he is so taken up still (in spite of the monitory hint given in the first line of my Essay) with particular Men, that he neglects mankind, and is still a creature of this World, not of the Universe: This World, which is a name we give to Europe, to England, to Ireland, to London, to Dublin, to the Court, to the Castle, and so diminishing till it comes to our own affairs, and to our own persons. When you write (either to him or to me, for we accept it all as one) rebuke him for it, as a Divine, if you like it, or as a Badineur, if you think that more effectual.

What I write will show you that my head is yet weak. I had written to you by that gentleman from the Bath, but I did not know him, and every body that comes from Ireland pretends to be a friend of the Dean's. I am always glad to see any that are truly so, and therefore do not mistake any thing I said, so as to discourage your sending any such to me. Adieu.

LETTER LXXIV.

From Dr. SWIFT.

May 12, 1735.

YOUR letter was sent me yesterday by Mr. Stopford, who landed the same day, but I have not yet seen him. As to my silence, God knows it is my great misfortune. My little domestic affairs are in great confusion, by the villainy of agents, and the miseries of this kingdom, where there is no money to be had: nor am I unconcern'd to see all things tending towards absolute power, in both nations* (it is here in perfection already) although I shall not live to see it established. This condition of things, both public and personal to myself, hath given me such a kind of despondency, that I am almost unqualified for any company, diversion or amusement. The death of Mr. Gay and the Doctor, hath been terrible wounds near my heart. Their living would have been a great comfort

* The Dean was frequently troubled, he tells us, with a giddiness in his head.

to me, although I should never have seen them: like a sum of money in a bank, from which I should receive at least annual interest, as I do from you, and have done from my Lord Bolingbroke. To shew in how much ignorance I live, it is hardly a fortnight since I heard of the death of my Lady Masham, my constant friend in all changes of times. God forbid that I should expect you to make a voyage that would in the least affect your health: but in the mean time how unhappy am I, that my best friend should have perhaps the only kind of disorder for which a sea-voyage is not in some degree a remedy? The old Duke of Ormond said, he would not change his dead son (Ossory) for the best living son in Europe. Neither would I change you my absent friend for the best present friend round the Globe.

I have lately read a book imputed to Lord B. called a Dissertation on Parties. I think it very masterly written.

Pray God reward you for your kind prayers: I believe your prayers will do me more good than those of all the Prelates in both kingdoms, or any Prelates in Europe, except the Bishop of Marseilles*. And God preserve you for contributing more to mend the world, than the whole pack of (modern) Parsons in a lump.

I am ever entirely yours.

LETTER LXXV.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Sept. 3, 1735

THIS letter will be delivered to you by Faulkner the printer, who goes over on his private affairs. This is an answer to yours of two months ago which complains of that profligate fellow Curl. I heartily wish you were what they call disaffected, as I am. I may say, as David did, I have sinned greatly, but what have these sheep done? You have given no offence to the Ministry, nor to the Lords, nor Commons, nor Queen, nor the next in power. For you are a man of virtue, and therefore must abhor vice and all corruption, although your discretion holds the reins. "You need not fear any consequence in the com-

* Who continued there with his flock all the time a dreadful pestilence desolated that city.

“merce that hath so long passed between us; although
 “I never destroy’d one of your letters. But my Execu-
 “tors are men of honour and virtue, who have strict or-
 “ders in my will to burn every letter left behind me.”
 Neither did our letters contain any Turns of Wit, or
 Fancy, or Politics, or Satire, but mere innocent Friend-
 ship: yet I am loth that any letters, from you and a very
 few other friends, should die before me; I believe we nei-
 ther of us ever leaned our head upon our left hand to study
 what we should write next; yet we have held a constant
 intercourse from your youth and my middle age, and from
 your middle age it must be continued till my death, which
 my bad state of health makes me expect every month. I
 have the ambition, and it is very earnest as well as in
 haste, to have one Epistle inscribed to me while I am alive,
 and you just in the time when wit and wisdom are in the
 height. I must once more repeat Cicero’s desire to a friend;
Orna me. A month ago were sent me over by a friend of
 mine, the works of John Hughes, Esq. They are in
 verse and prose. I never heard of the man in my life,
 yet I find your name as a subscriber too. He is too grave
 a Poet for me, and, I think, among the *mediocribus* in
 prose as well as verse. I have the honour to know Dr.
 Rundle; he is indeed worth all the rest you ever sent us,
 but that is saying nothing, for he answers your character;
 I have dined thrice in his company. He brought over a
 worthy clergyman of this kingdom as his chaplain, which
 was a very wise and popular action. His only fault is,
 that he drinks no wine, and I drink nothing else.

This kingdom is now absolutely starving, by the means
 of every oppression that can be inflicted on mankind—
 Shall I not visit for these things? saith the Lord. You
 advise me right, not to trouble myself about the world:
 But oppression tortures me, and I cannot live without
 meat and drink, nor get either without money? and
 money is not to be had, except they will make me a Bishop,
 or a Judge, or a Colonel, or a Commissioner of the Re-
 venues. Adieu.

LETTER LXXVI.

TO answer your question as to Mr. Hughes, what he
 wanted as to genius he made up as an honest man:
 but he was of the class you think him.

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I am

I am glad you think of Dr. Rundle as I do. He will be an honour to the Bishops and a disgrace to one Bishop, two things you will like: But what you will like more particularly, he will be a friend and benefactor even to your un-friended, un-benefited Nation; he will be a friend to human race, wherever he goes. Pray tell him my best wishes for his health and long life; I wish you and he came over together, or that I were with you. I never saw a man so seldom whom I liked so much as Dr. Rundle.

Lord Peterborow I went to take a last leave of at his setting sail for Lisbon: No Body can be more wasted, no Soul can be more alive. Immediately after the severest operation of being cut into the bladder for a suppression of urine, he took coach, and got from Bristol to Southampton. This is a man that will neither live nor die like any other mortal.

Poor Lord Peterborow! there is another string lost, that wou'd have help'd to draw you hither! He order'd on his death-bed his Watch to be given me (that which had accompanied him in all his travels) with this reason, "That I might have something to put me every day in "mind of him." It was a present to him from the King of Sicily, whose arms and *Insignia* are graved on the inner case; on the outer, I have put this inscription, *Victor Amadeus, Rex Siciliae, Dux Sabaudiae, etc. etc. Carolo Mordaunt, Comiti de Peterborow, D. D. Car. Mar. Com. de Pet. Alexandro Pope moriens legavit, 1735.*

Pray write to me a little oftner; and if there be a thing left in the world that pleases you, tell it one who will partake of it. I hear with approbation and pleasure, that your present care is to relieve the most helpless of this world, those objects * which most want our compassion, tho' generally made the scorn of their fellow-creatures, such as are less innocent than they. You always think generously; and of all charities, this is the most disinterested, and least vain-glorious, done to such as never will thank you or praise you for it.

God bless you with ease, if not with pleasure; with a tolerable state of health, if not with its full enjoyment; with a resign'd temper of mind, if not a very chearful one. It is upon these terms I live myself, tho' younger than you, and I repine not at my lot, could but the presence of a few that I love be added to these. Adieu.

* Idiots.

LETTER LXXVII.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Oct. 21, 1735.

I Answer'd your letter relating to Curl, etc. I believe my letters have escap'd being publish'd, because I write nothing but Nature and Friendship, and particular incidents which could make no figure in writing. I have observ'd that not only Voiture, but likewise Tully and Pliny wrote their letters for the public view, more than for the sake of their correspondents; and I am glad of it, on account of the entertainment they have given me. Balsac did the same thing, but with more stiffness, and consequently less diverting: Now I must tell you, that you are to look upon me as one going very fast out of the world; but my flesh and bones are to be carried to Holy-head, for I will not lie in a Country of slaves. It pleaseth me to find that you begin to dislike things in spite of your Philosophy; your Muse cannot forbear her hints to that purpose. I cannot travel to see you; otherwise I solemnly protest I would do it. I have an intention to pass this winter in the country with a Friend forty miles off, and to ride only ten miles a day; yet is my health so uncertain, that I fear it will not be in my power. I often ride a dozen miles, but come to my own bed at night: My best way would be to marry, for in that case any bed would be better than my own. I found you a very young man, and I left you a middle-aged one; you knew me a middle-aged man, and now I am an old one. Where is my Lord —? methinks I am enquiring after a Tulip of last year.—“ You need not apprehend any Curls meddling with your letters to me; I will not destroy them, but have order'd my Executors to do that office.” I have a thousand things more to say, *longævitæ est garula*, but I remember I have other letters to write if I have time, which I spend to tell you so. I am ever, dearest Sir,

Your, etc.

LETTER LXXVIII.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Feb. 9, 1735-6.

I Cannot properly call you my best friend, because I have not another left who deserves the name, such a havock have Time, Death, Exile, and Oblivion made. Perhaps you would have fewer complaints of my ill health and lowness of spirits, if they were not some excuse for my delay of writing even to you. It is perfectly right what you say of the indifference in common friends, whether we are sick or well, happy or miserable. The very maid-servants in a family have the same notion; I have heard them often say, Oh, I am very sick, if any body cared for it? I am vexed when my visitors come with the compliments usual here, Mr. Dean, I hope you are very well. My popularity that you mention, is wholly confined to the common people, who are more constant than those we mis-call their betters. I walk the streets, and so do my lower friends, from whom, and from whom alone, I have a thousand hats and blessings upon old scores, which those we call the Gentry have forgot. But I have not the love, or hardly the civility of any one man in power or station; and I can boast that I neither visit nor am acquainted with any Lord, Temporal or Spiritual, in the whole kingdom; nor am able to do the least good office to the most deserving man, except what I can dispose of in my own Cathedral upon a vacancy. What hath sunk my spirits more than even years and sickness, is reflecting on the most execrable Corruptions that run through every branch of public management.

I heartily thank you for those lines translated, *Singula de nobis anni*, etc. You have them in a strong and admirable light; but however, I am so partial, as to be more delighted with those which are to do me the greatest honour I shall ever receive from posterity, and will outweigh the malignity of ten thousand enemies. I never saw them before, by which it is plain that the letter you sent me mis-carry'd—I do not doubt that you have choice of new acquaintance, and some of them may be deserving; For youth is the season of Virtue; Corruptions grow with years, and I believe the oldest rogue in England is the greatest. You have years enough before you to watch whether these new acquaintance will keep their Virtue, when

when they leave you and go into the world ; how long will their spirit of independency last against the temptations of future Ministers, and Future Kings.—As to the new Lord Lieutenant I never knew any of the family ; so that I shall not be able to get any job done by him for any deserving friend.

L E T T E R LXXIX.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Feb. 7, 1735-6.

IT is some time since I dined at the Bishop of Derry's, where Mr. Secretary Cary told me with great concern, that you were taken very ill. I have heard nothing since, only I have continued in great pain of mind, yet for my own sake and the worlds more than for yours ; because I well know how little you value life both as a Philosopher and a Christian, particularly the latter, wherein hardly one in a million of us heretics can equal you. If you are well recover'd, you ought to be reproached for not putting me especially out of pain, who could not bear the loss of you ; although we must be for ever distant as much as if I were in the grave, for which my years and continual indisposition are preparing me every season. I have staid too long from pressing you to give me some ease by an account of your health : pray do not use me so ill any more. I look upon you as an estate from which I receive my best annual rents, although I am never to see it. Mr. Tickel was at the same meeting under the same real concern ; and so were a hundred others of this town who had never seen you.

I read to the Bishop of Derry the paragraph in your letter which concern'd him, and his Lordship express'd his thankfulness in a manner that became him. He is esteemed here as a person of learning and conversation and humanity, but he is beloved by all people.

I have nobody now left but you : Pray be so kind to out-live me, and then die as soon as you please, but without pain ; and let us meet in a better place, if my Religion will permit, but rather my Virtue, altho' much unequal to yours. Pray, let my Lord Bathurst know how much I love him ; I still insist on his remembering me, although he is too much in the world to honour an absent friend with his letters. My state of health is not to boast
of ;

of; my giddiness is more or less too constant: I sleep ill, and have a poor appetite. I can as easily write a Poem in the Chinese-language as my own: I am as fit for Matrimony as invention; and yet I have daily schemes for innumerable Essays in prose, and proceed sometimes to no less than half a dozen lines, which the next morning become waste paper. What vexes me most is, that my female friends, who could bear me very well a dozen years ago, have now forsaken me, altho' I am not so old in proportion to them, as I formerly was: which I can prove by Arithmetic, for then I was double their age, which now I am not. Pray put me out of fear as soon as you can, about that ugly report of your illness; and let me know who this Cheselden is, that hath so lately sprung up in your favour? Give me also some account of your neighbour who writ to me from Bath: I hear he resolves to be strenuous for taking off the Test; which grieves me extremely, from all the unprejudiced Reasons I ever was able to form, and against the maxims of all wise Christian governments*, which always had some establish'd Religion, leaving at best a toleration to others.

Farewel, my dearest friend! ever, and upon every account that can create friendship and esteem.

LETTER LXXX.

March 25, 1736.

IF ever I write more epistles in Verse, one of them shall be address'd to you. I have long concerted it, and begun it, but I would make what bears your name as finished as my last work ought to be, that is to say, more finished than any of the rest. The subject is large, and will divide into four Epistles, which naturally follow the Essay on Man, viz. 1. Of the Extent and Limits of Human Reason and Science, 2. A view of the useful and therefore attainable, and of the un-useful and therefore un-attainable Arts. 3. Of the Nature, Ends, Application, and Use of different Capacities. 4. Of the Use of *Learning*, of the *Science of the World*, and of *Wit*. It will conclude with a Satire against the mis-application of all, these exemplify'd by pictures, characters, and examples.

But alas! the task is great, and *non sum qualis eram*! My understanding indeed, such as it is, is extended rather

* The Author of the *Dissertation on Parties* appears to have been of the same Opinion: But the Author of the *Book of Fragments* is of another mind.

than

than diminish'd : I see things more in the whole, more consistent, and more clearly deduced from, and related to, each other. But what I gain on the side of philosophy, I lose on the side of poetry : the flowers are gone, when the fruits begin to ripen, and the fruits perhaps will never ripen perfectly. The climate (under our Heaven of a Court) is but cold and uncertain ; the winds rise, and the winter comes on. I find myself but little dispos'd to build a new house ; I have nothing left but to gather up the reliques of a wreck, and look about me to see how few friends I have left. Pray, whose esteem or admiration should I desire now to procure by my writings ? whose friendship or conversation to obtain by them ? I am a man of desperate fortunes, that is, a man whose friends are dead : for I never aim'd at any other fortune than in friends. As soon as I had sent my last letter, I receiv'd a most kind one from you, expressing great pain for my late illness at Mr. Cheseelden's. I conclude you was eased of that friendly apprehension in a few days after you had dispatched yours, for mine must have reached you then. I wondered a little at your quære, who Cheseelden was ? It shews that the truest merit does not travel so far any way as on the wings of Poetry ; he is the most noted, and most deserving man, in the whole profession of Chirurgery ; and has sav'd the lives of thousands by his manner of cutting for the stone. —I am now well, or what I must call so.

I have lately seen some writings of Lord B.'s since he went to France. Nothing can depress his Genius : What ever befalls him, he will still be the greatest man in the world, either in his own time, or with posterity.

Every man you know or care for here, enquires of you, and pays you the only devoir he can, that of drinking your health. I wish you had any motive to see this kingdom. I could keep you, for I am rich, that is, I have more than I want. I can afford room for yourself and two servants ; I have indeed room enough, nothing but myself at home ; the kind and hearty house-wife is dead ! the agreeable and instructive neighbour is gone ; yet my house is enlarg'd, and the gardens extend and flourish, as knowing nothing of the guests they have lost. I have more fruit-trees and kitchen-garden than you have any thought of ; nay I have good Melons and Pine-apples of my own growth. I am as much a better Gardener, as I am a worse Poet, than when you saw me : But Gardening is near a-kin to Philosophy, for Tully says, *Agricultura proxima sapientiae*. For God's sake, why should not you

you (that are a step higher than a Philosopher, a Divine, yet have too much grace and wit to be a Bishop) e'en give all you have to the Poor of Ireland (for whom you have already done every thing else) so quit the place, and live and die with me? And let *Tales animae concordēs* be our Motto and our Epitaph.

LETTER LXXXI.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, April 22, 1736.

MY common illness is of that kind which utterly disqualifies me for all conversation; I mean my Deafness; and indeed it is that only which discourageth me from all thoughts of coming to England; because I am never sure that it may not return in a week. If it were a good honest Gout, I could catch an interval, to take a voyage, and in a warm lodging get an easy chair, and be able to hear and roar among my friends. "As to what you say of your Letters, since you have many years of life more than I, my resolution is to direct my Executors to send you all your letters, well sealed and packeted, along with some legacies mentioned in my will, and leave them entirely to your disposal: Those things are all tied up, endors'd, and locked in a cabinet, and I have not one servant who can properly be said to write or read: No mortal shall copy them, but you shall surely have them when I am no more." I have a little repined at my being hitherto slipped by you in your Epistles, not from any other ambition than the Title of a Friend, and in that sense I expect you shall perform your promise, if your health and leisure and inclination will permit. I deny your losing on the side of poetry; I could reason against you a little from experience; you are, and will be some years to come, at the age when Invention still keeps its ground, and Judgment is at full maturity; but your subjects are much more difficult when confin'd to Verse. I am amazed to see you exhaust the whole science of Morality in so masterly a manner. Sir W. Temple said, that the loss of Friends was a Tax upon long life: It need not be very long, since you have had so great a share, but I have not above one left: and in this Country I have only a few general companions

panions of good-nature and middling understandings. How should I know Chesebden? On your side, men of fame start up and die, before we here (at least I) know any thing of the matter. I am a little comforted with what you say of Lord B's Genius still keeping up and preparing to appear by effects worthy of the author, and useful to the world.—Common reports have made me very uneasy about your neighbour Mr. P. It is affirmed that he hath been very near death: I love him for being a Patriot in most corrupted times, and highly esteem his excellent understanding. Nothing but the perverse nature of my disorders, as I have above describ'd them, and which are absolute disqualifications for converse, could hinder me from waiting on you at Twickenham, and nursing you to Paris. In short, my ailments amount to a prohibition, although I am, as you describe yourself, what *I must call well*, yet I have not spirits left to ride out, which (excepting walking) was my only diversion. And I must expect to decline every month, like one who lives upon his principal sum which must lessen every day; and indeed I am likewise literally almost in the same case, while every body owes me, and no-body pays me. Instead of a young race of Patriots on your side, which gives me some glimpse of joy, here we have the direct contrary, a race of young Dunces and Atheists, or old Villains and Monsters, whereof four fifths are more wicked and stupid than Chartres. Your wants are so few, that you need not be rich to supply them; and my wants are so many, that a King's seven millions of guineas would not support me.

 LETTER LXXXII.

Aug. 17, 1736.

I Find, tho' I have less experience than you, the truth of what you told me sometime ago, that increase of years makes men more talkative but less writative: to that degree, that I now write no letters but of plain business, or plain how-d'ye's, to those few I am forced to correspond with, either out of necessity, or love: And I grow Laconic even beyond Laconicism; for sometimes I return only Yes, or No, to questionary or petitionary Epistles of half a yard long. You and Lord Bolingbroke are the only men to whom I write, and always in folio. You are indeed almost the only men I know, who either can write in this age, or whose writings will reach the next: Others are mere

mortals. Whatever failings such men may have, a respect is due to them, as Luminaries whose exaltation renders their motion a little irregular, or rather causes it to seem so to others. I am afraid to censure any thing I hear of Dean Swift, because I hear it only from mortals, blind and dull: And you should be cautious of censuring any action or motion of Lord B. because you hear it only from shallow, envious, or malicious reporters. What you writ to me about him I find to my great scandal repeated in one of yours to——. Whatever you might hint to me, was this for the prophane? the thing, if true, should be concealed; but it is, I assure you, absolutely untrue, in every circumstance. He has fixed in a very agreeable retirement near Fontainebleau, and makes it his whole business *vacare literis*. But tell me the truth, were you not angry at his omitting to write to you so long? I may, for I hear from him seldomer than from you, that is twice or thrice a year at most. Can you possibly think he can neglect you, or disregard you? If you catch yourself at thinking such nonsense, your parts are decay'd: For, believe me, great Geniuses must and do esteem one another, and I question if any others can esteem or comprehend uncommon merit. Others only guess at that merit, or see glimmerings of their minds: A genius has the intuitive faculty: Therefore, imagine what you will, you cannot be so sure of any man's esteem as of his. If I can think that neither he nor you despise me, it is a greater honour to me by far, and will be thought so by posterity, than if all the House of Lords writ Commendatory Verses upon me, the Commons ordered me to print my Works, the Universities gave me public thanks, and the King, Queen, and Prince crown'd me with Laurel. You are a very ignorant man; you don't know the figure his name and yours will make hereafter; I do, and will preserve all the memorials I can, that I was of your intimacy; *longo, sed proximus, intervallo*. I will not quarrel with the present age; it has done enough for me, in making and keeping you two my friends. Do not you be too angry at it, and let not him be too angry at it; it has done and can do neither of you any manner of harm, as long as it has not, and cannot burn your works: while those subsist, you'll both appear the greatest men of the time, in spite of Princes and Ministers; and the wisest, in spite of all the little Errors you may please to commit.

Adieu. May better health attend you, than, I fear, you possess; may but as good health attend you always as
mine

mine is at present, tolerable, when an easy mind is join'd with it.

LETTER LXXXIII.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dec. 2, 1736.

I Think you owe me a letter, but whether you do or not, I have not been in a condition to write. Years and Infirmities have quite broke me; I mean that odious continual disorder in my head. I neither read, nor write, nor remember, nor converse. All I have left is to walk and ride; the first I can do tolerably; but the latter, for want of good weather at this season, is seldom in my power; and having not an ounce of flesh about me, my skin comes off in ten miles riding, because my skin and bone cannot agree together. But I am angry, because you will not suppose me as sick as I am, and write to me out of perfect charity, although I should not be able to answer. I have too many vexations by my station and the impertinence of people, to be able to bear the mortification of not hearing from a very few distant friends that are left; and, considering how time and fortune have ordered matters, I have hardly one friend left but yourself. What Horace says, *Singula de nobis anni praedantur*, I feel every month, at farthest; and by this computation, if I hold out two years, I shall think it a miracle. My comfort is, you begun to distinguish so confounded early, that your acquaintance with distinguish'd men of all kinds was almost as ancient as mine. I mean Wycherley, Rowe, Prior, Congreve, Addison, Parnell, etc. and in spite of your heart you have owned me a Cotemporary. Not to mention Lords Oxford, Bolingbroke, Harcourt, Peterborough: In short, I was t'other day recollecting twenty-seven great Ministers, or Men of Wit and Learning, who are all dead, and all of my acquaintance, within twenty years past: neither have I the grace to be sorry, that the present times are drawn to the dregs as well as my own life.—May my friends be happy in this and a better life, but I value not what becomes of Posterity, when I consider from what Monsters they are to spring.—My Lord Orrery writes to you to-morrow, and you see I send this under his cover, or at least franked by him. He has 3000/. a year about Cork, and the neighbourhood, and

has more than three years rent unpaid : This is our condition, in these blessed times. I writ to your neighbour about a month ago, and subscribed my name : I fear he hath not received my letter, and wish you would ask him ; but perhaps he is still rambling ; for we hear of him at Newmarket, and that Boerhaave hath restor'd his health. —How my services are lessened of late with the number of my friends on your side ! yet, my Lord Bathurst and Lord Masham and Mr. Lewis remain, and being your acquaintance, I desire when you see them to deliver my compliments ; but chiefly to Mrs. P. B. and let me know whether she be as young and agreeable as when I saw her last ? Have you got a supply of new friends to make up for those who are gone ? and are they equal to the first ? I am afraid it is with friends as with times ; and that the *laudator temporis aëli se puero*, is equally applicable to both. I am less grieved for living here, because it is a perfect retirement, and consequently fittest for those who are grown good for nothing : for this town and kingdom are as much out of the world as North-Wales—My head is so ill that I cannot write a paper full as I used to do ; and yet I will not forgive a blank of half an inch from you.—I had reason to expect from some of your letters, that we were to hope for more Epistles of Morality ; and, I assure you, my acquaintance resent that they have not seen my name at the head of one. The subjects of such Epistles are more useful to the public, by your manner of handling them, than any of all your writings : and although, in so profligate a world as ours, they may possibly not much mend our manners, yet posterity will enjoy the benefit, whenever a Court happens to have the least relish for Virtue and Religion.

LETTER LXXXIV.

To Dr. SWIFT.

Decemb. 30, 1736.

YOUR very kind letter has made me more melancholy, than almost any thing in this world now can do. For I can bear every thing in it, bad as it is, better than the complaints of my friends. Tho' others tell me you are in pretty good health, and in good spirits, I find the contrary when you open your mind to me : And indeed it is but a prudent part, to seem not so concern'd about others, nor so crazy ourselves as we really are : for we shall

shall neither be beloved nor esteemed the more, by our common acquaintance, for any affliction or any infirmity. But to our true friend we may, we must complain, of what ('tis a thousand to one) he complains with us; for if we have known him long, he is old, and if he has known the world long, he is out of humour at it. If you have but as much more health than others at your age, as you have more wit and good temper, you shall not have much of my Pity: But if you ever live to have less, you shall not have less of my Affection. A whole people will rejoice at every year that shall be added to you, of which you have had a late instance in the public rejoicings on your birth-day. I can assure you something better and greater than high birth and quality must go toward acquiring those demonstrations of public esteem and love. I have seen a royal birth-day uncelebrated, but by one vile Ode, and one hired bonfire. Whatever years may take away from you, they will not take away the general esteem, for your Sense, Virtue, and Charity.

The most melancholy effect of years is that you mention, the catalogue of those we lov'd and have lost, perpetually increasing. How much that Reflection struck me, you'll see from the Motto I have prefix'd to my Book of Letters, which so much against my inclination has been drawn from me. It is from Catullus:

*Quo desiderio veteres revocamus Amores,
Atque olim amissas flemus Amicitias!*

I detain this letter till I can find some safe conveyance; innocent as it is, and as all letters of mine must be, of any thing to offend my superiors, except the reverence I bear to true merit and virtue: "But I have much reason to
" to fear, those which you have too partially kept in your
" hand will get out in some very disagreeable shape, in
" case of our mortality: and the more reason to fear it,
" since this last month Curl has obtain'd from Ireland
" two letters, (one of Lord Bolingbroke and one of mine,
" to you, which were wrote in the year 1723) and he has
" printed them, to the best of my memory, rightly, except one passage concerning Dawley, which must have
" been since inserted, since my Lord had not that place
" at that time. Your answer to that letter he has not got;
" it has never been out of my custody; for whatever is
" lent is lost (Wit as well as Money) to these needy poetical Readers."

The

The world will certainly be the better for his change of life. He seems, in the whole turn of his letters, to be a settled and principled Philosopher, thanking Fortune for the Tranquillity he has been led into by her aversion, like a man driven by a violent wind, from the sea into a calm harbour. You ask me, if I have got any supply of new Friends to make up for those that are gone? I think that impossible, for not our friends only, but so much of ourselves is gone by the mere flux and course of years, that, were the same Friends to be restored to us, we could not be restored to ourselves, to enjoy them. But as when the continual washing of a river takes away our flowers and plants, it throws weeds and sedges in their room * ; so the course of time brings us something, as it deprives us of a great deal; and instead of leaving us what we cultivated, and expected to flourish and adorn us, gives us only what is of some little use, by accident. Thus I have acquired, without my seeking, a few chance acquaintance, of young men, who look rather to the past age than the present, and therefore the future may have some hopes of them. If I love them, it is because they honour some of those whom I, and the world have lost, or are losing. Two or three of them have distinguish'd themselves in Parliament, and you will own in a very uncommon manner, when I tell you it is by their asserting of Independency, and contempt of Corruption. One or two are link'd to me by their love of the same studies and the same authors: but I will own to you, my moral capacity has got so much the better of my poetical, that I have few acquaintance on the latter score, and none without a casting weight on the former. But I find my heart harden'd and blunt to new impressions; it will scarce receive or retain affections of yesterday; and those friends who have been dead these twenty years, are more present to me now, than these I see daily. You, dear Sir, are one of the former sort to me in all respects, but that we can, yet, correspond together. I don't know whether 'tis not more vexatious, to know we are both in one world, without any further intercourse. Adieu, I can say no more, I feel so much: Let me drop into common things.—Lord Masham has just married his son. Mr. Lewis has just buried his wife. Lord Oxford wept over

* There are some strokes in this letter, which can be accounted for no otherwise than by the Author's extreme compassion and tenderness of heart, too much affected by the complaints of a peevish old man, (labouring and impatient under his infirmities) and too intent in the friendly office of mollifying them.

your

your letter in pure kindness. Mrs. B. sighs more for you than the loss of youth. She says, she will be agreeable many years hence, for she has learn'd that secret from some receipts of your writing.—Adieu.

L E T T E R LXXXV.

March 23, 1736-7.

THOUGH you were never to write to me, yet what you desired in your last, that I would write often to you, would be a very easy task; for every day I talk with you, and of you, in my heart; and I need only set down what that is thinking of. The nearer I find myself verging to that period of life which is to be labour and sorrow, the more I prop myself upon those few supports that are left me. People in this state are like props indeed, they cannot stand alone, but two or more of them can stand, leaning and bearing upon one another. I wish you and I might pass this part of life together. My only necessary care is at an end. I am now my own master too much; my house is too large; my gardens furnish too much wood and provision for my use. My servants are sensible and tender of me; they have intermarried, and are become rather low friends than servants: and to all those that I see here with pleasure, they take a pleasure in being useful. I conclude this is your case too in your domestic life, and I sometimes think of your old house-keeper as my nurse: tho' I tremble at the sea, which only divides us. As your fears are not so great as mine, and, I firmly hope, your strength still much greater, is it utterly impossible, it might once more be some pleasure to you to see England? My sole motive in proposing France to meet in, was the narrowness of the passage by sea from hence, the Physicians having told me the weakness of my breast, etc. is such, as a sea-sickness might endanger my life. Tho' one or two of our friends are gone, since you saw your native country, there remain a few more who will last so till death, and who, I cannot but hope, have an attractive power to draw you back to a Country, which cannot quite be sunk or enslaved, while such spirits remain. And let me tell you there are a few more of the same spirit, who would awaken all your old Ideas, and revive your hopes of her future recovery and Virtue. These look up to you with reverence, and would be animated by the sight of him at whose soul they

they have taken fire, in his writings, and deriv'd from thence as much love of their species as is consistent with a contempt for the knaves of it.

I could never be weary, except at the eyes, of writing to you ; but my real reason (and a strong one it is) for doing it so seldom, is Fear ; Fear of a very great and experienc'd evil, that of my letters being kept by the partiality of friends, and passing into the hands, and malice of enemies ; who publish them with all their imperfections on their head ; so that I write not on the common terms of honest men.

Would to God you would come over with Lord Orrery, whose care of you in the voyage I could so certainly depend on ; and bring with you your old house-keeper, and two or three servants. I have room for all, a heart for all, and (think what you will) a fortune for all. We could, were we together, contrive to make our last days easy, and leave some sort of Monument, what Friends two Wits could be in spite of all the fools in the world. Adieu.

LETTER LXXXVI.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, May 31, 1737.

IT is true I owe you some letters, but it has pleas'd God, that I have not been in a condition to pay you. When you shall be at my age, perhaps you may lie under the same disability to your present or future friends. But my age is not my disability, for I can walk six or seven miles, and ride a dozen. But I am deaf for two months together ; this deafness unqualifies me for all company, except a few friends with counter-tenor voices, whom I can call names, if they do not speak loud enough for my ears. It is this evil that hath hindered me from venturing to the Bath, and to Twickenham ; for deafness, not being a frequent disorder, hath no allowance given it ; and the scurvy figure a man affected that way makes in company, is utterly insupportable.

It was I began with the petition to you of *Orna me*, and now you come, like an unfair merchant, to charge me with being in your debt ; which by your way of reckoning I must always be, for yours are always guineas, and mine farthings ; and yet I have a pretence to quarrel with

with you, because I am not at the head of any one of your epistles. I am often wondering how you come to excel all mortals on the subject of Morality, even in the poetical way; and should have wondered more, if Nature and Education had not made you a professor of it from your infancy. "All the letters I can find of yours, I have fastened in a folio cover, and the rest in bundles endors'd: But, by reading their dates, I find a chasm of six years, of which I can find no copies; and yet I keep them with all possible care: But, I have been forced, on three or four occasions, to send all my papers to some friends; yet those papers were all sent sealed in bundles, to some faithful friends; however, what I have are not much above sixty." I found nothing in any one of them to be left out: None of them have any thing to do with Party, of which you are the clearest of all men by your Religion, and the whole tenour of your life; while I am raging every moment against the Corruption of both kingdoms, especially of this; such is my weakness.

I have read your Epistle of Horace to Augustus: it was sent me in the English Edition, as soon as it could come. They are printing it in a small octavo. The curious are looking out, some for Flattery, some for Ironies in it; the four folks think they have found out some: But your admirers here, I mean every man of taste, affect to be certain, that your profession of friendship to Me in the same poem, will not suffer you to be thought a Flatterer. My happiness is that you are too far engaged, and in spite of you the ages to come will celebrate me, and know you were a friend who loved and esteemed me, although I died the object of Court and Party hatred.

Pray, who is that Mr. Glover, who writ the Epic Poem call'd Leonidas, which is reprinting here, and hath great vogue? We have frequently good Poems of late from London. I have just read one upon Conversation, and two or three others. But the croud do not incumber you, who, like the Orator or Preacher, stand aloft, and are seen above the rest, more than the whole assembly below.

I am able to write no more; and this is my third endeavour, which is too weak to finish the paper. I am my dearest friend, yours entirely, as long as I can write, or speak, or think.

J. SWIFT.

LETTERS TO AND

LETTER LXXXVII.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, July 23, 1737.

I Sent a letter to you some weeks ago, which my Lord Orrery inclosed in one of his, to which I receiv'd as yet no answer, but it will be time enough when his Lordship goes over, which will be, as he hopes, in about ten days, and then he will take with him "all the letters I preserved of yours, which are not above twenty-five. I find there is a great chasm of some years, but the dates are more early than my two last journeys to England, which makes me imagine, that in one of those journeys I carried over another cargo." But I cannot trust my memory half an hour; and my disorders of deafness and giddiness increase daily. So that I am declining as fast as it is easily possible for me, if I were a dozen years older.

We have had your volume of letters, which, I am told, are to be printed here: Some of those who highly esteem you, and a few who know you personally, are grieved to find you make no distinction between the English Gentry of this Kingdom, and the savage old Irish (who are only the vulgar, and some Gentlemen who live in the Irish parts of the kingdom) but the English Colonies, who are three parts in four, are much more civilized than many Counties in England, and speak better English, and are much better bred. And they think it very hard, that an American who is of the fifth generation from England, should be allowed to preserve that title, only because we have been told by some of them that their names are entered in some parish in London. I have three or four Cousins here who were born in Portugal, whose parents took the same care, and they are all of them Londoners. Dr. Delany, who as I take it, is of an Irish family, came to visit me three days ago, on purpose to complain of those passages in your Letters; he will not allow such a difference between the two climates, but will assert that North-Wales, Northumberland, Yorkshire, and the other Northern Shires, have a more cloudy ungenial air than any part of Ireland. In short, I am afraid your friends and admirers here will force you to make a Palinody.

As for the other parts of your volume of Letters, my opinion is, that there might be collected from them the best System that ever was wrote for the Conduct of human life, at least to shame all reasonable men out of their Follies

Ties and Vices. It is some recommendation of this Kingdom, and of the taste of the people, that you are at least as highly celebrated here as you are at home. If you will blame us for Slavery, Corruption, Atheism, and such trifles, do it freely, but include England, only with an addition of every other Vice.—I wish you would give orders against the corruption of English by those Scriblers, who send us over their trash in Prose and Verse, with abominable curtailings and quaint modernisms.—I am now daily expecting an end of life. I have lost all spirit, and every scrap of health; I sometimes recover a little of my hearing, but my head is ever out of order. While I have any ability to hold a commerce with you, I will never be silent, and this chancing to be a day that I can hold a pen, I will drag it as long as I am able. Pray let my Lord Orrery see you often: next to yourself I love no man so well; and tell him what I say, if he visits you. I have now done, for it is evening, and my head grows worse. May God always protect you, and preserve you long for a pattern of Piety and Virtue.

Farewel, my dearest and almost only constant friend. I am ever, at least in my esteem, honour and affection to you, what I hope you expect me to be,

Yours, etc.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

From Dr. SWIFT.

My dear Friend,

Dublin, Aug. 8, 1738.

I Have yours of July 25, and first I desire you will look upon me as a man worn with years, and sunk by public as well as personal vexations. I have entirely lost my memory, incapable of conversation by a cruel deafness, which has lasted almost a year, and I despair of any cure. I say not this to increase your compassion (of which you have already too great a part) but as an excuse for my not being regular in my letters to you, and some few other friends. I have an ill name in the Post-office of both Kingdoms, which make the letters addressed to me not seldom miscarry, or be opened and read, and then sealed in a bungling manner before they come to my hands. Our friend Mrs. B. is very often in my thoughts, and high in my esteem; I desire you will be the messenger of my humble thanks and service to her. That superior univer-

tal Genius you describe, whose hand-writing I know towards the end of your Letter, hath made me both proud and happy; but by what he writes I fear he will be too soon gone to his forest abroad. He began in the Queen's time to be my Patron, and then descended to be my Friend.

It is a great favour of Heaven, that your health grows better by the addition of years. I have absolutely done with Poetry for several years past, and even at my best times I could produce nothing but trifles: I therefore reject your compliment on that score, and it is no compliment in me; for I take your second Dialogue that you lately sent me, to equal almost any thing you ever writ; although I live so much out of the world, that I am ignorant of the facts and persons, which, I presume, are very well known from Temple-bar to St. James's: (I mean the Court exclusive.)

“ I can faithfully assure you, that every letter you
 “ have favoured me with, these twenty years and more,
 “ are sealed up in bundles, and delivered to Mrs. W—,
 “ a very worthy, rational, and judicious Cousin of mine,
 “ and the only relation whose visits I can suffer: All these
 “ Letters she is directed to send safely to you upon my
 “ decease.”

My Lord Orrery is gone with his Lady to a part of her estate in the North: She is a person of very good understanding as any I know of her sex. Give me leave to write here a short answer to my Lord B's letter in the last page of yours.

My dear Lord,

I am infinitely obliged to your Lordship for the honour of your letter, and kind remembrance of me. I do here confess, that I have more obligations to your Lordship than to all the world besides. You never deceived me, even when you were a great Minister of State: and yet I love you still more, for your condescending to write to me, when you had the honour to be an Exile. I can hardly hope to live till you publish your History, and am vain enough to wish that my name could be squeezed in among the few Subalterns, *quorum pars parva fui*: If not, I will be revenged, and contrive some way to be known to futurity, that I had the honour to have your Lordship for my best Patron; and I will live and die, with the highest veneration and gratitude, your most obedient, etc.

P. S. I

P. S. I will here in a Postscript correct (if it be possible) the blunders I have made in my letter. I shewed my Cousin the above letter, and she assures me, that a great Collection of * your letters to me, are put up and sealed, and in some very safe hand † I am, my most dear and honoured Friend, entirely yours,

J. SWIFT.

It is now Aug. 24,
1738.

* 'Tis written just thus in the Original. The Book that is now printed seems to be part of the Collection here spoken of, as it contains not only the Letters of Mr. Pope but of Dr. Swift, both to him and Mr. Gay. which were return'd him after Mr. Gay's death: tho' any mention made by Mr. P. of the Return or Exchange of Letters has been industriously suppress'd in the Publication, and only appears by some of the Answers.

† The Earl of ORRERY to Mr. POPE.

“ S I R,

“ I am more and more convinced
“ that your letters are neither lost nor
“ burnt; but who the Dean means by
“ a *safe hand* in Ireland is beyond my
“ power of guessing, tho' I am particularly acquainted with most, if not
“ all, of his friends. As I knew you
“ had the recovery of those letters at
“ heart, I took more than ordinary
“ pains to find out where they were:
“ but my enquiries were to no purpose,
“ and, I fear, whoever has them is too
“ tenacious of them to discover where
“ they lie. ‘ Mrs. W— did assure me
“ she had not one of them, and seem'd
“ to be under great uneasiness that you
“ should imagine they were left with
“ her. She likewise told me she had
“ stop'd the Dean's letter which gave
“ you that information; but believed
“ he would write such another; and
“ therefore desir'd me to assure you,
“ from her, that she was totally ignorant where they were.’

“ You may make what use you
“ please, either to the Dean or
“ any other person, of what I have
“ told you. I am ready to testify it;
“ and I think it ought to be known,
“ That the Dean says they are deliver'd
“ into a safe hand, and ‡ Mrs. W— declares she has them not. The
“ consequence of their being hereafter
“ publish'd may give uneasiness to some
“ of your Friends, and of course to you:
“ so I would do all in my power to
“ make you entirely easy in that point.”
“ This is the first time I have put
“ pen to paper since my late misfortune, and I should say (as an excuse for this letter) that it has cost
“ me some pain, did it not allow me
“ an opportunity to assure you, that
“ I am,

“ Dear Sir,

“ With the truest esteem,

“ Your very faithful and obedient Servant,

Marston, Oct. 4, 1738.

“ ORRERY.”

‡ This Lady since gave Mr. Pope the strongest Assurances that she had used her utmost Endeavours to prevent the Publication; nay, went so far as to *secrete* the Book, till it was commanded from her, and delivered to the Dublin Printer: Whereupon her Son-in-law, D. Swift, Esq; insisting upon writing a Preface, to justify Mr. P. from having any Knowledge of it, and to lay it upon the corrupt Practices of the Printers in London; but this he would not agree to, as not knowing the Truth of the Fact.

LETTERS

L E T T E R S

T O

R A L P H A L L E N, Esq.

L E T T E R I.

Mr. POPE to Mr. ALLEN.

Twitnam, April 30, 1736.

I Saw Mr. M. yesterday, who has readily allowed Mr. V. to copy the Picture. I have enquired for the best Originals of these two subjects, which, I found, were favourite ones with you, and well deserve to be so, the Discovery of Joseph to his Brethren, and the Resignation of the Captive by Scipio. Of the latter, my Lord Burlington has a fine one done by Ricci, and I am promised the other in a good Print from one of the chief Italian Painters. That of Scipio is of the exact size one would wish for a Basso Relievo, in which manner, in my opinion, you would best ornament your Hall, done in Chiaro oscuro.

A man not only shews his Taste, but his Virtue, in the choice of such ornaments: And whatever example most strikes us, we may reasonably imagine, may have an influence upon others. So that the History itself, if well chosen, upon a rich man's walls, is very often a better lesson than any he could teach by his conversation. In this sense, the Stones may be said to speak when Men cannot, or will not. I can't help thinking (and I know you'll join with me, you who have been making an Altar-piece) that the zeal of the first reformers was ill-placed, in removing *Pictures* (that is to say, examples) out of Churches; and yet suffering *Epitaphs* (that is to say, flatteries and false history) to be the burthen of Church-walls, and the shame, as well as derision, of all honest men.

I have

I have heard little yet of the subscription *. I intend to make a visit for a fortnight from home to Lady Peterborough at Southampton, about the middle of May. After my return I will enquire what has been done; and I really believe, what I told you will prove true, and I shall be honourably acquitted of a task I am not fond of †. I have run out my leaf, and will only add my sincere wishes for your happiness of all kinds. I am, etc.

LETTER II.

Mr. POPE to Mr. ALLEN.

Southampton, June 5, 1736.

I Need not say I thank you for a Letter, which proves so much friendship for me. I have much more to say upon it than I can, till we meet. But, in a word, I think your notion of the value of those things ‡ is greatly too high, as to any service they can do to the public; and, as to any advantage they may do to my own character, I ought to be content with what they have done already. I assure you I do not think it the least of those advantages that they have occasioned me the good-will (in so great a degree) of so worthy a man ||. I fear (as I must rather retrench than add to their number, unless I would publish my own commendations) that the common run of Subscribers would think themselves injured by not having every thing, which discretion must suppress; and this, they (without any other consideration than as buyers of a book) would call giving them an imperfect collection: whereas the only use to my own character, as an Author, of such a publication, would be the suppression of many things: and as to my character as a Man, it would be but just where it is; unless I could be so vain, for it could not be virtuous, to add more and more honest sentiments; which, when done *to be printed*, would surely be wrong and weak also.

I do grant it would be some pleasure to me to expunge

* For his own Edit. of the 1st Vol. of his Letters; undertaken at Mr. Allen's request

† The printing his Letters by Subscription.

‡ His Letters.

|| Mr. Allen's friendship with the Author was contracted on the reading his Vol. of Letters, which gave the former the highest opinion of the other's general benevolence and goodness of heart.

several idle passages, which will otherwise, if not go down to the next age, pass at least, in this, for mine; although many of them were not, and, God knows, none of them are my present sentiments, but, on the contrary, wholly disapproved by me.

And I do not flatter you when I say, that pleasure would be increased to me, in knowing I should do what would please *you*. But I cannot persuade myself to let the whole burden, even tho' it were a public good, lie upon you, much less to serve my private fame entirely at another's expence †.

But, understand me rightly: Did I believe half so well of them as you do, I would not scruple your assistance; because I am sure, that to occasion you to contribute to a real good would be the greatest benefit I could oblige you in. And I hereby promise you, if ever I am so happy as to find any just occasion where you generosity and goodness may unite for such a worthy end, I will not scruple to draw upon you for any sum to effect it.

As to the present affair; that you may be convinced what weight your opinions and your desires have with me, I will do what I have not yet done: I will tell my Friends I am as willing to publish this book as to let it alone. And, rather than suffer you to be taxed at your own rate, will publish, in the News, next winter, the Proposals, etc.

I tell you all these particulars to shew you how willing I am to follow your advice, nay, to accept your assistance in any moderate degree. But I think you should reserve so great a proof of your benevolence to a better occasion.

Since I wrote last, I have found, on further inquiry, that there is another fine picture on the subject of Scipio and the Captive, by Pietro da Cortona, which Sir Paul Methuen has a sketch of: and, I believe, is more expressive than that of Ricci, as Pietro is famous for expression. I have also met with a Print of the Discovery of Joseph to his Brethren, a design, which, I fancy, is of La Sueur, and will do perfectly well.

I am, etc.

† Mr. A. offered to print the Letters at his own expence.

LETTER III.

Mr. POPE to Mr. ALLEN.

Nov. 6, 1736.

I Do not write too often to you for many reasons; but one, which I think a good one, is, that Friends should be left to think of one another for certain intervals without too frequent memorandums: it is an exercise of their friendship, and a trial of their memory: and moreover to be perpetually repeating assurances, is both a needless and suspicious kind of treatment with such as are sincere: not to add the tautology one must be guilty of, who can make out so many idle words as to fill pages with saying one thing. For all is said in this word, *I am truly yours.*

I am now as busy in planting for myself, as I was lately in planting for another. And I thank God for every wet Day and for every Fog, that gives me the head-ach, but prospers my works. They will indeed outlive me (if they do not die in their Travels from place to place; for my Garden, like my Life, seems, to me, every day to want correction, I hope at least, for the better) but I am pleased to think my Trees will afford shade and fruit to others, when I shall want them no more. And it is no sort of grief to me, that those others will not be Things of my own poor body: But it is enough, they are Creatures of the same Species, and made by the same hand that made me. I wish (if a wish would transport me) to see you in the same employment: and it is no partiality even to you, to say it would be as pleasing to the full to me, if I could improve your works as my own.

Talking of works, mine in prose are above three quarters printed, and will be a book of fifty and more sheets in quarto. As I find, what I imagined, the slowness of subscribers, I will do all I can to disappoint *you* in particular, and intend to publish in January, when the Town fills, an Advertisement, that the book will be delivered by Lady-day, to oblige all that will subscribe, to do it. In the mean time, I have printed Receipts, which put an end to any person's delaying upon pretence of *doubt*, by determining that time. I send you a few that you may see I am in earnest, endeavouring all I can to save your money, at the same time that nothing can lessen the obligation to me.

LETTERS TO

I thank God for your health and for my own, which is better than usual.

I am, etc.

LETTER IV.

Mr. POPE to Mr. ALLEN.

June 8, 1737.

I Was very sorry to hear how much concern your humanity and friendship betrayed you into upon the false report which occasioned your grief. I am now so well, that I ought not to conceal it from you, as the just reward of your goodness which made you suffer for me. Perhaps when a Friend is really dead (if he knows our concern for him) he knows us to be as much mistaken in our sorrow as you now were: so that what we think a real evil is, to such spirits as see things truly, no more of moment than a mere imaginary one. It is equally as God pleases; let us think or call it good or evil.

I wish the world would let me give myself more to such people in it as I like, and discharge me of half the honours which persons of higher rank bestow on me; and for which one generally pays a little too much of what they cannot bestow, Time and Life. Were I arrived to that happier circumstance, you would see me at Widcombe, and not at Bath. But whether it will be as much in my power as in my wish, God knows. I can only say, I think of it with the pleasure and sincerity becoming one who is, etc.

LETTER V.

Mr. POPE to Mr. ALLEN.

Nov. 24, 1737.

THE event* of this week or fortnight has filled every body's mind, and mine so much that I could not get done what you desired as to Dr. P. but as soon as I can get home, where my books lie, I will send them to Mr. K. The death of great persons is such a sort of surprise to all, as every one's death is to himself, tho' both should equally

* The Queen's death,

be expected and prepared for. We begin to esteem and commend our superiors, at the time that we pity them, because then they seem not above ourselves. The Queen shewed, by the confession of all about her, the utmost firmness and temper to her last moments, and thro' the course of great torments. What character historians will allow her, I do not know; but all her domestic servants, and those nearest her, give her the best testimony, that of sincere tears. But the public is always hard; rigid at best, even when just, in its opinion of any one. The only pleasure which any one, either of high or low rank, must depend upon receiving, is in the candour or partiality of friends, and that small circle we are conversant in: and it is therefore the greatest satisfaction to such as wish us well, to know we enjoy that. I therefore thank you particularly for telling me of the continuance, or rather increase of those blessings which make your domestic life happy. I have nothing so good to add, as to assure you I pray for it, and am always faithfully and affectionately, etc.

LETTER VI.

Mr. POPE to Mr. ALLEN.

Twickenham, April 28, 1738.

IT is a pain to me to hear your old complaint is so troublesome to you; and the share I have borne and still bear too often, in the same complaint, gives me a very feeling sense of it. I hope we agree in every other sensation besides this; for your *heart* is always right, whatever your body may be. I will venture too to say, my body is the worst part of me, or God have mercy on my soul. I can't help telling you the rapture you accidentally gave the poor woman (for whom you left a Guinea, on what I told you of my finding her at the end of my garden) I had no notion of her want being so great, as I then told you, when I gave her half a one. But I find I have a pleasure to come, for I will allow her something yearly, and that may be but one year, for, I think, by her looks, she is not less than eighty. I am determined to take this charity out of your hands, which, I know, you'll think hard upon you, but so it shall be.

Pray tell me if you have any objection to my putting

G g g 2

your

your name into a poem of mine (incidentally, not at all going out of the way for it) provided I say something of you which most people would take ill, for example, that you are no man of high birth or quality? You must be perfectly free with me on this, as on any, nay, on every other occasion.

I have nothing to add but my wishes for your health: every other enjoyment you will provide for yourself; which becomes a reasonable man. Adieu.

I am, etc.

LETTER VII.

Mr. POPE to Mr. ALLEN.

Jan. 20.

I Ought sooner to have acknowledged yours; but I have been severely handled by my asthma, and at the same time, hurried by business that gave an increase to it by catching cold. I am truly sorry to find that neither yours nor Mrs. A's disorder is totally removed: but God forbid your pain should continue to return every day, which is worse by much than I expected to hear. I hope your next will give me a better account. Poor Mr. Bethel too is very ill in Yorkshire. And, I do assure you, there are no two men I wish better to. I have known and esteemed him for every moral virtue these twenty years and more. He has all the charity, without any of the weakness of —; and, I firmly believe, never said a thing he did not think, nor did a thing he could not tell. I am concerned he is in so cold and remote a place, as in the Wolds of Yorkshire, at a hunting-seat. If he lives till spring, he talks of returning to London, and, if I possibly can, I would get him to lie out of it at Twickenham, tho' we went backward and forward every day in a warm coach, which would be the properest exercise for both of us, since he is become so weak as to be deprived of riding a horse.

L. Bolingbroke stays a month yet, and I hope Mr. Warburton will come to town before he goes. They will both be pleased to meet each other; and nothing in all my life, has been so great a pleasure to my nature, as to bring deserving and knowing men together. It is the greatest favour that can be done, either to great geniuses or useful men. I wish too, he were a while in town, if it
were

were only to lie a little in the way of some proud and powerful persons, to see if they have any of the best sort of pride left, namely, to serve learning and merit, and by that means distinguish themselves from their predecessors.

I am, etc.

LETTER VIII.

Mr. POPE to Mr. ALLEN.

March 6.

I Thank you very kindly for yours. I am sure we shall meet with the same hearts we ever met; and I could wish it were at Twickenham, tho' only to see you and Mrs. Allen twice there instead of once. But, as matters have turned out, a decent obedience to the government has since obliged me to reside here, ten miles out of the capital; and therefore I must see you here or no where. Let that be an additional reason for your coming and staying what time you can.

The utmost I can do, I will venture to tell you in your ear. I may slide along the Surrey side (where no Middlesex justice can pretend any cognizance) to Battersea, and thence cross the water for an hour or two, in a close chair, to dine with you or so. But to be in town, I fear, will be imprudent and thought insolent. At least, hitherto, all comply with the proclamation*.

I write thus early, that you may let me know if your day continues, and I will have every room in my house as warm for you as the owner always would be. It may possibly be that I shall be taking the secret flight I speak of to Battersea, before you come, with Mr. Warburton, whom I have promised to make known to the only great man in Europe, who knows as much as He. And from thence we may return the 16th, or any day, hither, and meet you, without fail if you fix your day.

I would not make ill health come into the scale, as to keeping me here (tho', in truth, it now bears very hard upon me again, and the least accident of cold, or motion, almost throws me into a very dangerous and suffering condition.) God send you long life, and an easier enjoyment of your breath than I now can expect, I fear, etc.

* On the Invasion, at that time threatened from France and the Pretender.

 L E T T E R S

O F

Mr. P O P E

T O

Mr. W A R B U R T O N,

 L E T T E R I.

April 11, 1739.

I Have just received from Mr. R. two more of your *Letters* *. It is in the greatest hurry imaginable that I write this, but I cannot help thanking you in particular for your *Third Letter*, which is so extremely clear, short, and full, that I think Mr. Crouzaz † ought never to have another answer, and deserved not so good an one. I can only say, you do him too much honour, and me too much right, so odd as the expression seems, for you have made my system as clear as I ought to have done and could not. It is indeed the same system as mine, but illustrated with a ray of your own, as they say our natural body is the same still when it is glorified. I am sure I like it better than I did before, and so will every man else. I know I meant just what you explain, but I did not explain my own meaning so well as you. You understand me as well as I do myself, but you express me better than I could

* Commentaries on the *Essay on Man*.

† A German professor, who wrote remarks upon the philosophy of that *Essay*.

express

express myself. Pray accept the sincerest acknowledgments. I cannot but wish these letters were put together in one book, and intend (with your leave) to procure a translation of part, at least, or of all of them into French *; but I shall not proceed a step without your consent and opinion, etc.

LETTER II.

May 26, 1739.

THE dissipation in which I am obliged to live through many degrees of civil obligation, which ought not to rob a man of himself who passes for an independent one, and yet make me every body's servant more than my own: This, Sir, is the occasion of my silence to you, to whom I really have more obligation than to almost any man. By writing, indeed, I proposed no more than to tell you my sense of it: As to any corrections of your *Letters* I could make none, but what resulted from inverting the Order of them, and those expressions relating to myself which I thought exaggerated. I could not find a word to alter in the last letter, which I returned immediately to the bookseller. I must particularly thank you for the mention you have made of me in your Postscript to the last Edition of the *Legation of Moses*. I am much more pleased with a compliment that links me to a virtuous Man, and by the best similitude, that of a good mind (even a better and stronger tie than the similitude of studies) than I could be proud of any other whatsoever. May that independency, charity, and competency attend you, which sets a good priest above a bishop, and truly makes his Fortune; that is, his happiness in this life as well as in the other.

LETTER III.

Twitenham, Sept. 20, 1739.

I Received with great pleasure the paper you sent me; and yet with greater, the prospect you gave me of a nearer acquaintance with you when you come to Town. I shall hope what part of your time you can afford me,

* They were all translated into that language by a French gentleman of condition, who is now in an eminent station in his own country.

amongst

amongst the number of those who esteem you, will be past rather in this place than in London; since it is here only I live as I ought, *mibi et amicis*. I therefore depend on your promise; and so much as my constitution suffers by the winter, I yet assure you such an acquisition will make the spring much the more welcome to me, when it is to bring you hither, *cum zephyris et hirundine prima*

As soon as Mr. R. can transmit to me an entire copy of your *Letters*, I wish he had your leave so to do; that I may put the book into the hands of a French gentleman to translate, who, I hope, will not subject your work to as much ill-grounded criticism, as my French translator * has subjected mine. In earnest, I am extremely obliged to you, for thus espousing the cause of a stranger whom you judged to be injured; but my part in this sentiment, is the least. The generosity of your conduct deserves esteem, your zeal for truth deserves affection from every candid man: And as such, where I wholly out of the case, I should esteem and love you for it. I will not therefore use you so ill as to write in the general style of compliment; it is below the dignity of the occasion: and I can only say (which I say with sincerity and warmth) that you have made me, etc.

LETTER IV.

Jan 4, 1739.

IT is a real truth that I should have written to you oftener, if I had not a great respect for you, and owed not a great debt to you. But it may be no unnecessary thing to let you know that most of my friends also pay you their thanks; and some of the most knowing, as well as most candid judges, think me as much beholden to you as I think myself. Your *Letters* † meet from such with the Approbation they merit, and I have been able to find but two or three very slight Inaccuracies in the whole book, which I have, upon their observation, altered in an exemplar which I keep against a second Edition. My very uncertain state of health, which is shaken more and more every

* *Resnel*, on whose very faulty and absurd translation *Crovzaz* founded his only plausible objections.

† On the *Essay on Man*.

winter,

winter, drove to Bath and Bristol two months since; and I shall not return towards London till February. But I have received nine or ten Letters from thence on the success of your book *, which they are earnest to have translated. One of them is begun in France. A French gentleman, about Monsieur Cambis the Ambassador, hath done the greatest part of it here. But I will retard the Impression till I have your directions, or till I can have a pleasure I earnestly wish for, to meet you in town, where you gave me some hopes you sometimes pass'd a part of the spring, for the best reason, I know, of ever visiting it, the conversation of a few Friends. Pray, suffer me to be what you have made me, one of them, and let my house have its share of you; or, if I can any way be instrumental in accomodating you in town during your stay, I have lodgings and a library or two in my disposal; which, I believe, I need not offer to a man to whom all libraries ought to be open, or to one who wants them so little, but that 'tis possible you may be as much a stranger to this town, as I wish with all my heart I was. I see by certain squibs in the *Miscellanies* † that you have as much of the uncharitable spirit pour'd out upon you, as the Author you defended from Crouzaz. I only wish you gave them no other answer than that of the sun to the frogs, shining out, in your second book, and the completion of your argument. No man is, as he ought to be, more, or so much a friend to your merit and character, as, Sir,

Your, etc.

LETTER V.

Jan. 17, 1739-40.

THough I writ to you two posts ago, I ought to acknowledge now a new and unexpected favour of the Remarks on the fourth epistle †; which (though I find by yours, attending them, they were sent last month) I received but this morning. This was occasioned by no fault of Mr. R. but the neglect, I believe, of the person to whose care he consigned them. I have been full three months about Bath and Bristol, endeavouring to amend a

* The Commentary on the *Essay on Man*.

† The Weekly Miscellany, by Dr. Webster, Dr. Waterland, Dr. Stebbing, Mr. Venn, and others.

† Of the *Essay on Man*.

complaint which more or less has troubled me all my life : I hope the regimen this has obliged me to, will make the remainder of it more philosophical, and improve my resignation to part with it at last. I am preparing to return home, and shall then revise what my French gentleman has done, and add *this* to it. He is the same person who translated the *Essay* into prose, which Mr. Crouzaz should have profited by, who, I am really afraid, when I lay the circumstances all together, was moved to his proceeding in so very unreasonable a way, by some malice either of his own, or some other's : tho' I was very willing, at first, to impute it to ignorance or prejudice. I see nothing to be added to your work ; only some commendatory Deviations from the Argument itself, in my favour, I ought to think might be omitted.

I must repeat my urgent desire to be previously acquainted with the precise time of your visit to London ; that I may have the pleasure to meet a man in the manner I would, whom I must esteem one of the greatest of my Benefactors. I am, with the most grateful and affectionate regard, etc.

LETTER VI.

April 16, 1740.

YOU could not give me more pleasure than by your short letter, which acquaints me that I may hope to see you so soon. Let us meet like men who have been many years acquainted with each other, and whose friendship is not to begin, but continue. All forms should be past, when people know each other's mind so well : I flatter myself you are a man after my own heart, who seeks content only from within, and says to greatness *Tuas habeto tibi res, egomet habebo meas*. But as it is but just your other friends should have some part of you, I insist on my making you the first visit in London ; and thence, after a few days, to carry you to Twickenham, for as many as you can afford me. If the press be to take up any part of your time, the sheets may be brought you hourly thither by my waterman : and you will have more leisure to attend to any thing of that sort than in town. I believe also I have most of the Books you can want, or can easily borrow them. I earnestly desire a line may be left at Mr. R's, where and when I shall call upon you, which I will
daily

daily enquire for, whether I chance to be here, or in the country. Believe me, Sir, with the truest regard, and the sincerest wish to deserve

Yours, etc.

L E T T E R VII.

Twitenham, June 24, 1740.

IT is true that I am a very unpunctual correspondent, tho' no unpunctual agent or friend; and that in the commerce of words, I am both poor and lazy. Civility and Compliment generally are the goods that letter-writers exchange, which, with honest men, seems a kind of illicit trade, by having been for the most part, carried on, and carried furthest by designing men. I am therefore reduced to plain enquiries, how my friend does, and what he does? and to repetitions, which I am afraid to tire him with, *how much I love him*. Your two kind letters gave me real satisfaction, in hearing you were safe and well; and in shewing me you took kindly my unaffected endeavours to prove my esteem for you, and delight in your conversation. Indeed my languid state of health, and frequent deficiency of spirits, together with a number of dissipations, *et aliena negotia centum*, all conspire to throw a faintness and cool appearance over my conduct to those I best love; which I perpetually feel, and grieve at: But in earnest, no man is more deeply touched with merit in general, or with particular merit towards me, in any one. You ought therefore in both views to hold yourself what you are to me in my opinion and affection; so high in each, that I may perhaps seldom attempt to tell it you. The greatest Justice, and favour too that you can do me, is to take it for granted.

Do not therefore commend my talents, but instruct me by your own. I am not really learned enough to be a judge in works of the nature and depth of yours. But I travel thro' your book as thro' an amazing scene of ancient Egypt or Greece; struck with veneration and wonder; but at every step wanting an instructor to tell me all I wish to know. Such you prove to me in the walks of antiquity; and such you will prove to all mankind: but with this additional character, more than any other searcher into antiquities, that of a genius equal to your pains, and of a taste equal to your learning.

H h h 2

I am

I am obliged greatly to you, for what you have projected at Cambridge, in relation to my Essay *; but more for the motive which did originally, and does consequentially in a manner, animate all your goodness to me, the opinion you entertain of my honest intention in that piece, and your zeal to demonstrate me no irreligious man. I was very sincere with you in what I told you of my own opinion of my own character as a poet †, and, I think, I may conscientiously say, I shall die in it. I have nothing to add, but that I hope sometimes to hear you are well, as you certainly shall now and then hear the best I can tell you of myself.

LETTER VIII.

Oft 27, 1740.

I Am grown so bad a correspondent, partly thro' the weakness of my eyes, which has much increased of late, and partly thro' other disagreeable accidents (almost peculiar to me) that my oldest as well as best friends are reasonable enough to excuse me. I know you are of the number who deserve all the testimonies of any sort, which I can give you of esteem and friendship; and I confide in you, as a man of candour enough, to know it cannot be otherwise, if I am an honest one. So I will say no more on this head, but proceed to thank you for your constant memory of whatever may be serviceable or reputable to me. The translation ‡ you are a much better judge of than I, not only because you understand my work better than I do myself, but as your continued familiarity with the learned languages, makes you infinitely more a master of them. I would only recommend that the Translator's attention to Tully's Latinity may not preclude his usage of some *Terms* which may be more *precise* in modern philosophy than such as he could serve himself of, especially in matters metaphysical. I think this specimen close enough, and clear also, as far as the classical phrases allow; from which yet I would rather he sometimes deviated, than suffered the sense to be either dubious or clouded too much. You know my mind perfectly as to the intent

* Mr. P. pe desired the editor to procure a good translation of the *Essay on Man* into Latin prose.

† See his *Life*.

‡ Of his *Essay on Man* into Latin prose.

of such a version, and I would have it accompanied with your own remarks translated, such only I mean as are general, or explanatory of those passages, which are concise to any degree of obscurity, or which demand perhaps too minute an attention in the reader.

I have been unable to make the Journey I designed to Oxford, and Lord Bathurst's, where I hoped to have made you of the party. I am going to Bath for near two months. Yet pray let nothing hinder me sometimes from hearing you are well. I have had that contentment from time to time from Mr. G.

Scriblerus * will or will not be published, according to the event of some other papers coming, or not coming out, which it will be my utmost endeavour to hinder †, I will not give you the pain of acquainting you what they are. Your simile of B. and his nephew, would make an excellent epigram. But all Satire is become so ineffectual (when the last step that Virtue can stand upon, *shame*, is taken away) that Epigram must expect to do nothing even in its own little province, and upon its own little subject. Adieu. Believe I wish you nearer us; the only power I wish is that of attaching, and at the same time supporting, such congenial bodies as you are to, dear Sir,

Your, etc.

LETTER IX.

Bath, Feb. 4, 1740-1.

IF I had not been made by many accidents so sick of letter-writing, as to be almost afraid of the shadow of my own pen, you would be the person I should ofteneft pour myself out to: indeed for a good reason, for you have given me the strongest proofs of understanding, and accepting my meaning in the best manner; and of the candour of your heart, as well as the clearness of your head. My vexations I would not trouble you with, but I must just mention the two greatest I now have. They have printed in Ireland, my letters to Dr. Swift, and (which is the strangest circumstance) by his own consent and direction, without acquainting me till it was done. The other is one that will continue with me till some prof-

* The *Memoirs of Scriblerus*.

† The letters published by Dr. Swift.

perous event to your service shall bring us nearer to each other. I am not content with those glympses of you, which a short spring visit affords; and from which you carry nothing away with you but my sighs and wishes, without any real benefit.

I am heartily glad of the advancement of your *second Volume**; and particularly of the *Digressions*, for they are *so much more of you*; and I can trust your judgment enough to depend upon their being pertinent. You will, I question not, verify the good proverb, that the furthest way about, is the nearest way home: and much better than plunging thro' thick and thin *more Theologorum*; and persisting in the same old track, where so many have either broken their necks, or come off very lamely.

This leads me to thank you for that very entertaining, and I think, instructive story of Dr. W***, who was, in this, the image of ***, who never admit of any remedy from a hand they dislike. But I am sorry he had so much of the modern Christian rancour, as, I believe, he may be convinced by this time, that the kingdom of Heaven is not for such.

I am just returning to London, and shall the more impatiently expect your book's appearance, as I hope you will follow it; and that I may have as happy a month thro' your means as I had the last spring.

I am, etc.

LETTER X.

April 14, 1741.

YOU are every way kind to me; in your partiality to what is tolerable in me; and in your freedom where you find me in an error. Such, I own, is the instance given of — You owe me much friendship of this latter sort, having been too profuse of the former.

I think every day a week till you come to town, which Mr. G. tells me, will be in the beginning of the next month: When I expect, you will contrive to be as beneficial to me as you can, by passing with me as much time as you can: every day of which it will be my fault if I do not make of some use to me, as well as pleasure. This is all I have to tell you, and, be assured, my sincerest esteem and affection are yours.

* Cf. the *D. L.*

LETTER

LETTER XI.

Twitenham, Aug. 12, 1741.

THE general indisposition I have to writing, unless upon a belief of the necessity or use of it, must plead my excuse in not doing it to you. I know it is not (I feel it is not) needful to repeat assurances of the true and constant friendship and esteem I bear you. Honest and ingenuous minds are sure of each other's; the tie is mutual and solid. The use of writing letters resolves wholly into the gratification given and received in the knowledge of each other's welfare: unless I ever should be so fortunate (and rare fortune it would be) to be able to procure, and acquaint you of, some real benefit done you by my means. But fortune seldom suffers one disinterested man to serve another. 'Tis too much an insult upon her to let two of those who most despise her favours, be happy in them at the same time, and in the same instance. I wish for nothing so much at her hands, as that she would permit some great person or other to remove you nearer the banks of the Thames; tho' very lately a nobleman, whom you esteem much more than you know, had destined, etc.—

I thank you heartily for your hints, and am afraid if I had more of them, not on this only, but on other subjects, I should break my resolution, and become an author anew: nay a new author, and a better than I yet have been; or God forbid I should go on jingling only the same bells!

I have received some chagrin at the delay of your Degree at Oxon. As for mine, I will die before I receive one, in an art I am ignorant of, at a place where there remains any scruple of bestowing one on you, in a science of which you are so great a master. In short, I will be doctor'd with you, or not at all. I am sure, wherever honour is not conferred on the deserving there can be none given to the underserving; no more from the hands of Priests than of Princes. Adieu. God give you all *true blessings*.

LETTER

LETTERS TO

LETTER XII.

Sept. 20, 1741.

IT is not my friendship, but the discernment of that nobleman * I mentioned, which you are to thank for his intention to serve you. And his judgment is so uncontroverted, that it would really be a pleasure to you to owe him any thing; instead of a shame, which is often the case in the favours of men of that rank. I am sorry I can only wish you well, and not do myself honour in doing you any good. But I comfort myself when I reflect, few men could make you happier, none more deserving than you have made yourself.

I don't know how I have been betray'd into a paragraph of this kind. I ask you pardon, though it be truth, for saying so much.—

If I can prevail on myself to complete † the Dunciad, it will be published at the same time with a general edition of all my Verses (for poems I will not call them) and, I hope, your Friendship to me will be then as well known, as my being an Author; and go down together to Posterity. I mean to as much of Posterity as poor moderns can reach to; where the Commentator (as usual) will lend a crutch to the weak Poet to help him to limp a little further, than he could on his own feet. We shall take our degree together in Fame, whatever we do at the University: And I tell you once more, I will not have it there without you.—

LETTER XIII.

Bath, Nov. 12, 1741.

I Am always naturally sparing of my letters to my Friends; for a reason I think a great one; that it is needless after experience, to repeat assurances of Friendship; and no less irksome to be searching for words, to express it over and over. But I have more calls than one for this letter. First, to express a satisfaction at your resolution not to keep up the ball of dispute with Dr. M. tho', I am satisfied, you could have done it; and to tell you

* Lord Chesterfield.

† He had then communicated his intention to the Editor, of adding a fourth book to it, in pursuance of the Editor's advice.

that

that Mr. L. is pleased at it too, who writes me word upon this occasion, that he must infinitely esteem a Divine, and an Author, who loves Peace better than Victory. Secondly, I am to recommend to you as an author, a book-feller in the room of the honest one you have lost, Mr. G. and I know none who is so worthy, and has so good a title in that character to succeed him as Mr. Knapton. But my third motive of now troubling you is my own proper interest and pleasure. I am here in more leisure than I can possibly enjoy even in my own house, *vacare literis*. It is at this place, that your exhortations may be most effectual, to make me resume the studies I have almost laid aside, by perpetual avocations and dissipations. If it were practicable for you to pass a month or six weeks from home, it is here I could wish to be with you: And if you would attend to the continuation of your own noble work, or unbend to the idle amusement of commenting upon a poet, who has no other merit, than that of aiming by his moral strokes to merit some regard from such men as advance Truth and Virtue in a more effectual way; in either case, this place and this house would be an inviolable asylum to you, from all you would desire to avoid, in so public a scene as Bath. The worthy man, who is the master of it, invites you in the strongest terms; and is one who would treat you with love and veneration, rather than what the world call civility and regard. He is sincerer and plainer than almost any man now in this world, *antiquis moribus*. If the waters of the Bath may be serviceable to your complaints (as I believe from what you have told me of them) no opportunity can ever be better. It is just the best season. We are told the Bishop of Salisbury is expected here daily, who I know is your friend: at least, tho' a Bishop, is too much a man of learning to be your enemy. You see I omit nothing to add to the weight in the balance, in which, however, I will not think myself light, since I have known your partiality. You will want no servant here. Your room will be next to mine, and one man will serve us. Here is a Library and a Gallery ninety feet long to walk in, and a coach whenever you would take the air with me. Mr. ALLEN tells me, you might on horseback be here in three days; it is less than 100 miles from Newarke, the road through Leicester, Stow in the Wolde in Gloucestershire, and Cirencester by Lord Bathurst's. I could engage to carry you to London from hence, and I would accommodate my time and journey to your conveniency.

Is all this a dream ? or can you make it a reality ! can you give ear to me ?

*Audistis ? an me ludit amabilis
Infamia ?*

Dear Sir, adieu ; and give me a line to Mr. Allen's at Bath. God preserve you ever.

LETTER XIV.

Nov. 12, 1741.

YOURS is very full and very kind, it is a friendly and satisfactory answer, and all I can desire. Do but instantly fulfil it.—Only I hope this will find you before you set out. For I think (on all considerations) your best way will be to take London in your way. It will secure you from accidents of weather to travel in the coach, both thither and from thence hither. But in particular, I think you should take some care as to Mr. G's executors. And I am of opinion, no man will be more serviceable in settling any such accounts than Mr. Knapton, who so well knows the trade, and is of so acknowledged a credit in it. If you can stay but a few days there, I should be glad ; tho' I would not have you omit any necessary thing to yourself. I wish too you would just see ***, though when you have pass'd a month here, it will be time enough, for all we have to do in town, and they will be less busy, probably, than just before the Session opens, to think of men of letters.

When you are in London I beg a line from you, in which pray tell us what day you shall arrive at Bath by the coach, that we may send to meet you, and bring you hither.

You will owe me a real obligation by being made acquainted with the master of this house ; and by sharing with me, what I think one of the chief satisfactions of my life, his Friendship. But whether I shall owe you any in contributing to make me a scribler again *, I know not.

* He had concerted the plan of the fourth book of the Dunciad with the Editor the summer before ; and had now written a great part of it ; which he was willing the Editor should see.

LETTER

LETTER XV.

April 23, 1742.

MY letters are so short, partly because I could by no length of *writings* (not even by such as lawyers write) convey to you more than you have already of my heart and esteem; and partly because I want time and eyes. I can't sufficiently tell you both my pleasure and my gratefulness, in and for your two last letters, which shew your zeal so strong for that piece of my idleness, which was literally written only to keep *me* from sleeping in a dull winter, and perhaps to make others sleep unless awaken'd by my Commentator; no uncommon case among the learned. I am every day in expectation of Lord Bolingbroke's arrival: with whom I shall seize all the hours I can; for his stay (I fear by what he writes) will be very short.—I do not think it impossible but he may go to Bath for a few weeks, to see (if he be then alive, as yet he is) his old servant.—In that case I think to go with him, and if it should be at a season when the waters are beneficial (which agree particularly with him too) would it be an impossibility to meet you at Mr. Allen's? whose house, you know, and heart are yours. Though this is a mere chance, I should not be sorry you saw so great a genius, though he and you were never to meet again.—Adieu. The world is not what I wish it; but I will not repent being in it while two or three live.

I am, etc.

LETTER XVI.

Bath, Nov. 27, 1742.

THIS will shew you I am still with our friend, but it is the last day; and I would rather you heard of me pleased, as yet I am, than chagrin'd as I shall be in a few hours. We are both pretty well. I wish you had been more explicit if your leg be quite well. You say no more than that you got home well. I expect a more particular account of you when you have repos'd yourself a while at your own fire-side. I shall inquire as soon as I am in London, which of my friends have seen you? There are two or three who know how to value you: I wish I were as sure

sure they would study to serve you.—A project has arisen in my head to make you, in some measure, the Editor of this new edition of the *Dunciad* *, if you have no scruple of owning some of the graver notes, which are now added † to those of Dr. Arbuthnot. I mean it as a kind of prelude, or advertisement to the public, of your *Commentaries* on the *Essays on Man*, and on *Criticism*, which I propose to print next in another volume proportioned to this. I only doubt whether an avowal of these notes to so ludicrous a poem be suitable to a character so established as yours for more serious studies. It was a sudden thought since we parted; and I would have you treat it as no more; and tell me if it is not better to be suppress'd; freely and friendly. I have a particular reason to make you interest yourself in me and my writings. It will cause both them and me to make the better figure to posterity. A very mediocre poet, one Drayton, is yet taken some notice of, because Selden writ a few notes on one of his poems.—

Adieu. May every domestic happiness make you unwilling to remove from home; and may every friend you do that kindness for, treat you so as to make you forget you are not at home.

I am, etc.

LETTER XVII.

Dec. 28, 1742.

I Have always so many things to take kindly of you, that I don't know which to begin to thank you for. I was willing to conclude our whole account of the *Dunciad*, at least, and therefore staid till it was finished. The encouragement you gave me to add the fourth book first determined me to do so; and the approbation you seem'd to give it was what singly determined me to print it. Since that, your Notes and your Discourse in the name of Aristarchus, have given its last finishings and ornaments.—I am glad you will refresh the memory of such readers as have no other faculty to be readers, especially of such works as the *Divine Legation*. But I hope you will not take too much notice of another and duller

* That is, of the four books complete.

† Added in the three first books, and distinguished in this edition of his works.

and

fort; those who become writers thro' malice, and must die whenever you please to shine out in the completion of the Work; which I wish were now your only answer to any of them: except you will make use of that short and excellent one you gave me in the story of the *reading glass*.

The world here grows very busy. About what time is it you think of being amongst us? My health, I fear, will confine me, whether in town or here, so that I may expect more of your company as one good resulting out of evil.

I write, you know, very laconically. I have but one formula which says every thing to a Friend, "I am yours, and beg you to continue mine." Let me not be ignorant (you can prevent my being so of *any thing*, but first and principally) of your health and well-being; and depend on my sense of all the *Kindness* over and above all the *Justice* you shall ever do me.

I never read a thing with more pleasure than an additional sheet to * Jervas's preface to Don Quixote. Before I got over two paragraphs I cried out, *Aut Erasmus aut Diabolus!* I knew you as certainly as the ancients did the Gods by the first pace and the very gait. I have not a moment to express myself in, but could not omit this which delighted me so greatly.

My Law-suit with L. is at an end.—Adieu! Believe no man can be more yours. Call me by any title you will but a *Doctor of Oxford*; *Sit tibi cura mei, sit tibi cura tui*.

LETTER XVIII.

Jan. 18, 1742.

I Am forced to grow every day more laconic in my letters, for my eye-sight grows every day shorter and dimmer. Forgive me then that I answer you summarily. I can even less bear an equal part in a correspondence than in a conversation with you. But be assured once for all, the more I read of you, as the more I hear from you, the better I am instructed and pleased. And this misfortune of my own dulness, and my own absence, only quickens my ardent wish that some good fortune would draw you nearer, and enable me to enjoy both, for a greater part of our lives in this neighbourhood; and in such a situation as

• On the origin of the books of Chivalry.

might make more beneficial friends, than I, esteem and enjoy you equally. I have again heard from Lord — and another hand, that the Lord * I write to you of, declares an intention to serve you. My answer (which they related to him) was, that he would be sure of your acquaintance for life, if once he served or obliged you; but that, I was certain, you would never trouble him with your expectation, tho' he would never get rid of your gratitude.—Dear Sir, adieu! and let me be sometimes certified of your health. My own is as usual; and my affection the same, always yours.

LETTER XIX.

Twittenham, March 24, 1743.

I Write to you amongst the very few I now desire to have my Friends, merely, *Si valeas, valeo*. 'Tis in effect all I say but it is very literally true, for I place all that makes my life desirable in their welfare. I may truly affirm, that vanity or interest have not the least share in any friendship I have; or cause me now to cultivate that of any one man by any one letter. But if any motive should draw me to flatter a great man, it would be to save the friend I would have him serve from doing it. Rather than lay a deserving person under the necessity of it, I would hazard my own character and keep his in dignity. Tho', in truth, I live in a time when no measures of conduct influence the success of one's applications, and the best thing to trust to is chance and opportunity.

I only meant to tell you, I am wholly yours, how few words so ever I make of it.—A greater pleasure to me is, that I chanc'd to make Mr. Allen so, who is not only worth more than — intrinsically; but, I foresee, will be effectually more a comfort and glory to you every year you live. My confidence in any man less truly great than an honest one is but small.—

I have lived much by myself of late, partly thro' ill health, and partly to amuse myself with little improvements in my garden and house, to which possibly I shall (if I live) be soon more confined. When the *Dunciad* may be published I know not. I am more desirous of carrying on the best, that is, your edition of the rest of the *Epistles* and *Essay on Criticism*, etc. I know it is, there I

• L. Granville.

shall

shall be seen most to advantage. But I insist on one condition, that you never think of this when you can employ yourself in finishing that noble work of the *Divine Legation* (which is what, above all, *iterum, iterumque monebo*) or any other useful scheme of your own. It would be a satisfaction to me at present only to hear that you have supported your health among these epidemical disorders, which, tho' not mortal to any of my friends, have afflicted almost every one.

LETTER XX.

June 6.

I Wish that, instead of writing to you once in two months, I could do you some service as often; for I am arrived to an age when I am as sparing of words as most old men are of money; though I daily find less occasion for any. But I live in a time when benefits are not in the power of an honest man to bestow; nor indeed of an honest man to receive, considering on what terms they are generally to be had. It is certain you have a full right to any I could do you, who not only monthly, but weekly of late have loaded me with favours of that kind which are most acceptable to veteran Authors; those garlands which a Commentator weaves to hang about his Poet, and which are flowers both of his own gathering and painting too; not blossoms springing from the dry Author.

It is very unreasonable after this, to give you a second trouble in revising the * *Essay on Homer*. But I look upon you as one sworn to suffer no errors in me: and tho' the common way with a Commentator be to erect them into beauties, the best office of a Critic is to correct and amend them. There being a new edition coming out of *Homer*, I would willingly render it a little less defective, and the bookseller will not allow me time to do so myself.—

Lord B. returns to France very speedily, and it is possible I may go for three weeks or a month to Mr. Allen's in the summer; of which I will not fail to advertise you, if it suits your conveniency to be there, and drink the waters more beneficially.

* The Editor did revise and correct it as it now stands in the last edition.

Forgive

Forgive my scribbling so hastily and so ill. My eyes are at least as bad as my head : and it is with my heart only that I can pretend to be, to any real purpose,

Your, etc.

LETTER XXI.

July 18.

YOU may well expect letters from me of thanks : but the kind attention you shew to every thing that concerns me is so manifest, and so repeated, that you cannot but tell yourself how necessarily I must pay them in my heart, which makes it almost impertinent to say so. Your alterations to the Preface and Essay * are just ; and none more obliging to me than where you prove your concern that my notions in my first writings should not be repugnant to those in my last. And you will have the charity to think when I was then in an error, it was not so much that I thought wrong or perversely, as that I had not thought sufficiently. What I could correct in the dissipated life I am forced to lead here, I have : and some there are which still want your help to be made as they should be.— Mr. Allen depends on you at the end of the next month or in September, and I will join him as soon as I can return from the other party. I believe not till September, at soonest.— You will pardon me (dear Sir) for writing to you but just like an attorney or agent. I am more concerned for your Finances † than your Fame ; because the first, I fear, you will never be concerned about yourself ; the second is secure to you already, and (whether you will or not) will follow you.

I have never said one word to you of the public. I have known the greater world too long to be very sanguine. But accidents and occasions may do what virtue would not ; and God send they may ! Adieu. What becomes of public Virtue, let us preserve our own poor share of the private. Be assured, if I have any, I am with a true sense of your merit and friendship, etc.

* Prefix'd to his Homer's Iliad.

† His debt from the Executor of Mr. G.

LETTER XXII.

Octob. 7.

I Heartily thank you for yours, from which I learn'd your safe arrival. And that you found all yours in health, was a kind addition to the account; as I truly am interested in whatever is, and deserves to be dear to you, and to make a part of your happiness. I have many reasons and experiences to convince me, how much you wish health to me, as well as long life to my writings. Could you make as much a better man of me as you can make a better author, I were secure of Immortality both here and hereafter by your means. The Dunciad I have ordered to be advertised in quarto. Pray order as many of them as you will; and know that whatever is mine is yours.

LETTER XXIII.

Jan. 12, 1743.

AN unwillingness to write nothing to you, whom I respect, and worse than nothing (which would afflict you) to one who wishes me so well, has hitherto kept me silent. Of the Public I can tell you nothing worthy the reflection of a reasonable man; and of myself only an account that would give you pain; for my asthma has increased every week since you last heard from me, to the degree of confining me totally to the fire-side; so that I have hardly seen any of my friends but two, who happen to be divided from the world as much as myself, and are constantly retired at Battersea. There I have past most of my time, and often wish'd you of the company, as the best I know to make me not regret the loss of all others, and to prepare me for a nobler scene than any mortal greatness can open to us. I fear by the account you gave me of the time you design to come this way, one of them (whom I much wish you had a glympse of) will be gone again, unless you pass some weeks in London before Mr. Allen arrives there in March. My present indisposition takes up almost all my hours, to render a very few of them supportable: yet I go on softly to prepare the great Edition of my Things with your Notes, and as fast as I receive any from you, I add others in order.—

VOL. IV.

K k k

I am

I am told the Laureat is going to publish a very abusive pamphlet. This is all I can desire ; it is enough if it be abusive and if it be his. He threatens you ; but, I think, you will not fear or love him so much as to answer him, though you have answered one or two as dull. He will be more to me than a dose of hartshorn : and as a stink revives one who has been oppressed with perfumes, his railing will cure me of a course of flatteries.

I am much more concerned to hear that some of your Clergy are offended at a verse or two of mine *, because I have a respect for *your* Clergy, (though the verses are harder upon *ours*.) But if they do not blame *you* for defending those verses, I will wrap myself up in the layman's cloak, and sleep under your shield.

I am sorry to find by a letter two posts since from Mr. Allen, that he is not quite recovered yet of all remains of his indisposition, nor Mrs. Allen quite well. Don't be discouraged from telling me how you are ; for no man is more yours than, etc.

LETTER XXIV.

IF I was not ashamed to be so behind hand with you, that I can never pretend to fetch it up (any more than I could in my present state to overtake you in a race) I would particularize which of your letters I should have answered first. It must suffice to say I have received them all ; and whatever very little respites I have had, from the daily care of my malady, have been employed in revising the papers *on the use of Riches*, which I would have ready for your last revise, against you come to town, that they may be begun with while you are here.—I own the late encroachments upon my constitution make me willing to see the end of all further care about me or my works. I would rest for the one, in a full resignation of my being to be disposed of by the Father of all mercy ; and for the other (though indeed a trifle, yet a trifle may be some example) I would commit them to the candour of a sensible and reflecting judge, rather than to the malice of every short-sighted and malevolent critic, or inadvertent and censorious reader. And no hand can set them in so good a light, or so well turn their best side to the day as your own. This obliges me to confess I have for some months

* Ver. 355 to 358 second Book of the Dunciad.

thought myself going, and that not slowly, down the hill. The rather as every attempt of the physicians, and still the last medicines more forceable in their nature, have utterly fail'd to serve me. I was at last, about seven days ago, taken with so violent a fit at Battersea, that my friends Lord M. and Lord B. sent for present help to the surgeon; whose bleeding me, I am persuaded, saved my life, by the instantaneous effect it had; and which has continued so much to amend me, that I have pass'd five days without oppression, and recovered, what I have three months wanted, some degree of expectoration, and some hours together of sleep. I am now got to Twickenham, to try if the air will not take some part in reviving me, if I can avoid colds; and between that place and Battersea with my Lord B. I will pass what I have of life, while he stays (which I can tell you, to my great satisfaction, will be this fortnight or three weeks yet.) What if you came before Mr. Allen, and staid till then, instead of postponing your journey longer? Pray, if you write, just tell him how ill I have been, or I had wrote again to him: But that I will do, the first day I find myself alone with pen, ink, and paper, which I can hardly be even here, or in any spirits yet to hold a pen. You see I say nothing, and yet this writing is labour to me.

I am, etc.

L E T T E R XXV.

April 1744.

I Am sorry to meet you with so bad an account of myself, who would otherwise with joy have flown to the interview. I am too ill to be in town; and within this week so much worse, as to make my journey thither, at present, impracticable, even if there was no Proclamation in my way. I left the Town in a decent compliance to that; but this additional prohibition from the highest of all powers I must bow to without murmuring. I wish to see you here. Mr. Allen comes not till the 16th, and you will probably chuse to be in town chiefly while he is there. I received yours just now, and I writ to hinder — from printing the Comment on the *Use of Riches* too hastily, since what you write me, intending to have forwarded it otherwise, that you might revise it during your stay. Indeed my present weakness will make me less and less capable

K k k 2

of

of any thing. I hope at least, now at first, to see you for a day or two here at Twitenham, and concert measures how to enjoy for the future what I can of your friendship*.

I am, etc.

* He died May 30, following.

T H E

LAST WILL and TESTAMENT

O F

ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

IN THE NAME OF GOD AMEN. I Alexander Pope, of Twickenham, in the county of Middlesex, make this my last Will and Testament. I resign my Soul to its Creator in all humble hope of its future happiness, as in the disposal of a Being infinitely good. As to my Body, my will is, that it be buried near the monument of my dear Parents at Twickenham, with the addition, after the words *filius fecit*—of these only, *et sibi: Qui obiit anno 17—ætatis*—and that it be carried to the grave by six of the poorest men of the parish, to each of whom I order a suit of grey coarse cloth, as mourning. If I happen to die at any inconvenient distance, let the same be done in any other parish, and the Inscription be added on the monument at Twickenham. I hereby make and appoint my particular friends, Allen Lord Bathurst, Hugh Earl of Marchmont, the honourable William Murray his Majesty's solicitor-general, and George Arbuthnot, of the court of Exchequer, Esq; the survivors or survivor of them, Executors of this my last Will and Testament.

But all the manuscripts and unprinted papers which I shall leave at my decease, I desire may be delivered to my noble friend, Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke, to whose sole care and judgment I commit them, either to be preserved or destroyed; or, in case he shall not survive me, to the abovesaid Earl of Marchmont. These, who in the course of my life have done me all other good offices,

fices, will not refuse me this last after my death : I leave them therefore this trouble, as a mark of my trust and friendship ; only desiring them each to accept of some small memorial of me : That my Lord Bolingbroke will add to his library all the volumes of my Works and Translations of Homer, bound in red Morocco, and the eleven volumes of those of Erasmus : That my Lord Marchmont will take the large paper edition of Thuanus, by Buckley, and that portrait of Lord Bolingbroke, by Richardson, which he shall prefer : That my Lord Bathurst will find a place for the three statues of the Hercules of Farnese, the Venus of Medicis, and the Apollo in chiaro oscuro, done by Kneller : That Mr. Murray will accept of the marble head of Homer, by Bernini : and of Sir Isaac Newton, by Guelfi : and that Mr. Arbuthnot will take the watch I commonly wore, which the King of Sardinia gave to the late Earl of Peterborow, and he to me on his death-bed ; together with one of the pictures of Lord Bolingbroke.

Item, I desire Mr. Lyttelton to accept of the busts of Spencer, Shakespear, Milton, and Dryden, in marble, which his royal master the Prince was pleased to give me. I give and devise my library of printed books to Ralph Allen of Widcombe, Esq; and to the Reverend Mr. William Warburton, or to the survivor of them (when those belonging to Lord Bolingbroke are taken out, and when Mrs. Martha Blount has chosen Threescore out of the number.) I also give and bequeath to the said Mr. Warburton, the property of all such of my Works already printed, as he hath written, or shall write Commentaries or Notes upon, and which I have not otherwise disposed of, or alienated ; and all the profits which shall arise after my death from such editions as he shall publish without future alterations.

Item, In case Ralph Allen, Esq; abovesaid shall survive me, I order my Executors to pay him the sum of One hundred and fifty pounds, being, to the best of my calculation, the account of what I have received from him ; partly for my own, and partly for charitable uses. If he refuse to take this himself, I desire him to employ it in a way, I am persuaded, he will not dislike, to the benefit of the Bath-hospital.

I give and devise to my sister-in-law, Mrs. Magdalen Racket, the sum of Three hundred pounds ; and to her sons, Henry, and Robert Racket, One hundred pounds each.

each. I also release, and give to her all my right and interest in and upon a bond of Five hundred pounds due to me from her son Michael. I also give her the family pictures of my Father, Mother, and Aunts, and the diamond ring my Mother wore, and her golden watch. I give to Erasmus Lewis, Gilbert West, Sir Clement Cotterell, William Rollinson, Nathaniel Hook, Esqrs. and to Mrs. Anne Arbuthnot, to each the sum of Five pounds, to be laid out in a ring, or any memorial of me; and to my servant, John Searl, who has faithfully and ably served me many years, I give and devise the sum of One hundred pounds over and above a year's wages to himself, and his wife; and to the poor of the parish of Twickenham, Twenty pounds, to be divided among them by the said John Searl: And it is my Will, if the said John Searl die before me, that the said sum of One hundred pounds go to his wife or children.

Item, I give and devise to Mrs. Martha Blount, younger daughter of Mrs. Martha Blount, late of Welbeck-Street, Cavendish-Square, the sum of One thousand pounds immediately on my decease: and all the furniture of my grotto, urns in my garden, household goods, chattels, plate, or whatever is not otherwise disposed of in this my Will, I give and devise to the said Mrs. Martha Blount, out of a sincere regard, and long friendship for her. And it is my will, that my abovesaid Executors, the survivors or survivor of them, shall take an account of all my estate, money, or bonds, etc. and after paying my debts and legacies, shall place out all the residue upon government, or other securities, according to their best judgment; and pay the produce thereof, half yearly, to the said Mrs. Martha Blount, during her natural life: and after her decease, I give the sum of One thousand pounds to Mrs. Magdalen Racket, and her sons Robert, Henry, and John, to be divided equally among them, or to the survivors or survivor of them; and after the decease of the said Mrs. Martha Blount, I give the sum of Two hundred pounds to the abovesaid Gilbert West; Two hundred to Mr. George Arbuthnot; Two hundred to his sister, Mrs. Anne Arbuthnot; and One hundred to my servant, John Searl, to which soever of these shall be then living: and all the residue and remainder to be considered as undisposed of, and go to my next of kin.

This is my last Will and Testament, written with my own Hand, and sealed with my Seal, this Twelfth day

of

THE LAST WILL, etc.

of the year of our Lord, One thousand
and forty-three.

ALEX. POPE.

Signed, Sealed, and Declared
by the Testator, as his last
Will and Testament, in Pre-
sence of us,

RADNOR.

STEPHEN HALES, Minister of Teddington.

JOSEPH SPENCE, Professor of History in the University
of Oxford.



FINIS.

